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ROUND ABOUT MY  
PEKING GARDEN

A NEW BOOK ON CHINA.

## JOHN CHINAMAN AT HOME.

By the Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A.,  
Author of "How to be Happy though Married," lately Chaplain  
to H.M. Forces in Hong Kong.

With 36 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

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# ROUND ABOUT MY PEKING GARDEN

BY

MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE

*Author of*

"LI HUNG CHANG, HIS LIFE AND TIMES"

"THE LAND OF THE BLUE GOWN"

"INTIMATE CHINA"

"A MARRIAGE IN CHINA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

"J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre  
Semant de l'or des fleurs et des épis :  
L'air était calme et du dieu de la guerre  
Elle étouffait les foudres assoupis.  
Ah ! disait elle, égaux par la vaillance,  
Français, Anglais, Belge, Russe ou Germain  
Peuples, formez une sainte alliance  
Et donnez-vous la main."

BÉRANGER.

LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

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## *PEKING REVISITED: INTRODUCTORY*

*AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY OF AUGUST, 1900*

STANDING a year before in that chamber painted all round with fiercest lions, where the Mikado of Japan used to sleep surrounded by ladies of the court, because no mere man was held worthy of sufficient trust to approach so near the sovereign's sacred person, I wondered should I ever stand in the Emperor of China's private apartments. Now with the dust of the Forbidden City still clinging to my skirts, I begin to count upon yet one day visiting Lhasa, possibly even interviewing the great Lama, that one remaining ruler yet held in adoration and confinement.

We visit Rome and Athens to marvel at their ruined monuments, but it is the monumental ruins of Peking, the city of mixed memories, that move our wonder now. When I was there fifteen years ago no one ever cared to visit the Southern or the Eastern Cathedrals. To-day the shattered, tottering wall, holding out its gaping windows to the eastern Tartar city, is gazed upon in silence and tears. We do not know how many murders—martyrdoms—those eyeless windows witnessed but last summer. Even the

Pehtang or Northern Cathedral, when intact, was but a fine church, built to replace that earlier Northern Cathedral to which the Dowager Empress had objected as overlooking her garden, and which was therefore just about to be ceded to her on the occasion of our previous visit. But now its façade riddled with shot, its aisles propped up by many beams, the trees behind with their bark gnawed off—one of the Sisters said “by our mules,” but higher surely than any mule could reach—the tumble-down masses of brick and mortar behind the broken walls, the great pits where the mines exploded, engulfing children by the hundred, all recall memories of heroism and yet of suffering so long endured that the heart aches, the eyes brim over with tears, and one sees all things through a mist. “There,” says a young Portuguese Sister, her big brown eyes luminous with the recollection, “there is where the Italian lieutenant was buried by a shell, and for three-quarters of an hour we could not dig him out. No, he was alive and only bruised. Ah! the young French lieutenant, that was sad! He was so good. We could but grieve over his loss.”

Then we pause by the grave of the Sister Superior who lay dying as the relief came in, “too late for me,” as she wrote; her one thought for days past, “What can I give them to eat to-morrow? What can I give them to eat? There is nothing left.” “The poor soldiers,” said another Sister, “they suffered so from hunger, although they tightened their belts every day. I tore all my letters into bits and made them into cigarettes. Burnt paper is better than nothing. And

they had nothing to smoke. That is so hard for a soldier." Next we paused by the great pit where so many children lie buried, blown up by the mine. "And we think there must be another mine over there not yet discovered," said the new Sister Superior. "If not, why should that house over there have been completely shattered at the time of the explosion, if there were no mine connecting it?" The Sisters are all great authorities upon mines and shells, now. They know too which trees' leaves are poisonous, and tell how the Chinese Christians swelled and suffered, trying to sustain life by eating them. They showed the remainder of their school children; three among them had before the siege lost both their feet through footbinding. "Surely you did not sleep here, whilst the cannonading was going on?" "We always moved about with all our tail of children after us to where they seemed to be firing less," said the young Portuguese Sister with the luminous brown eyes. Then came up an old Sister of seventy-six. She too had survived the siege. We visited the Bishop. "Did any of your Chinese recant?" "A few, very few." "I think 12,000 Christians have lost their lives," said Monseigneur Favier, "three of our European priests, four Chinese, and many of our Chinese Sisters. One priest hung on a crucifix, nailed, for three days before he died. Monseigneur Hamer they killed by cutting his arms and legs to the bone, filling the cuts with petroleum and then setting them alight. What saved us? Oh, a series of miracles! Nothing else. Yes! I know people are talking about my looting. But my con-

science is quite clear in the matter. I know what I am doing is right. Let them talk!"

Once again we stood outside the Cathedral looking back at the ruined façade. It was Easter Sunday, a beautiful bright morning, and the soldiers were streaming out from the last military Mass, Chasseurs d'Afrique, French Line, Germans and English, and there a little group of tall, dignified blue-jackets. "Do you want anything, madame?" "Only to know of what nationality you are." "Austrians, madame." They were so undoubtedly the most dignified-looking of that very varied gathering of the nations, why is not Austria more to the front with such citizens? We looked at the shot-marks in the Cathedral, and realised that those shot had been the call which from Japan, Tonquin, India, Australia, England, Germany, Italy, France, the United States, Austria, Russia, had summoned this great gathering of the nations to the Imperial City of Peking, right into its heart, its forbidden parts. How little the Chinese thought this would be the result when they fired those rifle-shots!

We drove to the Altar of Heaven through a mixed crowd of dusty humanity, springless carts, rickshas, donkeys, horses, beautiful, tall, slim Indians, German soldiers with complexions like rosebuds, red-trousered Frenchmen, Bersaglieri weighted with cocks' tails; and when after being tossed from rut to rut we arrived at last in the park-like grounds among the cedar groves leading up to the stately white marble altar, one could not but feel as if transported into a clearer, classic atmosphere, where even martyrdoms seemed out of place. But the Greeks with their worship

of the body can have attained to nothing more perfect in the way of humanity than these Bengal cavalry, doubly girt round their slight but sinewy waists, the chain epaulets gleaming less brightly than their teeth and eyes. We pursued our way to the Hall of Abstinence, where they store their grain now, but where the Emperor dined alone in solemn state the night before the ceremony, and then followed the road his cortège must have taken, as he went in the early dawning, before the break of day, to offer sacrifice in this lonely woodland place outside the city gates, for the sins of himself and of his people. For years this Altar of Heaven has been a forbidden sight for any but Chinese, and there is one very ancient temple near it where the tablets of the Emperor's ancestors are kept, and where the Emperor used to pray and meditate after the sacrifice, of which a foreigner told me no prayer nor bribe had ever been able to obtain him a sight during all his thirty years in Peking. It is ancient, and its tiles, of richest blue outside, are of the finest white porcelain within. The curve of its blue-tiled roof is also of ineffable beauty, difficult indeed to obtain in silk, impossible one would have thought in tiles, until here one sees it all blue and shining. Within, the arrangement of richly coloured beams borrowing their blue and green from the peacock's tail, recalls nothing so much as a Chinese puzzle, it is so complex. The doors have great gilded bosses, the hinges of brass are beautiful; the massive pillars, said to be each a single tree-stem, are painted a deep dull red; golden phoenix and dragons alternate in the decoration.

In the Altar of Heaven all is pure white marble, dragon carved, all in nines or multiples of nines; three flights, each of nine steps, lead upwards from nine different points to the uppermost platform. There are nine circles of marble blocks round that central one on which the Emperor kneels, the first circle consisting of nine blocks, the next of eighteen, and so on. To kneel there alone before the daydawn, surrounded by the cedar forests, offering atonement for the sins of the whole people—400 millions—must either elevate a soul or crush it. It seems as if the present Emperor Kwangshu had been purified by all the still and lonely watchings and prayers he has passed through from childhood upwards. Those who knew his father say also that his was a really fine character, which Kwangshu inherits.

The Indian sentries wave people to the left towards the Happy New Year Temple with its threefold roof, a conspicuous object from all over the city, recently restored, and therefore the more shining in its blue tiles and bricks, and gold and blue and red. Because it is all more brilliant the Indians think it the more beautiful, but it is the pure white marble altar, roofless but for the canopy of heaven, that stands upon the holy ground; where for countless centuries the same worship has been offered year after year to the Father Ruler till now the sequence has been broken, and this year on the appointed day at four o'clock in the morning no Emperor's prayers, no steam of sacrifice ascended up to heaven. White marble blocks beautifully carved, and each with a handle to lift it into position, used to indicate the fitting position for each

exalted mandarin to prostrate himself and bow his forehead to the ground in the far distance of the outer courtyard, whilst the Emperor alone adored on the raised white marble circular altar with its tall dragon-carved balustrade all around. But neither the Altar of Heaven in its park-like enclosure by the railway station nor the Temple of Agriculture opposite, where General Chaffee and the United States men have established themselves, even in the sacred enclosure where once a year the Emperor used to drive a furrow with his own imperial hand, to show his respect for agriculture, fill the stranger with the thrill one feels on entering the Forbidden City.

There was a time not so very long ago when Europeans used to visit freely the Altar of Heaven ; even of late years by special favour foreigners of high position have been admitted. Through the Forbidden City no man of European race is believed ever to have freely walked until now by right of conquest. How I looked and longed at the glittering roofs of the entrance gateways, when first in Peking ! What wild dreams I formed of disguising myself as a Chinaman, pigtail, long blue gown, large round spectacles and all, and sauntering in ! It seemed not impossible. The penalty if found out, one was told, would be death. Yet that was difficult to believe. It seemed more likely there would be recourse to ministers, and an international question, long official correspondence, and meanwhile, what palace secrets might one not learn ! Then again, people, who had never seen it, assured me positively there would be nothing to see. They were wrong—quite wrong. The very entrance



courts, the approaches to the Forbidden City, are so vast, so imposing, so dignified in their proportions and outline, as to fill one with awe before one even hands one's pass to a cheery United States officer outside, and shivers through the great final gateway, like a tunnel through the thick wall, admitting to the Imperial Palace. Through a vast courtyard, glittering-roofed pavilions all around, we pass on to another ob-long-shaped Ting Ehr, or entrance hall, and then find ourselves in the immense courtyard, where the great audiences used to be held. Here the places for the chief mandarins are marked by bell-like bronzes flattened somewhat at the sides and prettily moulded. The roofs are all of yellow tiles shining golden in the sunshine, as are the roofs of the many gateways one has passed through already outside, and of the entrance gateway all shimmering like gold. The gable ends have a curious pattern of many curves and loops, that looks as if it had been dashed off by a master pen writing in pure gold.

These golden flourishes even outshine the tiles. What must the scene have been when, with their long gowns of many-coloured satins and brocades, the horseshoe cuffs falling well over their hands, the embroidered squares shining on their backs and breasts, and showing by bird or beast embroidered thereupon whether the wearer belonged to the civil or the inferior military caste, with their high boots, long necklaces, and plumed hats, all the dignity of China's officialdom prostrated itself upon the ground before the Emperor, seen dimly seated upon his throne in that distant, distant Audience Hall into which only a

chosen few were ever allowed to penetrate! St. James's seems like a baby plaything by comparison, the Tuileries confined. I can compare the scene to nothing but that at St. Peter's in Rome when in old days the Pope would come outside, raised up on high to lift a hand in benediction of his kneeling people. And the Emperor it must be remembered is the Chinese Pope as well as sovereign.

All the middle avenue of the Forbidden City consists of gateways and audience halls with very lofty glittering roofs outside, carpeted within by silken Kansuh carpets of imperial yellow with dragons intertwined upon them. The beams are dragon adorned, the blue and green of the peacock's tail again. In each long-shaped audience hall, which you enter and leave always by a door in the middle of the wide side, the view is blocked by a throne upon a *daïs*, with two flights of steps leading up to it and with a beautifully carved screen behind. Generally there are *cloisonné* or jade columns bearing incense burners before the throne, often beautifully lifelike *cloisonné* birds on either side, and fans of peacock's feathers nine feet high, or of wood or embroidery to simulate peacock's feathers, standing against the screen behind. Outside in the courtyard are white marble lanterns of great beauty six feet high, bronze cranes and stags for incense burners, huge gilded basins in which golden fish used to swim. But there is absolutely no frittering away on decoration as in so many European buildings. The great designers of the Chinese palace relied upon size and proportion to abase man's soul into his boots before he drew near his ruler, and even now it is diffi-

cult to traverse these great distances on foot without realising how small one is. To a Chinese drawing near to his Emperor the feeling of smallness must have been overpowering.

To the east of the Forbidden City lies the women's quarter, which we were not allowed to enter—some of the ladies of the Court are said to be there still; to the west are a variety of apartments. The last audience hall was the Emperor's private library, still with a throne in the centre of the long side that faces those who enter; to the right his little bedroom, with blue curtains; to the left the far more imposing bedroom of his aunt, with double set of imperial yellow gauze. Some people say neither Emperor nor Empress has inhabited this palace for the last twelve years; some that the Emperor lived in it till the *coup d'état* in 1898, when the aunt, who summarily stole him crying from his mother's cradle to set him upon the Dragon throne, equally summarily deposed him. Anyway this palace has not lately been done up; the winds and dusts of Peking sweep through it, and whatever valuable curios were movable have been—*removed*. There are, however, still the two great Sang de bœuf Dresden vases presented by the German Emperor, a multitude of clocks, a large French picture, and curiously enough, as a gift from the Russian Czar, a bronze group of a man on horseback conferring liberty and saving humanity, originally destined for him of Bulgaria, they say. Even the packing papers of directions have never been taken off from this. It is standing now stuck away in a dark corner on the floor not far from the private study, into which the Emperor is supposed

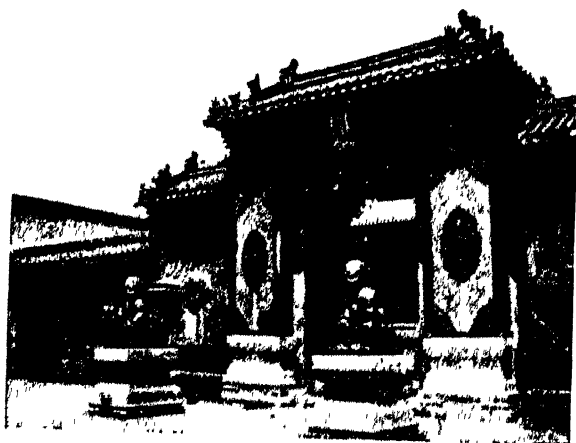
to have retired when he wished to be absolutely alone. A large mirror occupies one side of this little chamber, a Kang the whole of another, the wider side; a low *cloisonné* table is on the Kang, on either side of which he and a friend could recline after the Chinese pleasant confidential fashion. It was here a lady said to me with indignation: "Isn't it horrid the way these eunuchs keep so close to us?" "Well, you see, they don't know what kind of people we are, and it is their duty to see that we don't spoil or take anything." "That's just it. How can I?" she said with exceeding irritation, flouncing out of the little study into a larger one with a long table, on the other side of which I pictured his teacher kneeling, as the latter told me in England he had done, whilst giving Kwangshu his daily hour's instruction in English. The teacher said the Emperor could speak English well except for shyness. Shyness seems a special hindrance of eldest sons and emperors. If only the young Czar had been able to meet Kwangshu when on his tour round the world! Would a great sympathy from the similarity of their positions have impelled the two young men to speak with frankness to each other, and have established a friendship that not even the attractions of Manchuria could avail against?

The most beautiful spot in Peking, if among so many picturesque retreats there be one more enticing than the others, is the island on the lake where the Emperor for the last two years before his flight was confined as in a gilded prison. It is covered with yellow-tiled pavilions, each more picturesque than the other, with summer-houses, boat-house, rockery,

petrified trees, fantastic little Chinese gardens, and is connected with the mainland by a wooden drawbridge, which was withdrawn when Kwangshu lived there in a tiny world of beauty, that must have made his heart ache with longing as he gazed across the lake at the lofty roofs of the Forbidden City or towards the Chinese city of the outside world. The island itself is situated in the outer precinct of the Imperial City close to the Winter Palace of the Dowager Empress, where Field-Marshal von Waldersee now lives. Peking is the city of beautiful wood carving. In the house where I was staying—it belonged to an imperial Duke, a nephew of the Empress—there was a round doorway cut in a screen of carved sandal wood, that still seems to me about as beautiful as any thing could look with the additional charm of the warm perfume. In the Imperial Palace the frames of the openings between the rooms are carved *à jour* into the likeness of vines and grapes, or bamboos, quite lifelike yet also thoroughly artistic. But in the Winter Palace the screens between the rooms are more than five inches thick, yet carved *à jour* like a laccwork of Cantonese black wood. And facing you as you enter, in a light brown wood, I think of camphor, is another kind of carving such as I have seen nowhere else. It is as if a curtain of wood had hung over the partitions and been looped back. And in this curtain are irregular bands representing mountains, the wood gnarled and fretted as if to depict the ravines and out-jutting spurs; from the mountains rises a row of orchids, life-size and just like nature, then mountains again and another band of flowers, and so on and so



RAF. A. WALDERSEE WITH THE FLAG HIS EMPEROR GAVE HIM WHEN HE SENT HIM ON A CRUSADE TO CHINA.



ENTRANCE TO IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKIN.

*(By Colonel Prendergast R.F.A.)*



on. This struck me as not only original but as also the most interesting kind of wood carving I have ever seen, a kind of wood carving over which one might lose oneself in pleasurable meditation for a whole afternoon discovering always something new and more.<sup>1</sup>

In this room, which is supposed to be still much as it was, there is a magnificent imperial yellow carpet on the floor, with, as usual great dragons, and yellow brocade cushions, dragon decorated, on the deep Kangs, that being placed on either side in the windows seem like very deep window seats. Magnificent *cloisonné* and porcelain vases decorate the reception rooms opening into one another. On a dais at the back are two throne-like armchairs, one of imperial yellow, one very capacious and somewhat lower of red lacquer, worked so as to look like coral carved. Before the door stand two tall cranes, masterpieces of bronze casting, and behind them two deer, which must be of a different epoch, quite inferior to the cranes, and bearing no comparison whatever with the great living, breathing bronze ox resting by the lake side at the Summer Palace, the finest representation of an animal that I have seen in China. One almost seems to feel the sweet breath of the cow, looking on this bronze masterpiece, with which must be ranked the exceptionally beautiful bronze incense burner in the entrancing garden of the Palace in the Forbidden City.

<sup>1</sup> Alas! all burnt since I saw it, the gallant Field-Marshal escaping with difficulty with his life, and the chief of his staff falling a victim to the flames. If European stoves be rashly introduced into Chinese buildings, such calamities are the inevitable result.



Visitors now pass out through that garden with its long shady walk, that invites to meditation, and through temples, of which one, the smaller, contains pictures of the good old school of Chinese art, of which so few specimens are to be seen in China to-day, and whose meaning I would fain have explained to me. This garden also contains prototypes of all the far-famed trained trees of Japan, aged trees with trunks gnarled and knotted by Chinese skill, their branches all gone, only a spreading curtain of twig-like branches cunningly trained over a corridor. The trees were still, as they should be, additional proofs of the Chinese love for altering and, as they think, improving upon nature, but it was evident the Court gardeners had fled, or were no longer supervised, for the jasmines and other yellow flowers were hanging in prodigal luxuriance from the corridors, over which they must evidently have been meant to twine, whilst no pale pink peonies or other beautiful potted flowers decked the rockwork.

Climbing to the top, however, we got a roof view well worth the seeing, and in especial of the two solitary blue pavilions in the Forbidden City. They are not yellow tiled but of the same exquisite azure, as of an English summer sky, that forms the groundwork of the wonderful porcelain dragon screen at the far north end of the Lotus lake. This screen is close to the glittering Pailow of yellow and green, through whose delicately carved marble arches one can look out on to the lake and the far-famed marble bridge, and beyond that again over the bridge which no man but the Emperor

of China might use. Now we all can drive over it. It is true, however, that of its former magnificence only the marble supports remain. Rough poles and boards replace its balustrade and flooring. I do not know what museum in Europe these last are intended to decorate.

A little way behind the beautiful Pailow or arch stands the porcelain dragon screen. Very few people even in Peking seem to have heard of it. For, of course, till lately none were allowed to drive along the excellent carriage road by the lake, through the park-like grounds interspersed with rockeries. The screen is perhaps twenty feet high, and of porcelain throughout, and on it in high relief a row of dragons standing on their tails, and possibly five feet high; old gold, dull red, cream, dark blue, then over again, the two dark blue confronting each other in the centre. What was that screen meant to shelter from the world? Now behind it there is only a scene of frantic desolation, of the most complete vandalism—trees hacked and broken, marble columns razed to the ground, images torn from their lotus seats, and cloven in two. Here a broken head lying in the grass, there a gilded hand, and behind a little to the right on an eminence a temple like that which crowns the hill at the Summer Palace. Covered with a thousand images of Buddha outside, all of imperial yellow brilliantly shining, it caused the spectator to sigh and think how exquisite must have been the other destroyed building since this required no protecting screen. "I do not deplore its destruction at all," says a German Sinologue; "the Chinese must be humbled

somehow. Best humble them through their palaces and temples."

He said this as we stood within another imperial enclosure, all carefully walled round with a red wall surmounted by the usual imperial yellow tiling. A shining yellow roof among the dark tree foliage had attracted our party to enter. We anticipated wandering through an old-world garden, suggestive of repose and the Chinese ideal, elegant leisure. We found a desolation, rack and ruin all around, only the roof intact because out of reach, every image torn away from its shrine, even in the representation of the Buddhist Hell, reaching halfway down the garden enclosure, only the snakes left at the top, thus indicating what had been underneath. It is impossible not to think the foreign soldiers took special delight in smashing and desecrating the Buddhist images, but too often one can see by the holes forced into them that it has been rather with the idea of getting hidden jewels from the gilded images than from any religious zeal. Yet so great has been the destruction of temples it is hard not to think there was something of the crusader's spirit too, although some people still maintain that the greatest vandalism, the most wholesale destruction has been done by the Chinese people themselves.

What can have become of the priests who used to live by all these temples? Not a priest did I see in all Peking excepting at the great Mongol Lamaserai. There they were all Mongols, but they said "Om mani padme hum" like Tibetans, as they twirled their rosaries round and round, having, it seemed, no pray-





COLOSSAL BUDDHA OF VINDICTIVE COUNTERNANCE, RISING  
THROUGH THREE STOREYS IN YUNG-HO-KUNG.

ing wheels to turn. There was a most beautiful tapestry—surely European—in one temple there, also several other beautiful and curious things, and a huge Buddha that, in a small confined temple, towered up through three storeys. His dark red countenance at the top looked terribly cruel and vindictive, as one bent one's head backward to look up at it, and gave me at once a sensation I have been conscious of in some temples before, as if the place were full of evil spirits. One temple behind was full of impure images—a thing I never saw in China proper. Looking up here suddenly, too, I saw one of the Mongol priests regarding me with an expression of rage and hatred that was hardly so terrible as the smile of almost infantine sweetness into which it at once changed on meeting my glance. For these priests know they must dissimulate just now, whatever they feel within. When we were last in Peking it was not considered safe for a lady to enter this Lamaserai. Hardly did men dare to do so.

Tourists generally are all raving about the Summer Palace, and it is quite a place to spend a happy day in, if it were but for the pure air by the lakeside among the hills. For Peking dust grows bitterer and bitterer as one swallows more of it, till throat and eyes alike feel as if they could not hold out much longer. But the Summer Palace is not ancient, and I saw no masterpieces there, except the bronze ox, a bronze pavilion, and the marble bridges. There is no austere grandeur of approach. It is a sort of glorified Rosher-ville. In the English officers' quarters—till the other day the Empress's reception-room—there is a *cloisonné*

screen, probably the grandest and tallest in the world, and some specimens of Tse-hsi's very masterly and artistic handwriting, as also one writing of the Emperor's—in very schoolboy hand this, but it may have been written in his early days.

The destroyer has revelled through the pleasant places which the Dowager Empress had lately somewhat poorly restored, the contractor having probably cheated her. Plate-glass windows have been smashed, bits nipped off wood carvings, tiles pushed out, and curios taken. On the top of the hill is a Thousand-Buddha Temple, that must have been lovely. Inside are flower arabesques, that evidently Italian priests must have taught Chinese to design and colour. But the marble has been tested by fire, the Buddha's heads knocked off, the arabesques discoloured. The amount of labour that has been expended in destruction in Peking is really infinite. And over the other side of the hill nothing has been restored since the English and French sacked the Summer Palace together in 1859, and thought they were teaching the Chinese a lesson as to their superior strength. But the Chinese did not learn it; they only were additionally convinced, if that were possible, that all other nations outside their own were rough savages. They will think so more than ever now, if half the tales one hears are true. It does not do to think of many of them.

Despite these the Pehtang, however, seems only like holy ground. The band of defenders was so small, thirty French, ten Italian officers and marines, besides the Bishop, ten Lazarist Fathers, and twenty

Sisters of St. Vincent, with their hundreds of children and thousands of converts, who, as far as they could, gathered there from all parts of the city, and from outside the city as well. Their privations, too, were far the greatest.

But in the British Legation the air is consecrated with memories too. And to be shelled from your own garden wall! To live through eight weeks of a Chinese summer, bathless, with barely a change of clothing, on food that disagreed with nearly every one, some less, certainly, but most more! Then can one realise it! All on a sudden the thought that you are *saved*, and that you must now shift for yourself, provide for your wife and family and children, and that without a pan, a plate, a chair, a bed, a towel, without money to buy any of these things—without any one to sell to you if you had money. And first of all, to be without a roof under the August sun of China, virtually a houseless beggar, with some hundreds of Chinese, too, depending upon you! What would *you* have done? People in Peking adopted many expedients according to the advice of their respective ministers. Some people helped themselves to rice, calling aloud, solemnly offering payment if any owner would come forward to accept it. Echo only answered. And the various ruined, outraged foreigners, all with shattered nerves, some ill, some mourning those they loved best, none knowing what would happen next, settled down for the nonce as best they could in the different empty houses assigned to them, houses, as far as could be arranged, belonging to relations of the usurping Empress, who had fled



and abandoned the capital she had brought to such dire disaster.

Thus homely English people and Americans from the Far West camped in palace pavilions, eating off Kang-hi plates, yet missing their spoons and bedsteads and baths and tables, those many comforts that we Philistines have learnt to think more necessary than any æsthetic beauty. And the world set to work to criticise and scoff, "See how these Christians loot!" whilst they, poor people, were counting up the empty places in their band, mourning their martyrs and their ruined churches. "It took me years to get the money to build it, and so many years to plan it all and get it built. I watched over every stone myself," said one good man, then paused and pointed to his well. "Yes! It is choked. I had to have it sanded up first thing. There were eight of our people thrown down it, and the smell was too dreadful when I first came here. When we dare, I hope to uncover it, and get the bones out and give them Christian burial. There are four more dead about the premises. They were sliced to death, some of them, by those big fixed shears the Chinese use. They just put the bodies between and——. It is a little hard to meet with no sympathy now. People seem only to fear for the Boxers, lest they may perhaps be too cruelly used. I am taking care of the beautiful furniture in my house—it none of it belongs to me—to hand it over in good condition, I suppose, to the Boxer chief to whom it belonged, whenever he dares to reappear. So far he is in hiding."

When I think of Peking now, I still think first of

the awful ruts in the roads and the blinding, choking dust in those parts of the city where ordinary people live; but each day that impression is weakening, and my mind is beginning to rest more and more on the fairy-tale-like kaleidoscope of colour—yellow, green, dark blue, and yet more beautiful azure tiles and bricks in the enchanting regions reserved by the Imperial family for themselves. But then I see the ramps up to the great walls, one held by Chinese, one by Americans, and the barricades upon the walls, and the tower the Chinese built from which to fire down upon the Americans. I see the whole mixed crowd of legations and missionaries, bankers and men of the foreign Chinese Customs, all driven to take refuge within the beautiful British Legation and the Hanlin College behind, burnt by the Chinese themselves, so that there is not one brick left standing upon another in that proud centre of China's aristocracy of learning. I see the ruined façade of the Pehtang and the soldiers of many nations looking up at it, and the brimming eyes of the sisters. I see the names of the martyrs of their band stuck up in each missionary chapel in gold characters upon a purple ground, and the band of schoolgirls day by day lingering to stand before it dry-eyed and silent, yet staring with a strange intentness, each girl reading the name of father or mother, or perhaps of both. I see the well choked with horribly murdered Christian Chinese. I see the ruins, the gaunt, miserable street after street of ruins, ruined churches, ruined legations, ruined houses, schools, hospitals, banks, customs buildings. I recollect the glances of hatred—deep, dark, unmitigated hatred—

I have intercepted. And then there is one more memory.

The Peking station, all dust and rickshas, standing as it does in the wide sandy roadway between the Temple of Heaven and the Hall of Agriculture—every one looking for seats in the train, and watching over luggage, for stealing is contagious, and people, having once begun, do not know how to stop. And then a little tramp, tramp, and the soft sweet strains of a military band, "Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!" and there under the Stars and Stripes something heavy six soldiers are laying on a luggage van. Yesterday evening my friends heard the outcry for a doctor at the camp. A man had fallen from his horse, they were told, but attached no importance to it at the time. Perhaps he had longed to go home to the States. This morning early his body is going home. There are Japanese and cock-tailed Bersaglieri and the other soldiers of many nations all pressing forward to watch the one who is going home. That is the way he is going home after all. Poor soldiers! They suffer and they toil, many of them more heroes at heart than we can quite realise, and that is the end of it all in this world! And now again what is this at the Peking station? A clanking of chains! Men shackled together, and shouting shamelessly to cover their shame: "Look at the pride of the American army!" They have been caught red-handed plundering, and are being sent home too, after another fashion. Ah me! Better dead! Better dead!

But the Americans are determined to repress loot-

ing. They alone policed their quarter in Peking. Yet each nation, after its fashion, is trying to keep its men in order. And is it nothing that during nine days in Peking and two in Tientsin, and out of doors from morning to night, I never saw a man the worse for drink, never met anything but the most respectful and kind courtesy from the soldiery of eight nations, nor even saw one man ill-treating the vanquished Chinese?

Now we are passing into the hands of the English army, where officers of the Royal Engineers are station-masters, whilst Australian blue-jackets collect the tickets; and the visit to Peking has come to an end, adding so much to the mind's store of thought, leaving, alas! so many matters still open questions. But whatever may have been the horrors of the past, I cannot refrain from marvelling how it has been accomplished that so much order and decency has been established as already has been; cannot help feeling a higher respect for them, that it should be possible for the men of so many nations in such close juxtaposition, harassed by such a worrying dust, to observe such mutual forbearance as seems at all events now to animate them. Nor must it be forgotten that the Chinese themselves say that the ravages of the Examination Halls, as also of the Tribunal of Punishments, were perpetrated by poor Chinese of the neighbourhood, not by foreign soldiery, and that the worst vandalism and bloodshed was undoubtedly committed by the Boxers, not by the foreign troops.

Thus with mingled shame at deeds ill done, pride in acts of heroism, and thankfulness for the holy

devotion of the martyrs, yet with an agonising pity for those massacred, especially the little children, the many innocent, trustful, unconscious little children—"My papa will not let you hurt me," said one little boy, as the Boxers advanced against him with their big knives—we come away, with a medley mass of bits of broken tile from the Summer Palace, bows and poisoned arrows from the Forbidden City, dried violets from the Temple of Heaven, and all the many memories these various trifles serve to recall.

"And if the Emperor does not come back, what use Peking then to the foreign man?" asks my Chinese servant. "That's what my wantchee savee, what use Peking if the Emperor no come back? No use at all!" he adds in exultant derision. O wise Chinese people! Through the centuries you have never loved to fight, have been conquered again and again, but always risen irrepressible!

# I

## IN A PEKING GARDEN

*April to July.*

“ I WISH also, in the very middle,” said Bacon, in designing a princely garden, “a fair mount, with three ascents, and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast; which I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks, or embossments, and the whole mount to be thirty feet high; and some fine banqueting-house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass.” One might almost think his advice had been followed in designing the garden in Peking, where we had the privilege of passing two summer months, if it were not unreasonable to suppose that any one had ever heard of Bacon in China, when that garden was laid out. For it was already an old garden, the largest garden in all Peking, since Prince Yung-lu’s had been reduced. But in the middle of it rose a mound some twenty feet high, with on the top of it a pavilion; beyond that again a terrace somewhat higher than the mound and running the whole length of the garden, with, to one side of it, a further large pavilion, which at once suggested the idea of a banqueting-house, and was

doubtless used for that purpose by the former Chinese proprietors. And both these, in the general view of the garden, became massed together, so as to form one fine banqueting-house. The elegant, smaller and lower pavilion might serve as a place to distribute ices, or tea and coffee, the upper, statelier chamber with verandah along one side and painted ceiling, and windows on the further side overlooking a miniature stage, was evidently the supper-hall or dining-room. Although the way up to the mound would not quite meet with Bacon's requirements, being winding and beset by rocks—the whole mound, indeed, being a rockery—yet the terrace above did; supplying ample space for four to wander up and down, gazing over the pleasant prospect of Peking roofs and stately trees, and in between their branches gaining welcome breaths of fresh air, possibly not darkened by that plague of Peking, the dust of the Mongolian plateau, or, worse still, by that of its own streets, black with the filth of ages. That, indeed, was the one drawback to our garden, as must be the case with every garden in Peking, though those planted in the midst of, alas! always sadly tarnished, turf may escape somewhat.

This absence of flowers is the more to be regretted seeing the prodigal profusion with which they grow in China, and is the more curious owing to the intense delight of the people in sweet flower scents. "Among wild flowers the narcissus and the banksia bloom in March and April, when the rocky hills become red with azaleas for hundreds of miles, wisteria hanging there in festoons. In April also beans are in flower, and these with the yellow blossoms of the oil-plant



IN OUR GARDEN, ROCK MOUND AND PAVILION, AND  
MANCHU WOMAN.

*(By the Author.)*





make it indeed a fragrant month. In May the country air is sweet with wild honeysuckle and dog-rose. In June follows the luscious gardenia, sold in the streets for one cash a blossom (a tenth of a penny), and worn at this season by every woman, rich and poor alike, in her hair. In July among the mountain glades large white lilies are to be found, with a rich fragrance, but in this as in some other instances, it is a private and local breath, not a pervading odour such as those specially enumerated. In September and October, however, and even in August for some early flowering varieties, the delightful *Olea fragrans* and *Kuei-hua* scents the air in city and country alike, not to speak of the favourite jasmine, white and yellow. November and most of December are practically scentless in North China, but in mild seasons at the end of December, and generally in the early part of January, the sweet Lah mei, or waxen almond (*cheimonanthus fragrans*), blooms before its leaves appear; and it is scarce over before the delicious white and pink double almond, richly fragrant, breathes out the old year for the Chinese, this generally occurring in February."

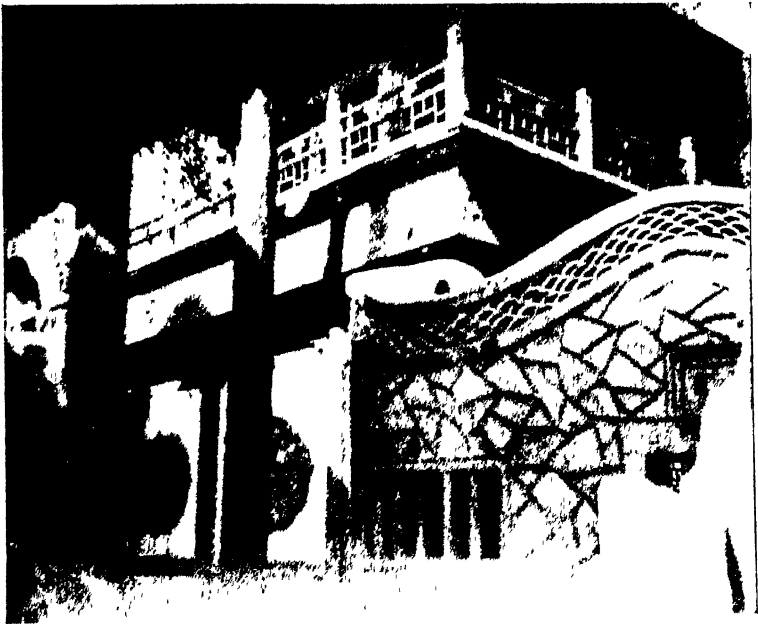
The great beauty of our garden, however, was in the exquisite effects of light and shade, the interplay of sunshine and shadow, when, as occasionally, the movement in the air was too light zephyr-like to raise the dust, and the sun shone out unsullied. Then, with a long-drawn breath of intense satisfaction, one could sit in one or other of the almost innumerable pavilions scattered through the garden, and looking up now and again, get lost in the intense

pleasure of watching how the shadows fell from that curved gable and through that openwork wall, or through the more complex design of these windows, their stonework cut into flowers, or those others, with a Mauresque reminiscence, above them all arabesques. At the far end of the terrace, and somewhat withdrawn from it, there was another long-shaped pavilion with railings, particularly adapted for hanging over. We never seem to build such in England, where, indeed, the whole art of railings seems to be neglected. It was very agreeable to hang over those railings and look across two very peaceful retired courtyards beneath, each with a tree in the centre, a tree trained as they only train them in China or Japan—Japan learnt all its arts from China, though just now in England people do not seem to recollect this—and to watch the people who might happen to be moving on the terrace or in the larger pavilion, looking so infinitely picturesque, as they stood out, here against a background of sky, there against huge tree-trunks. For this is one of the peculiarities of Chinese cities; looked down upon from a distance they present the appearance of groves of trees, and no city more so than Peking. Chinese, who root up perseveringly every tree on the countryside, cherish those that grow within their cities, even when, as is not uncommonly the case, the tree's trunk penetrates through a city roof. Thus in our garden there was nothing wanting of what generally contributes to a garden's beauty, but that one thing—flowers! Yet on consulting with some Chinese lady visitors, there seemed to be little place for these last according to the original scheme



PAVILION IN OUR GARDEN, MEANT, WE THOUGHT,  
FOR A THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

*(By the Author.)*



SLANTING CURVED WALL AND QUAIN WINDOW.

*(By the Author.)*



of the garden. No flowers were permissible, they said, upon the mound, where I had always pictured pink peonies, that favourite flower of China, setting off the grey tone of the rocks, their own frail pinkness enhanced thereby. But no! that, it appeared, would be contrary to all Chinese feeling; a rock mound must be left bare, no rock plants even must be seen upon it. I knew I had not seen any even in the Emperor's garden, that one restful, romantic retreat within the awe-inspiring walls of the Forbidden City. But at the time I had speculated as to whether this might not be consequent upon the ravages of the soldiery of eight nations, not to speak of those of Chinese themselves. It seemed now it was not so. This was how Chinese rock-mounds should be, naked and unadorned.

Yet I recalled the laughter of some Manchu princesses when they led me out to see their garden, or rather, the place where the garden should be, for, as the girls said laughingly, "There is no garden there now, only a garden place." Then they took me out to see the place where their garden had been before it all happened—the siege of Peking, and the previous siege of the legations, the Boxer madness, or, shall we rather say, failure to carry out somewhat well-laid plans? How strange the scene appeared in the dim evening light! The young princesses, with those tremendous bows of hair that Manchu ladies wear, sticking out at least six inches on either side of their heads, and rendered yet larger by the almost incredible number and variety of large artificial flowers with which they adorn them, intermixed with pearls, were mounted

upon clogs with four-inch high heels right in the centre. From all corners of the garden began to assemble more and more stately figures, with huge bows of hair wide dispread—these bows somewhat recall the becoming black ribbon bow of Alsace, but, whilst equally becoming, are far statelier—all mounted upon those inordinately high-heeled shoes. They may have been relations, or they may even have been servants, though I do not think so. But as the sun set and the light glimmered darker and darker, the effect was sinister in the extreme—heightened, perhaps, because in the foreground stood a very ancient princess, the head of the house, indeed, whom we had somehow aroused by our merriment, and who stood forth very evidently objecting to the whole proceeding. “Who are these people?” she seemed to say, “and what is the meaning of all this?” She was an ancient, but none the less stately figure. Her suite of rooms, or rather her special pavilion, gave on to this particular garden, and it seemed as if the young people had no business to come trooping in and making a noise on the old lady’s premises. But as more and more stately women came crowding on to the scene, as if there were no end to them, their height enhanced by the glimmering light, by which also their expressions were veiled so that it was impossible to tell whether they were friendly or not, and with that consciousness of which it is impossible to divest oneself in Peking, that they had no reason to feel friendly, it was really a relief to take leave and get off uninjured! A relief, even, to feel oneself once more within the not too comfortable protection of a Peking

cart! Thus leaving behind that strange form, that told of the ancient order of things, when a Manchu princess's house had always closed doors for foreigners; when even the Chinese teacher, who demeaned himself by taking your money for admitting you into the mysteries of the language—which yet he hoped you would never master, holding you all unworthy—even he would never condescend to salute, or in any way recognise you, if he met you in the public thoroughfare. There are many forms like that to be met in Peking still, although they do not often come abroad; yet one may brush against men of that build on the occasion of a public funeral, or the like, feeling, whilst one's raiment thus touches theirs, the absolute impossibility of any soul-communion. No bridge can be built across the centuries, and they are at least five centuries removed from us in thought and feeling. Their day is past, though they may still survive. We left the aged princess, rather pitying the younger ones, for she seemed to be a person of considerable force of character, and nothing we felt, at once, would make it possible to explain to her why we were proper people to admit into her garden. Although we had put on our best dresses, according to our poor lights, we felt we must for ever appear to her like some sort of Iroquois savages.

However, it remained that the laughing girls, just like girls at home, had talked of the garden, that was now no longer a garden, but merely a place for one. And it often seemed to me that was the correct description of our garden. Yet our Chinese friends said at no time, nor under any circumstances, should



there be any flowers except in pots, stood along the edge of the garden parallel to the pretty covered way that led round it, or massed beneath one semicircular window, leading from nowhere to nowhere, but simply placed there for decoration and in order that, if so minded, you might retire behind it and look increasingly picturesque, leaning forward gazing out of it. Clearly, this garden had never so much been intended to grow flowers as for a place in which to live pleasantly at your ease, without requiring to go out into the evil-smelling streets of Peking. One might enjoy the *dolce far niente* of a summer's day there, the freshness of the evening breeze, and above all pleasant, friendly intercourse, and merry wine-drinkings, during which the brow is apt to grow heated within-doors, all interspersed with that flashing of the fingers and guessing before seeing how many the other holds forth—Morra, Italians call it—the noise of which is apt to become trying, unless played in some garden pavilion.

It was evident that whoever had originally planned the house had done so regardless of expense. I used often to wonder who he had been, and whether he had laid out the garden according to his own taste, or called in a committee of architects, house decorators, and the like. We occupied what seemed to be the principal pavilion in our part of the garden, consisting of three rooms, according to the Chinese custom, with two side buildings, each of two rooms, giving also on to the entrance courtyard, at the other end of which was a covered entrance gate; beyond that, again, a sideways passage and then the outer entrance.



THE WINDOW THAT LED TO NOWHERE IN OUR GARDEN.

*(By the Author)*



Though that, again, was not set square on, for every precaution has to be taken to prevent evil spirits from finding the way in, as of course they would do if the entrance were quite straight and direct. Attached to our three rooms, not quite according to Chinese usage, were others stretching away to the side and giving on to other courtyards, one of which particularly attracted me from its air of aloofness. No one ever seemed to have any call to enter there, and one could easily fancy some somewhat literary, somewhat dependent member of the family leading there the life of a hermit.

Behind our set of rooms lay the first part of the garden; across it in an uneven slant, rather like the course of a rivulet, stretched an ornamental piece of water. On this, of course, there should have been weed, to keep down the mosquitoes, and other aquatic plants, possibly lilies among them, but we thought it wiser to run no risks from stagnant water, so had none. To the one side of this garden, with its two very decorative bridges across the watercourse, was a smaller rockery, and, to the rear of it, the window that looked out from nowhere; to the other side the before-mentioned rock mound, whilst along the long side, facing our rooms, stretched a pavilion equally composed of three rooms, and that must, we thought, have served as principal banqueting-room. There was a narrow but very elegant verandah running round it, with a slant view through it on to a garden, full of sweet white lilac when I first made its acquaintance. This view had to be slanting, being cut off by one of the prettiest Chinese walls we had ever seen.

It slanted, and its top slanted, and generally it presented the appearance of a piece of paper lightly crinkled, with the stones of strange, sharp outlines, of which it seemed to be built up, lightly outlined (in relief) in mortar. There was a doorway through the wall which also slanted, though with a slant opposite to that of the wall, and which presented such a very narrow entrance at first sight, one always wondered if one could get through, but which, by reason of the slant, was really wide enough to admit a very portly person.

Beyond this lay the apartments, as we always thought, of what must have been the favourite wife. The inner room of the three there looked straight down a very long, narrow courtyard. The window there was of quite uncommon shape, and no one who had once looked through that window down that courtyard could doubt but that that set of rooms was meant to enshrine something very precious. It was absolutely impossible to think of them as the residence of the poor literary relation, or of the old grandmother. That was probably her set of rooms just behind, near the half-crescent-shaped theatre. Outside one of these rooms there was the most formidable-looking cellar, descending abruptly. This cellar-like place was used for heating the kang, or raised places at one end of the rooms, on which the beds are laid, and which are sometimes in winter made so hot it is almost impossible to lie on them; but these openings are also used for concealing treasure, and during the reign of terror, in 1900, many poor ladies remained concealed in them all the



BY THE ROCK MOUND. THE SLANTING DOORWAY AND  
OUR COOK'S SISTER-IN-LAW.

*(By the Author.)*



time, the outer gates closed as if no one were within, only some faithful servant or man-relation scaling the garden wall at night to bring in food. Beyond the long-shaped pavilion, with its admirable view all over the garden, there was the most fascinating little *al fresco* study, a semicircular table fixed into the wall, and special bits of openwork wall decorations introduced exactly there to let a special ray of sunshine in upon the student, a special breath of fresh air. From the first I decided that I would sit and study there, and yet I never did, never sat either in the long pavilion that led to it; although one could also ascend to the little study by a little flight of stairs, lying *perdu*, as it were, in the courtyard beneath. The American artist, who came day after day to make some sketches as guides for vignettes of the future, sketched that pavilion first of all. The young English architect, who made a plan of the whole garden, and wanted to compose a book of the designs in tile decoration, in window tracery, in enrichment of roof ridges, was also fascinated by the exquisite idea of special wall patterns just for that outdoor study, special roof decorations, just on the chance that he who studied should lift his eyes and find pleasure therein; but for some reason, I could never analyse, I rather avoided all that part of the garden. Thus when, on inquiry, I was told briefly the sad tragedy, how, when the garden was quite perfect, the house in the full heyday of its prosperity, the then owner was summoned to an Imperial audience and came back and killed himself, I at once took into my head that it was in that pavilion, till one evening, after going



through a course of Russian light literature, in which as a rule the hero goes mad or kills himself, not uncommonly does both, I looked up from the last I cared to read, and seemed to see the whole scene there in the plain light of the calm summer afternoon—seemed to see the owner with drawn, wizened face, looking out over his property for the last time with that terribly pathetic expression of knowing it was for the last time. And then—and then it was all over! “Why not?” a mocking voice seemed to ask of me. “When you have heaped up for yourself everything that the heart of man can desire, what is there left for you to do but to die?”

The satiety engendered by the satisfaction of earthly desires is no new idea to me. I have never been able to see how any one who had got all he wanted could live on. Is it not “the rapture of pursuing” that alone makes life alluring? I laid aside my course of Russian romances, but with the mind’s eye I still see that elderly, not old, rich Chinese man, driven to die, like a rat in its hole, in the most picturesque view-point of the lordly pleasure-house he had built for his soul to delight in.

Underneath these rooms, but across a long narrow passage, was a suite of rooms, which we had lived for months on the property without even noticing, but evidently they had been exceptionally beautiful. The carved woodwork still intact, although deep in dust, sufficiently showed this. They must have served as libraries from the remains of shelves, such as Chinese books are kept in, and beneath the shelves were drawers of various shapes and sizes. I pictured the



LEAF-SHAPED DOOR IN GARDEN.



humble dependant of literary tastes very happy in that library, and could not help thinking some of the happiest hours of the proprietor must have been spent there too. He had set great store by books one could see from the great size of his library, as also by the stately housing of his books.

Besides the part we occupied there were two others equally large, though perhaps more dilapidated, the one occupied by the blind school of Peking, the other by a Japanese printing office. Truly, when all was thrown into one, and in good repair, one could realise that there would be little need to go outside to seek variety or good company. Though when occasion demanded, one could picture the grand *cortège* that would sally forth, horsemen in front and behind, then in the centre, the four-bearer chair or cart, after the fashion of Peking, with wheels far behind the body of the cart (to prevent jolting), with wire blinds to keep out the dust, silken hangings, soft cushions and still softer furs to recline upon. So it must have been for the last time and then the home-coming, knowing the truth now, the utter hopelessness of everything, the despair! Absolute present comfort, and despair!

Living in Peking one seems always being brought in contact with despair. I suppose many children, early indoctrinated into English history, have, as I did, insensibly imbibed the idea that it would be by sheer luck if they could get through life without being either hanged or beheaded. I recollect debating the matter hotly with my sister, as to which we should choose when the alternative should be presented to

us, and being deeply wounded when she asserted it would be of no use for me to choose to be beheaded, because people of our rank were never awarded so dignified a punishment. Those days are passed for England now, though as recently as James II.'s day English people were not only being put to death somewhat wholesale, but being sold into slavery, which sounds even worse, certainly more barbarous. Those days are still present in China, and he who in residence there does not gain a reflected light upon how things used to be in merry England, loses one of the most practical advantages of foreign residence. It is but by looking back into the past one can tell how changes are likely to work out in the future, and the best illustrations of our own past are other countries passing through the same stages of civilisation. It is a little humiliating sometimes to most people to think that once upon a time they too were babies, dandled! but so it was, and nations have to pass through their baby stages.

After our months in a Peking garden it is additionally pleasant to realise that this is the twentieth century, though is it grasping to wish that we could be quickly transported on into the twenty-first? Not but what there was a good deal of sedate old-world enjoyment to be found beneath the shade of those stately *Sophora* trees, to the cawing of the great, black crows of Peking city. But mixed with how much of preventible sorrow and suffering!

Will not the twenty-first century be very much better with all the efforts after good of the men of to-day?

## II

### *HOW THE COURT CAME BACK TO PEKING*

*April 15th.*

TO arrive in Peking, and hear that the Imperial Court was just removing to the Southern Park, and would detrain at Ma-chio-pu, a station about five miles from Peking, involved, of course, an instant resolution to go there and see the pomp and ceremony. We had travelled almost breathless right across China; in eight days and a half from Chentu to Chungking, a land journey generally done in eleven days, then from Chungking to Ichang in a small boat, rowing day and night, thus getting through the Yangtse Gorges in six days, while it took a party of Europeans comfortably established in the usual sort of boat at the same time fourteen days to accomplish this; then on in a steamer for three days to Hankow, and in another larger steamer from Hankow to Shanghai again another three days; with another week of journey from Shanghai to Peking, including a day at Tsingtao, the new German settlement, and a night at Tientsin. Thence a three hours' railway journey brought us to Peking, and there next day we stepped into rickshas,

and proceeded out through the dust to meet the Imperial Court. Even on the way out it was quite a sight to see those who were doing likewise, officials and officials' attendants on inelegant but sturdy Tientsin ponies, and yet more interesting Imperial yellow porcelain in baskets dangling from men's shoulder poles.

The station, when we at last arrived there, was all canopied with Imperial yellow silk save in the centre, where chequers were formed with this and red and black silks; the platform was spread with red cloth; there were some very smart inclined planes with railings, evidently intended to help in the descent out of the train. On one side stood a fine yellow silk tent, where the Emperor had waited for his aunt by adoption on the journey to the Tombs, and on the other side of the station quite an encampment of tents for the various Government Boards—that of the Censors small and plain but central, that of the Board of Foreign Affairs picturesque with its blue and blackness, and roomy. Behind them and on either side more and more tents, all those to the left blue, edged with black, those to the right of but one colour; behind them and gleaming in between them a long procession of gaudy-coloured umbrellas, such as are presented to an official on his giving up office, and a still longer line of Yuan Shih-kai's Shantung soldiery, each carrying a tricoloured banner furled.

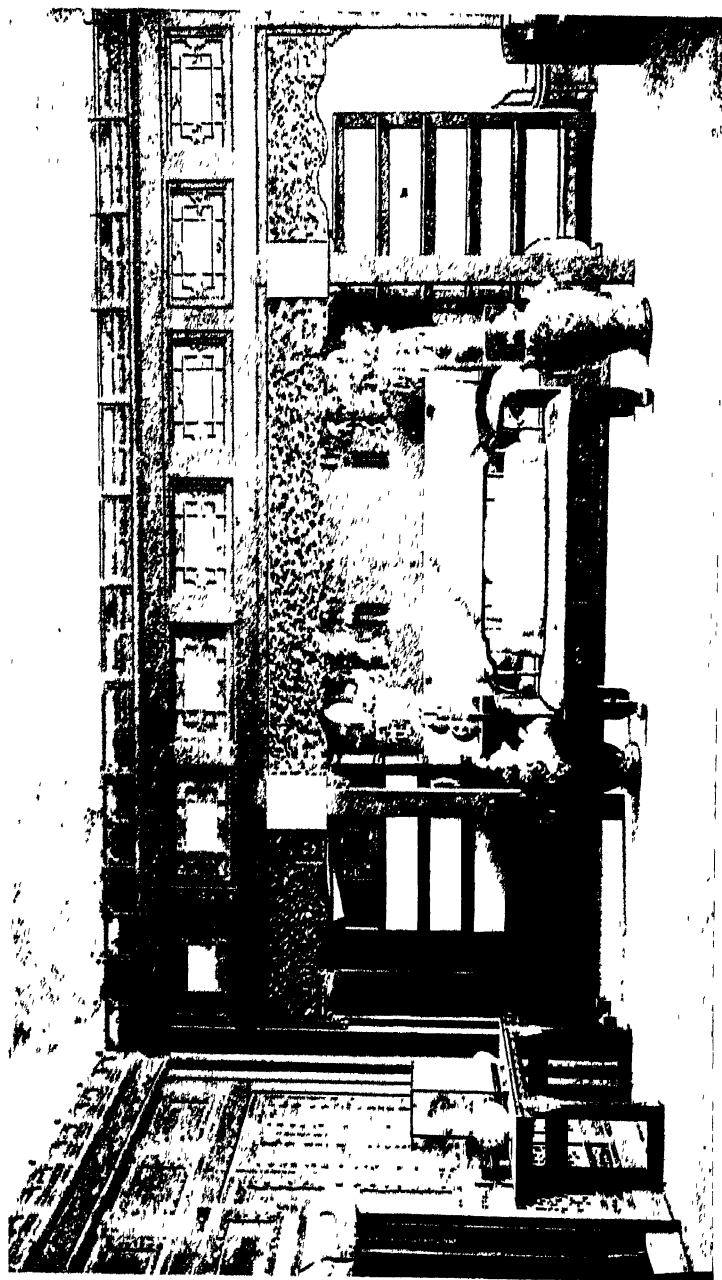
Dignitary after dignitary arrived, descended from his cart, and saluted in the official style, slipping the right hand down the leg to below the knee, which is at the same time bowed. All were in heavy silks

embroidered, with high official boots to the knee, large necklaces falling to the waist, and conical caps covered with red tasselling; each wearing on his breast an embroidered plaque of bird or beast, according as to whether he were a civil or military official. We stood among quite a large company of blue-button Mandarins before the Imperial train was announced. It arrived with all the platforms overcrowded, as if the carriages were bursting with the retinue; baggage trains had been coming all the morning, two trains of luggage had arrived just beforehand. The state carriage drew up exactly in front of where we were standing. Some one got out from it; it was said to be the Viceroy, Yuan Shih-kai. Then Li Lien-ying, the Empress's favourite, to whom every Chinese official wishing for an audience has to pay a sum fully proportionate to his revenue, looked out. He was obliging enough, indeed, to stand for some time at the head of the little flight of steps, looking down; the cares of office had marked tiny lines upon his face, pre-eminently a careful face, that of one with a wonderful capacity for mastering details, but it was decidedly not a bad face, neither vicious, nor brutal, nor cruel, but rather that of a man whom you could not easily stop in the performance of his duty, to whose heart you would never dream of appealing, who would plan and contrive and scheme and succeed whilst most appearing to give way. One wonders what would have happened if he and Tse-hsi had ever met in opposition! But both must intuitively have felt that they together were a match for the world, and so joined forces.



When Li Lien-ying came down there was a ripple in the crowd, and we became aware of a bright-looking, slight young man stepping buoyantly out of the carriage, with the happy smile of so many an English young man as he comes to his journey's end. "Who can that bright, happy-looking boy be?" was all but on my lips, when an English engineer behind me spoke out loud, although cautioned beforehand not to do so, and at the same time a Chinese official in front of me turned, and tugged violently at my sleeve, as if I were the culprit. For it was the Emperor of China himself, who, before one had time to realise it was he, had got swiftly into the vast golden-yellow sedan chair waiting for him and been silently carried away, only his curiously projecting chin noticeable in profile as he sat, still looking back at the train he had left. A deep hush always falls upon the crowd in China whenever a Mandarin stirs abroad; how much more when the Son of Heaven moves! and a few years ago surely that foreign engineer would have been beheaded for his outspokenness. But this year no one even knelt, whereas of old it was on both knees and with faces earthward-bent that Chinese subjects would have received their Emperor.

Tse-hsi, Empress Dowager, was the next to appear, standing for some time on the railway platform, with very *voyant* embroideries, an eunuch supporting her under either arm. On this occasion she certainly looked her age, sixty-eight, with very broad face and many double chins. Her eyes, the longest probably ever seen, remained cast down, and though there was a great appearance of graciousness, the smile, whose



DOWAGER EMPRESS'S BEDROOM.



coldness is said to chill even foreign Ministers, was absent. Yet, as she stood still and silent with her eyes cast down, one felt the magnetic power of the woman. There was no appearance of powder or paint about her, no indication of either eyes or eyebrows being artificially lengthened. If done at all, it must have been well done. But the thing that was most striking about her was her stillness. Her attendants seemed trying to bring her down upon the platform. Tse-hsi did not want to come down, and she *stood still*. She stood still again upon the railway platform, absolutely immovable, till at last, breathless and hatless, a railway official rushed up from somewhere or other and bowed low before her. Then, satisfied, she at once got into her sedan chair, only less vast than that of the Emperor, and was very quickly carried away. But I felt a pricking in my thumbs for long afterwards.

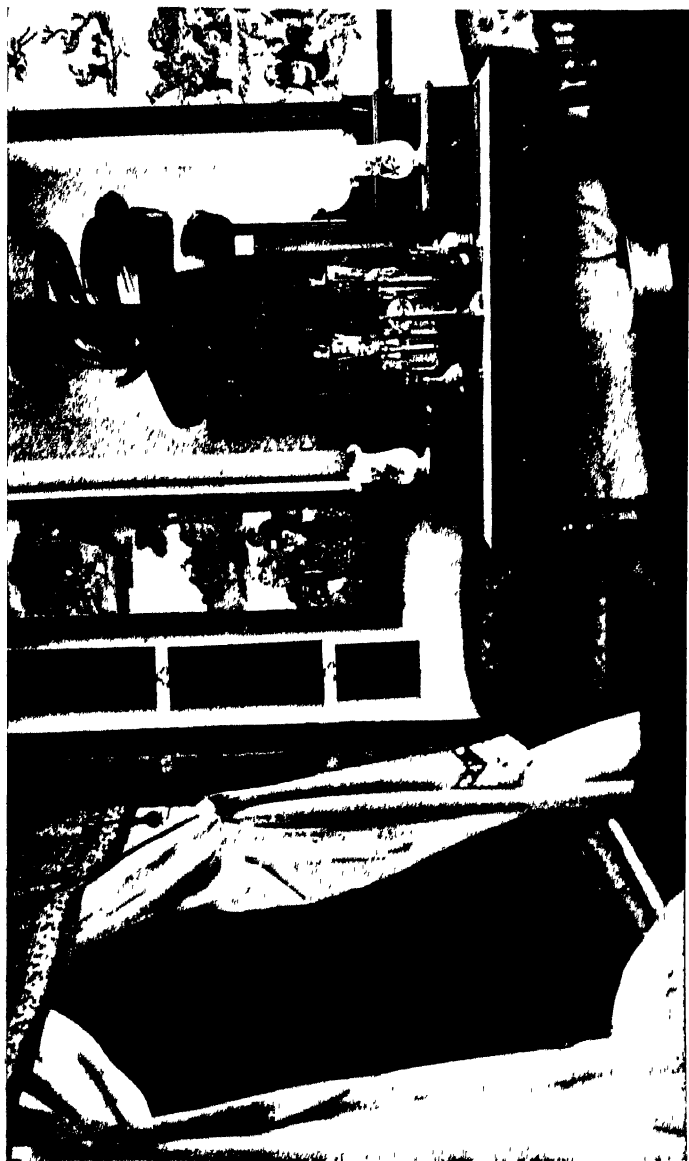
Just as the Empress regnant but not ruling appeared at the carriage door the train began to back away, and I saw nothing but her eyes and brow, above which the locks were wide disspread. So far it seemed a good face. But it was impossible to discern whether the will-power was there, so visible in the Empress Dowager's pleasantly flattering face, with falsity written large over every line of the apparently good-humoured surface. The Dowager is of the type so well known in every land where society exists. Were she an English mother she would, one feels at once, marry all her daughters to eldest sons, irrespective of whether they were lunatics or confirmed dipsomaniacs. She would smile and say pleasant things,

as she pressed forward over her enemy's dead body, without even a thrill of pleasure in the doing so ; it would be so absolutely indifferent to her how she got there provided that she got to the front. People who have seen her eyes raised talk of their marvellous quickness, people who have seen her smile talk of the smile's coldness, ladies who have conversed with her speak of the furious anger of her expression, as she reprimands an attendant, succeeded instantaneously by the utmost urbanity as she addresses a guest.

An English man of business, who saw her at the station, said afterwards : " Well, I have quite changed my mind. I always thought as likely as not the Empress had nothing to do with all those Boxer troubles, but that woman never was imposed upon or put upon. I know now she did it all."

The few foreign ladies who have conversed with her, and been flattered by her attentions, seem only the more, not the less, convinced of her remorselessness, and all concede that she never lets the Emperor alone, either she or Li Lien-ying being always by his side, so that it is impossible for him ever to speak unheard.

And then comes in a mystery. A little American girl was among the guests at one of the Empress's parties, and the Emperor at once took her up and kissed her, till the child, looking at her mother, said : " He does like me, mother, doesn't he ?" After that he followed the child about, and kissed her again and again. She was a round-faced, rosy-cheeked little child of five. But how had the Emperor of China ever learned to kiss ? How had the very idea of such



EMPEROR'S BEDROOM, DOWAGER EMPRESS'S HANDWRITING HANGING ON THE WALL.



a thing even been suggested to him? No Chinese man throughout the whole length and breadth of the vast Chinese Empire ever kisses wife or child, unless he has been taught to do so by a foreigner. No Chinese mother even kisses her child. The nearest she gets to it is lifting her child's face up to hers, and as it were smelling at it. Yet here was the Emperor of China evidently versed in the practice, so that directly he saw this foreign little girl he took her up and kissed her, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, whilst to the everyday Chinaman this would be a most unnatural, and indeed repulsive, process.

As the Imperial party disappeared in their Imperial yellow sedans, three carts of brilliant Imperial yellow drove after them, and a guard of yellow-jacketed or waistcoated soldiery closed in round them, their officer a cross between an English naval officer with his golden stripes upon his arm, and a Russian army officer with a much-befurred cap, the poor man himself extra heated by both under the hot April sunshine of Peking. And as they all withdrew it seemed as if the Imperial yellow had withdrawn the sunshine from the earth, for we found ourselves almost at once in the semi-darkness of a Peking dust-storm, a struggling mass of carts and cavaliers, and rickshas with the poor coolies dragging them, all fighting for first place among the dreadful ruts of fields, and roadways hardly distinguishable from fields.

That was on April 15th, and on April 23rd, St. George's Day, the crowd standing on the walls by the Chien Mên saw the Court's return to Peking. First



came a mounted guard in tight-fitting black, with greaves hanging loose upon their legs, and all silver-spangled; then a guard with a long crooning cry; then the yellow sedans, the Empress-wife entirely shut up in hers, and this time carried close behind the Emperor. Again he did everything with lightning rapidity, so that it was hardly possible to catch a glimpse of him, getting out of his chair, worshipping at the temple of the God of War, the patron deity of his dynasty, and being carried off again before one could believe it possible he had even alighted. The Empress Dowager, on the other hand, lingered long, waving her hand and then her handkerchief to the various foreign onlookers on the wall, and then calling for an opera-glass the better to contemplate them. Even three days afterwards the approaches to the Palace or Forbidden City were still thronged with carts innumerable, loaded with carpets, with skins, with all manner of what looked like worthless baggage, whilst long lines of rickshas fringed the walls outside.

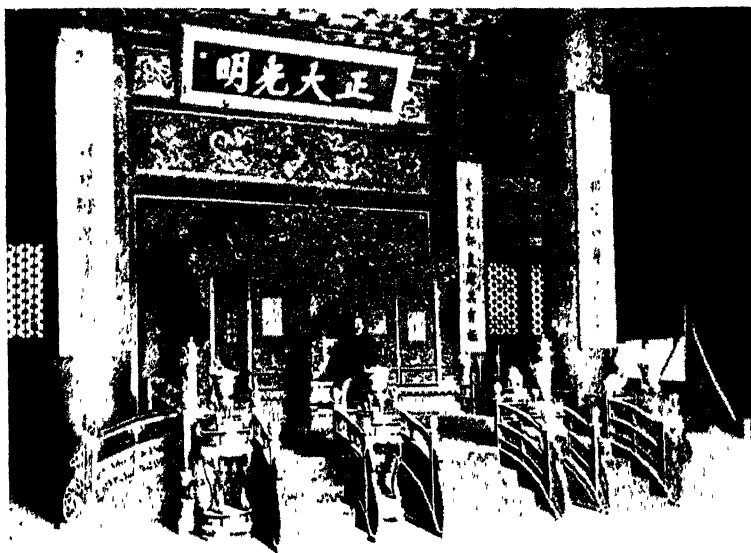
The return of the Court, as seen from the gates of Peking, looked like nothing more than the entrance of a straggling party of marauders. The whole of Peking, indeed, resembles an encampment, the greater part of it now being in ruins, whilst all the beautiful and interesting and pleasant part right in the centre of this great city is shut off for the private delectation of the woman, who has raised herself to the Imperial throne of China, and evidently intends to get her full fill of enjoyment while on it. Can people fancy what it would be like in London if Alexandra,

the beloved, were to close Buckingham Palace and St. James's and Kensington Palaces, together with the St. James's, Green, and Hyde Parks, allowing no one to drive or walk there but herself and her attendants, even shutting up Piccadilly as a thoroughfare! What Tse-hsi has done in Peking is similar to this, only possibly the space enclosed by her is larger. And it was not always so. The Forbidden City, with the Palace, was always enclosed within lofty walls, but so is Buckingham Palace within walls, though small ones. One would not complain of that. It is Tse-hsi, however, who chose to live in the beautiful Winter Palace, outside of the Forbidden City, and enclose that too. It is she who chose to shut up the Marble Bridge, which used to be freely open to every one. So great is the inconvenience to the Peking populace and to the Mandarins who attend the Court, that when Prince Kung, the Emperor's uncle, consented to come out of his retirement and resume the direction of affairs after the *coup d'état* in 1898, it was only on condition that the Marble Bridge should be thrown open to traffic, and thus the east city once again connected with the west. But Prince Kung is dead, and Tse-hsi still reigns, and the Marble Bridge once again is closed, while the Empress drives beneath the beautiful old trees by the Lotus Lake, along the pleasant turns beside the luxurious Winter Palace.

It was when Russia had formulated demands for the complete and decisive cession of Manchuria, although she said she had not, without, however, attempting to explain the position of her troops there. The Diplomatic Corps was agitated, whilst the

Empress Tse-hsi had already settled a far more delicate question. The late Minister to Paris had returned with his partly American wife and daughters all full of the delights of Paris, and the latter with the most up-to-date of Parisian toilettes. One of these young ladies was to interpret at the audience to be given to the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps on May 12, the day after that fixed for the gentlemen; both held at the Summer Palace some distance out in the country. And the question at once arose, what was the young lady to wear? Her most *chic* Parisian toilette she herself said, or she could not undertake to interpret. But the Empress, through Prince Ching, then Prime Minister, replied: "The wife of the late Minister to Paris being half American can come in American clothes, but the daughter of a Manchu official must come in Manchu dress; but as the young lady has no practice in high Manchu clogs" (with the heel in the middle, an indispensable part of a Manchu lady's court dress), "and would therefore infallibly trip herself up and fall prostrate, let her therefore come dressed as a Manchu boy, only without the high official boots." And thus the question was settled by that mind, that, like one of the great dockyard hammers, can either straighten a pin or mould a cannon. Yet Miss Yü Keng wore her Paris clothes, and set the court ladies dancing too.

We may depend upon it the Empress Dowager has no difficulties about Manchuria. She knows quite clearly what she wants; so long as she gets that, how she does so does not matter to her, and therefore she always gets her way. She was sixty-eight when



IMPERIAL THRONE IN FORBIDDEN CITY.

(By Mr. Sargent)





we saw her. Upon how many years of splendour can she not look back! She, who began life as the poor and soon fatherless daughter of a small military official! Yet it is pleasant to hear of her that she has never forgotten, never overlooked, any of those who befriended her in her days of obscurity.

A doctor with keen eyes, observing her the other day, says he detects the signs of a mortal malady, and that she has but two years, or at the most three, to live. I did not detect the malady, but as I looked at her, two years more of life came distinctly into my mind. When I spoke to others of the impression I received of her strong magnetic gift, a Russian lady exclaimed excitedly: "That is just what —— and —— told me, that they never could feel natural, never could feel quite themselves in her presence."

The wife of the acting British Chargé d'Affaires seized the opportunity of being at Paotingfu—the city from which the corner-stone was taken down because of the ghastly massacre of English men and women there—to have a private, simply friendly, interview with the Dowager Empress, who was there at the same time. She and Lady —— intended to spend the whole of the latter's one Sunday visiting the Empress at the Summer Palace. The American Minister's wife speaks of "my friend the Empress Dowager," or "Her Majesty." But at each fresh foreign visit to the old Buddha, as the Chinese call the Empress Dowager, Chinese Christian women weep and protest bitterly, thinking of their murdered relations, whom they esteem *martyrs*.

Meanwhile we sat with the dust of Peking on our

heads and faces, while one man regretted that the French attempt never came off, although divers were all ready to explore the well in the Palace down which the Emperor's favourite concubine is said to have been thrust by Tse-hsi's orders the night before the flight from Peking, Tse-hsi herself standing by to see stones thrown down upon the unhappy young woman, lest her body should rise to the surface; while another speculated as to whether the Emperor did or did not swallow the drugs prepared for him by Tse-hsi; whether his health has been ruined, and his development thereby stopped—he looks strangely young for his years—or whether, like a Roman of old, he is a man of tremendous determination simply playing a *rôle* and biding his time.

Sir Robert Hart has rebuilt exactly over his ruins, and has retained no reminder of a past he would fain forget; others have erected fine dwelling-places and colleges beside their ruins, which still look down upon them hollow-eyed, recalling the friends thrust down wells or otherwise cruelly murdered within their walls. English men and women pass through Peking returning to Shansi to live on the spots, to them hallowed by the deaths of loved relations, whom they too—curious, is it not?—esteem martyrs like those of old—the noble army who “praise Thee,” as we still say in our churches. Do we mean it as we sing it? one asks oneself often in Peking. If any city has seen miracles, surely that city did in 1900. If any city has been hallowed by the blood of martyrs, surely Peking has. Who of all the many travellers passing through Peking visits the spots where Chinese died so

staunchly, or cares about the survivors? Yet in our garden we were often visited by one twice thrown on the street for dead, a man who has now given up his small official appointment to devote himself to good works, whose face is like a psalm. There are many others still mourning those who died.



### III

#### OFFICIAL AND RANK DISTINCTIONS

IT is the views of the city, the first sight of the frowning walls and imposing gate towers, with the long trains of stately camels winding slowly past them ; the peeps into the Forbidden City, the memory of the Temple of Heaven, that most travellers to Peking will find they recall most vividly after their departure. Although in looking at any city view one does not find the variety to be met with in Europe from lofty towers and spires, for Chinese believe that good spirits cross space at a height of a hundred feet ; therefore no building can be raised up to this height for fear of obstructing them, and the pavilions surmounting the Peking city gates, all stop at 99 feet, if they even get as high. But besides these large, general views which linger longest in the memory, there are little street scenes that are not easily forgotten, and perhaps more strike and interest the new-comer : the funeral of a red button mandarin ; the *cortège* of a high official returning from a visit to the court, or attending a meeting of one of the official boards. Men on horseback, and sometimes in carts, precede the great man ; sometimes riders with hawks



TWO-HUMPED MONGOLIAN CAMEL WITH WINTER COAT.



upon their wrists follow behind. When the Empress goes out a man with a falcon on his wrist rides always close behind her.

New-comers are for ever asking questions about the personality and rank of these different high officials. If the great man himself is in his cart, *or* chariot, this is at once declared by the distance the wheels are behind the body of the chariot, which may even be as far as the horse's head is in front. This diminishes the jolting caused by the awful state of the roads, the cart being, as it were, hung between the shafts, but it engenders a different kind of swinging motion, which makes some people feel sick, as in a mule litter. On other occasions men of the highest rank are carried in four-bearer chairs, ordinary people only being allowed to use two bearers in Peking, great though the distances are. At other times, of course but rarely, unless a Manchu, the high official rides. When it is a very grand *cortège* that is going along, those who go before clear the way with a long drawn out crooning cry. And when the great man rides in a sedan chair, as many servants as can hold on to the chair on either side, as if to save him in case of a fall.

Much amusement was caused in England by the news that Li Hung-chang had been deprived of his yellow riding jacket for presuming to wander in the Empress's private garden after an audience. But in reality a yellow riding jacket is an honour like the garter in England, not an article of dress, and all the insignia of rank, like the peacock's feather, the button, the necklace, and the breastplate, are removable at the sovereign's pleasure. Indeed, the whole of an

official's salary is so often withdrawn during the year in amends for offences real or imaginary, that to save trouble many officials never draw their salary till the year is ended, when they get what is left. An official's salary is in China the least part of what he receives. What renders office valuable, so that enormous sums are often paid to obtain it, are the bribes he is in a position to receive or even to extort.

A short table of the distinctions often visible in the Peking streets may here interest those who attach importance to such things, only premising first that civilians always rank above military officials; the soldiery being a specially despised class in China.

*Official and Rank Distinctions.*

CIVIL OFFICIALS.

FIRST RANK :

A transparent red button, ruby or other stone, a crane embroidered on back and front, jade set in rubies for girdle clasp.

SECOND RANK :

A red coral button, a golden pheasant on breast, gold set in rubies for girdle clasp.

THIRD RANK :

A sapphire button and one-eyed peacock feather, a peacock on breast, worked gold girdle clasp.

FOURTH RANK :

A blue opaque button, wild goose on breast, worked gold with a silver button for girdle clasp.

FIFTH RANK :

A crystal button, silver pheasant on breast, plain gold with silver button girdle clasp.

SIXTH RANK :

An opaque white shell button with blue plume,  
an egret on breast, mother-of-pearl clasp.

SEVENTH RANK :

A plain gold button, mandarin duck on breast,  
clasp of silver.

EIGHTH RANK :

A worked gold button, a quail on breast, clear  
horn clasp.

NINTH RANK :

A worked silver button, long-tailed jay on breast,  
buffalo's clasp.

## MILITARY OFFICIALS.

Military men of corresponding rank wear the same  
buttons and clasps, but on breast.

FIRST RANK :

An unicorn.

SECOND RANK :

The lion of India.

THIRD RANK :

A leopard.

FOURTH RANK :

A tiger.

FIFTH RANK :

A bear.

SIXTH RANK :

A tiger cat.

SEVENTH RANK :

A mottled bear.

EIGHTH RANK :

A seal.

NINTH RANK :

A rhinoceros.

All under the ninth rank can embroider the oriole on their breasts, and unofficial Hanlin wear the egret.

All through China dress is changed as by order. There are six changes of attire every self-respecting man must wear according to the season, heavy furs in the depth of winter, then light furs, then wadded garments ; after these come lined clothes, unlined, and finally what they call summer clothes, made out of what we call China grass, such a very cool, agreeable wear in hot weather, it is a wonder it is not introduced into England seeing how people pant and groan in London with the thermometer at 80°. No one could pant or groan wearing grass cloth, for it is like linen, cool, and the air so permeates it that it seems to create a draught cooled by passing through it. It is made in white and in blue, and its one drawback for the English market is that it never wears out.

There are caps made of plaited bamboo, lightly covered with silk outside—in the height of summer none but officials wear caps—there are the ordinary black-covered lined caps, and there are fur-trimmed caps, and fur caps. On the same day, all through the vast Empire stretching over as many degrees of latitude as Europe, men change from one cap to another, from one style of clothes to another. Before the day for changing, all the tailors may be seen hard at work cutting out and pasting the edges of the new suits. The Chinese cut for jackets may be

considered perfect as far as convenience goes ; many people think them also peculiarly elegant, owing to the sleeve not being inserted above the shoulder, as with us, but about halfway between the shoulder and the elbow, thus avoiding all that tightness at the armhole that calls for dress-preservers and the like with us.

The Manchu dress is, however, most in evidence in Peking. The women, not having their feet mutilated like their Chinese fellow-subjects, walk about freely like the men, and at once this adds life and interest to the streets of Peking. The Manchu women are for the most part buxom and well grown, with fine, rosy cheeks. Chinese women, unable to move, are generally pasty-faced. One can understand their trying to remedy this defect by rouge, but it is difficult to understand why the fine-complexioned Manchu women rouge too, and yet more violently. The present Empress—not the Dowager, who is apparently young and good-looking by reason of her immense vitality without resorting to any adventitious aids—was raddled all over on the one occasion on which I saw her, and the court ladies horrible to look upon from the same cause. All Manchu women wear very high clogs, and the national hairdressing of two very large bows projecting on either side of the head. Into this they stick as many flowers and pins and ornaments as can well be placed there. The whole must be very heavy, and necessitates a very dignified carriage of the head.

It takes so long to arrange these great bows of hair with the necessary stiffness and smoothness, that although they are always stuck out by a big comb,



they are commonly bought or made up, as so many English ladies now make up their hair, and attached to the head by a plait of the wearer's hair twisted tightly round.

Manchus, men and women alike, wear a long gown ; when, as frequently in winter, they wear a brazier underneath it for warmth, the effect is very unpleasing. But at other times it is good, and this long gown gives scope for the most exquisite embroideries that skilful hands can execute or fancies, not otherwise occupied, devise. The appearance of Manchu ladies is very impressive, but going from Manchu princesses to call upon Chinese ladies, one could not but feel that one was passing from a somewhat rough civilisation to one far more advanced and refined.

Some people may care for a short account of the six boards on which the government of China depends. The Emperor Yungloh, in 1421, built big offices for each of the grander Tribunals. They have all the same organisation : Two Presidents, one Chinese and one Manchu ; four vice-presidents, two Chinese and two Manchu. Right and left these are called. There are besides several subordinates, each with his special duty. First, there is the Lih-pu, or Home Office. This office nominates all civil officials (Wen-kwan : they wear a bird embroidered on a square on back and front of their official robes), selects candidates, and proposes them to the Emperor ; the Presidents alone nominating those from the first to the seventh rank. This office also judges of the merits or demerits of all civil officials throughout the Empire, and apportions their reprimands and punishments, rewards and promotions.

Second, there is the Hu-pu, or Treasury, to the north of the preceding, in the street to which it gives its name. Tribute, taxes, custom houses, the grain and rice of the Government are all under its control, also the treasure of the Empire and the Mints. A Manchu official, specially appointed to pay the pensions upon which his countrymen subsist—till lately no Manchu was allowed to engage in business, or try to earn his own living in any way—is attached to this office, which was burnt down in 1903 for the third time in eight years. On the last occasion the accounts were saved by two young men attached to the U.S. Legation, who did not feel sure afterwards that any one was glad of this.

Third, the Li-pu, or Board of Rites, to the south of the Hu-pu, regulates all ceremonies, notifies the Emperor of all festivals, sacrifices, and visits to temples, and makes all arrangements for them. Its President may be called the Chinese Lord Chamberlain, for he introduces all foreign Ministers; he has under him all the secretariate for translations, and examines all the *literati*, who are not officials, keeping the list of their names. All official seals are engraved in this office, which also decides upon the shape and device. These seals play a great part in Chinese official life, and in the case of higher officials are always understood to be kept by the wife, who, being in charge of them, is not supposed to go out.

Fourth, the Ping-pu: Horseguards, War Office, Admiralty, and Imperial Couriers Office, all in one. All army and navy officers (Wu-kwan: with a quadruped, instead of a bird, on back and front) are

appointed by this office ; infantry, cavalry, and navy are directed and organised by it. This office must provide horses, arms of all kinds, and powder magazines, and having no money of its own, draws upon the Hu-pu. It furnishes escorts for foreigners, and all couriers to communicate with the provinces are sent out by it alone. It is to the west of the offices previously named in a row parallel to them.

Fifth, the dreaded Hsing-pu, or Board of Punishments, near the Tribunals in the West Tartar City, has walls seven feet high, very thick and surmounted by thorns ; this is the general prison for all great criminals. The Emperor alone has the right to condemn to death, and all death sentences pass through his hands. But for certain crimes, robbery, rebellion, or murder, Viceroy, or even minor officials, at once behead the culprits ; they must, however, then notify the Emperor through this Board, and great criminals are as a rule sent to Peking to be judged by this office, after which, subject to the Emperor's approval, the sentence is executed. When, as sometimes happens, this office dares not decide, the matter is referred to the Supreme Tribunal, the Chao-chang within the Imperial Palace. The executions are as a rule outside the Shun-chih Men, through which gate accordingly the Emperor never passes.

Sixth, the Board of Public Works, to the south of the Ping-pu, just outside the southern gate of the Imperial city, superintends all state buildings, palaces, temples, barracks, granaries, bridges, *and roads*.

Besides the six Boards there are many others, a few of which may be worth mentioning.

The Tsung-jen-fu, presided over by princes named by the Emperor, and the greatest Tribunal of all, occupies itself exclusively with the affairs of the Imperial Family and persons of the blood royal, entitled to wear the yellow girdle, and therefore called Hwang-tai-tse. It can even try Princes of the blood.

The Nei-wu-fu, devoted entirely to the Emperor and his court. All that the Emperor requires ought to be furnished him by the Nei-wu-fu, which has its special store of treasure, like a sort of privy purse. If the Empress wants money she informs this Board, which, if it has not got it, arranges to get it either from the Hu-pu or elsewhere. If needs must the Viceroys are required to replenish the coffers.

The Tu-ch'a Yuen, Board of Censors, has a President, but the censors are appointed or degraded by the Lih-pu like other officials. Every Board, every quarter of the city, and every Province has its censor. They can speak of every thing and every one, and wonderful instances are on record of their veracity and courage in the past. Yet, alas! now some speak of them as a Board of Blackmail. Under the Mings this office was to the west of the Shun-chih Men, but it has been rebuilt to the south of the Hsing-pu.

The Nei-ko, or Grand Secretariat, where the Imperial decrees are elaborated and the Imperial seals affixed. Under the Mings eunuchs used to carry the decrees to this Board, now officials of high rank are appointed for the purpose. It is not necessary to reside in Peking to be a member of the Nei-ko. The four members have all the rank of Viceroy, and the

chief of them is generally reckoned the most influential man in the Empire.

The Tsung-li-yamen, or Board of Foreign Affairs, was created when foreigners came in increasing numbers, in order to serve as a sort of middleman or stopgap between them and any Board they might wish to apply to. It was in the East Tartar City, and having been found eminently unsatisfactory, the Wai-wu-pu has been established to take its place in an adjacent street in the same quarter, and is already found quite equally obstructive.

The Grand Council meets every day in the Palace between 3 and 6 a.m., is presided over by a Prince, and is composed of eight members, but the Emperor may summon as many as he pleases. They deliberate with the Emperor upon affairs of state. All the Boards are so mutually interdependent, that they keep a close watch upon each other, and each is obliged to act with great prudence for fear of being denounced.

Peking is also the seat of the Inspectorate General of Maritime Customs, and the Inspectorate General of Chinese Imperial Posts. Sir Robert Hart, Bart., G.C.M.G., junior guardian of the Heir Apparent, is at the head of both. The buildings are in course of construction ; that they are within the Legation Quarter testifies to their being the Chinese *Foreign* Customs, no Chinese being allowed to establish themselves within it.

This service is of special interest to foreigners, as it is entirely officered by foreigners, no Chinese being allowed to occupy posts of direction in it, although Japanese and men of pretty well every other nationality

may. The reason for this is that it has to deal largely with money, and of too many Chinese it may be said, to quote a former adviser of my own, now, alas! dead, "No must have money in his handee."

The Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs are now established even as far as 1,500 miles up country, and exercise an immense influence over the destinies of China. They collect and send to Peking the money that used to go into the pockets of local governors and viceroys, or be used for the improvement of the provinces they rule over. Unfortunately the knowledge of this large sum collected is still a temptation; it has all been mortgaged since 1900 to pay China's indemnity, and possibly was one of the causes leading to the late Japan and China war.

Sir Robert Hart has further increased his already far-reaching sphere of influence by establishing an Imperial Post pretty well all through China. As long as this is well administered it would be difficult to exaggerate its educational influence; newspapers and pamphlets are now reaching remote cities hitherto steeped in outer ignorance. And for this reason, if for no other, the name of Sir Robert Hart will probably be held in high honour throughout China long after the man himself has, or has not, carried out his intention of going to heaven *via* London, not direct from Peking.

So far as saunters round our garden were concerned, Sir Robert Hart played a very central part indeed. His pretty shady garden formed a gathering point for all the foreigners in Peking at least once a week, when the proceedings wound up with a dance upon

the greensward, and a march round of the Chinese band playing "God Save the King." At the end of each season a photograph is taken, and a collection of these photographs would probably show all the rank and fashion of foreign Peking society for years past.

## IV

### *AN IMPERIAL FUNERAL*

*May 15th.*

ONE May night after a day of dry, burning heat, the wind got up and blew so hard it was impossible to sleep for fear of our tall trees being blown down and falling upon the house. It seemed as if at each gust the wind said, "Now you shall come down!" and in the morning there was a trunk snapped in two and fallen—happily upon an adjacent roof, underneath which no one slept—and the ground strewn with leaves and twigs and tattered strips of bark. How delightfully fresh and altogether different the air felt that morning! I had never then felt anything like it, though I recognised the same invigorating flavour afterwards when we visited the Mongolian grasslands. Even in thick woollen clothing we shivered as we sallied forth at six o'clock to see Prince Yung-lu's funeral, walking, because it was too cold to sit in jinrickshas. It seemed but the other day he was the Alcibiades of China, who set the fashion in dress for all the young bloods of Peking, and to whom the Emperor sent horses no one else could ride, because he could always subdue them. And now he



was dead! And most of the foreign papers had articles upon him, as if with him one of the great movers of hatred against foreigners had been removed. But to me this had never seemed true.

I was recalling the pretty story told me only a few months before in far away Szechuan of a young girl who had seen him once ride by, and whenever any husband was proposed for her said always, "Oh, not that man, not that. Let me at least have some one as good-looking as Yung-lu," till at last, as it happened, his wife died, and so then in the end she married Yung-lu himself. I was thinking also how he had succeeded the great Li Hung-chang in the Dowager Empress Tse-hsi's favour, and yet how it was recounted that when there was an intention, as it is said, to make away with the young Emperor, also his relation, Yung-lu had quietly declared that in that case he would place all his troops on the Emperor's side, and the project had been abandoned. Then again is it not related that Yung-lu, under some great provocation, had ordered the favourite eunuch, Li Lien-ying, to be beaten, and thus himself fallen from favour, which had not been restored up to the time of his death. He was the one Chinese man I had wished to see in Peking, and before we arrived he was dead!

At his gate was waiting the huge catafalque that was to carry away the remains. Leaving it behind we reviewed the various details that were to form the procession, as we walked past altar after altar erected by the wayside and piled high with cakes and pyramids of apples, these last generally made of flour

and preternaturally rosy. At each of these altars the procession was to pause, and the people to come out and bow low and do reverence as the coffin passed. All the six Boards of Peking, that is, the six highest government offices, were thus represented. As a rule at the resting-places, were tents over the altars with windows made of blue gauze.

We walked on and on till we came to the Chaoyang gate, and from the top of it looked round upon the lovely view of Peking city, a forest of trees with the yellow palace roofs just peeping above the spring green, in the distance the square-looking drum tower, with beside it the strangely mediæval Mongol bell tower ; nearer at hand the glittering green roofs of a temple dedicated to those who have attained virtue ; in the middle distance the pavilion-clad Coal Hill, one of the most exquisite things in Peking, with shining roofs green, golden, and most bewitching of all, peacock blue. Behind it again stood out the fantastic pagoda by the northern lake, and coming to us from it very wide, and, as if ruled straight to us in all its great length, the road along which the procession was to pass. Then, behind all this earthly glory, in the far distance were the Western Hills standing out clear against that ineffably beautiful sky of a windswept dawning, the hills deep blue except where they were covered with fresh fallen snow of the night before, off which the wind blew to us with a most refreshing fillip.

Reluctantly we came down off the wall and walked to meet the procession. First came soldiers on horse-back wearing European straw hats which looked a

little incongruous, surmounting red waistcoats with red sashes tied round them and picturesque red saddles. Then came the Viceroy Yuan Shih-kai's smart-looking soldiery in dark, somewhat closer-fitting clothes, and again with straw hats. After them walked the falconers in grey and black, one of them carrying a beautiful hooded bird, another leading the dead man's hound.

There were seven of them, said one of this very well and effectively dressed little party. Quite an array of titles followed on coloured boards, each borne by a man in the palace livery, a long green gown with yellow or red discs upon it; after them came two dogs, two pavilions, two stags and two does, and four men, all made out of green bushes; then lion dogs, one made out of golden, one of silver paper, looking more than usually ridiculous as their heads wagged in being carried, the long weepers attached to the golden lion's ears becoming greatly agitated. After them a long train of flags and red umbrellas, together with plants in fullest flower, but, as we gradually discovered, made out of paper, though in real flower pots and vases. Then again titles and all manner of insignia woven out of greenery, long white banners, men again in green and red livery leading five ponies with handsome red silk gowns thrown over their saddles. In between sauntered professional mourners in the white clothes of Chinese mourning, but smoking cigarettes. Behind them came men sounding those antique wooden trumpets, which one always feels may have breathed their deep music before the flood. After them men in the palace livery again of long red



THE HEAD OF PRINCE YUNG LU'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

*(By Mr Smedley)*



PRINCE YUNG LU'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.



gowns flowered with discs, carrying all Yung-lu's many titles and the umbrellas presented to him. Behind them strode Mongol Lamas, looking like particularly grand Mandarins in their golden brocades, and men only less splendid in red brocade with black caps, who said they were neither Lamas nor priests, but, as far as I could make out, Lao Tao (old Taoists) from the Pai Yuen Temple. They were said to have plaits of hair inside their caps, but it did not appear as if they had. Then many fantastic yellow constructions were carried by, with every now and then green sedan chairs borne by men in white mourning raiment, interspersed with men with red clothes and very high fez-like caps, flat back and front, who each carried gongs, but did not strike them as far as we could see. Then came Yung-lu's own cart lined with rich blue silk, his own particular charger, another green sedan chair covered with leopard skins, in which he was carried *coram populo* for all to see on great state occasions, and which being now empty went by with an uncanny jiggety joggety motion, as if mocking, "He is dead! he is dead! the man who used to ride in me, yet see how alive I am!" Then other sedans were carried by mourners, and the dead man's mule litter with flowering boughs laid on the seat, where he used to recline. After that a long defile of mock horses made of paper with wheels under their feet, but with real manes and tails, and behind them more paper horses with paper carts behind them. Then came a crowd of men dressed in green with blue feathers high upstanding, throwing up into the air clouds of paper money, a largesse for the dead. After this were carried imita-

tion official caps, necklaces, purses, and tobacco pouches, and spectacle cases, books, etc., all to be burnt at the grave, together with the paper horses and carts, and thus accompany the spirit. And then amidst a crowd of soldiery the catafalque itself, covered with red brocade with a little shawl pattern on it, not half so effective, we thought, as the pall so often seen in Peking, of dark blue satin, embroidered with large golden dragons. Immediately behind the coffin mourning carts and chairs; in each one woman in white with the disfiguring white mourning cloth bound round the head, and as a rule quite spoiling the effect by smoking a cigarette. Then came many very smart carts and some very good-looking horses.

Every here and there along the route a little bonfire of paper money was burning. Innumerable Manchu women had turned out in their best clothes and their extraordinarily high heads of hair to see the sight. Some were very good-looking, all very well grown, but most were sadly disfigured by red paint on their eyelids, as well as all over their cheeks. It is curious how the women of nearly every nation seem to have some disfiguring custom of this kind, which to themselves and to the men of their race appears beautiful. As we exchanged glances and smiles I the more regretted that, not being native born, on seeing some freshly-laid earth I had stepped upon it to find it was only some fresh-looking dust, that had been laid over the surface of a quagmire of the foulest filth, into which my foot sank to five inches above the shoe before it could be extricated even with a friend's help, leaving



PRINCE YUNG LU'S FUNERAL.  
(By Mr. Smedley.)



PRINCE YUNG LU'S FUNERAL.  
(By Mr. Smedley.)





upon my toilette stains that were far worse than paint. But as we came home again through the crisp morning air it was impossible to fret over that or anything.

The booths at the resting-places were being already torn down, barely two minutes after the corpse had been borne by. Thus the ripple in the water smooths after a stone has been removed! Thus the world that is alive resumes its usual way of life after one of those we call most prominent is removed from view. But to my fancy Yung-lu's spirit would not be sufficiently free yet from the clogging bonds of the flesh to be either pleased or mortified by the sight of all going on as before, only Yung-lu gone!

It had not been nearly such a smart funeral as that of many a Shanghai merchant, although there had been a sort of old-world grandeur about it, and among the crowd faces and forms that seemed to belong to a prehistoric age. Meeting them thus in the street excited the imagination, it was like coming face to face with a long ago dead and gone past, and gave added intensity to the question, forced home upon one at every funeral—Are the dead really dead? Does it make any difference to this, one of the grandest men of China, that his funeral was stately? Does it signify to him whether any really mourn him? We saw no signs of real grief, but a funeral is one of the festivities of China, where death is not treated as the awe-inspiring "Where the tree falleth there it must lie" phantom, that it is in Europe. He surely must have been loved as much as any Chinese man.

But the question is, does he know now? Are the

dead really dead? Or is it only we, who are somewhat blinded, whose faculties are too much deadened to feel and know their nearness? But in that case we must all be very crowded, even on Lake Baikal, that seems now so alone, but from which sprang the enormous Mongol race long ago, when the world was peopled by beings we have read of, such as we met this day; people who seem never to have been so alive as those alive now to-day.

“The stones are thrilled by many a tread,  
That leaves no footprint where it strays;  
Shades of the living and the dead,  
In silence throng the noisy ways,”

says Mr. St. John Adcock, and again—

“The air has sounds we cannot hear,  
Is dim with shapes that none can see.”

In a Peking crowd it often feels as if one had suddenly come face to face with one or other of these shapes or shades.

## V

### *PEKINGESE DOGS AND GOLD AND SILVER FISH*

PEKING has been for centuries not a producer but a consumer : tribute white wax and copper come there yearly from Szechuan and the remote mountain table-land of Yunnan ; the looms of Hangchow and Soochow send thither their finest products, those with five-clawed dragons for the wear of the Emperor alone ; the Ordos tribes their carpets, Mongolia its ponies, and all China its choicest table delicacies, together with all the necessities of life. But there are certain articles that Peking itself manufactures, and among these Peking dogs must take highest rank, being prized throughout the eighteen provinces, even sometimes regarded as sacred or *quasi*-sacred.

There are Peking pugs with smooth coats and funny faces, and there are Peking spaniels with long silky hair and equally strange faces ; there are also Sleeve dogs, regarded by some but as diminutive specimens in the first instance, still further diminished by artificial selection, by others held to be a different variety. Of late it has become the fashion in

England to breed-Peking dogs, but it is doubtful whether the original pair first sent to England were of the finest quality, and the type must somewhat have fallen off from the great difficulty in procuring suitable sires at the right time, from interbreeding, and from ignorance as to the special points to be aimed at. A few words on this latter subject may therefore be useful to those who cannot see these dogs in their original home, as, being a manufactured article, they may easily revert to their original wild type unless fitting care be bestowed upon them.

Already in most specimens the back is too long and weak. The best Pekingese dogs are remarkably strong and sturdily built for their size, and though they have a waist the hind quarters are well developed. Their distinguishing feature, common to all Pekingese dogs, is their lion port and haughty, not to say arrogant, bearing. A Chinese connoisseur, Mr. Wang Yun, attached to the Legation, has lately pronounced that the head should be large, the chest wide, the ears big, the neck short, the eyes prominent, the legs short, the two front ones bent so as to form a circle, the tail curled upwards and not inclining to either side, the nose also turned upwards. He considers yellow and white and black and white the best colours; next to these he puts the altogether black and altogether yellow, which last Chinese call Golden-coated Lions. After these come red and fox or wolf colours. Chinese say a dog has a jade button, the mark of high rank, when it has a small round white mark just over the top of the head. When it has four white paws they call it "stood in the snow."





TRUE SUN DOG, BROUGHT FROM IMPERIAL PALACE.  
(By Colonel Prendergast, R. F.)

Colonel Prendergast, R.E., who was so fortunate as to bring back from the Peking Palace one of the finest dogs yet seen in England, and whose Pekingese dogs have been specially admired on the few occasions on which they have been exhibited in England, gives the characteristics of his typical specimen of the sun or lion dog thus: "Chungkwo Prince Ching may be described briefly as of a pale yellow colour, nose very short and flat (a most important point), very large, dark, protruding eyes, with strongly-marked spectacles, heavy coat, with a mane that swept the ground, short body, short, thick bowed legs, weight 12 lbs." He also writes to the *Illustrated Kennel News*: "Spaniels of other colours, including the deep red, were found in the Forbidden City in 1900, but they were considered of little value in Chinese eyes, compared with the yellow, or biscuit 'Sun' dog."

Mr. Douglas Murray, who in 1896 got a pair direct from the Palace, writes: "There can be no possible doubt as to the true type of Pekingese. . . . There is no mistaking his short legs, slightly bent, his compact body, yet possessed of a waist, his large eyes, and broad forehead, his ears well set on, and his tail arched over his back like a squirrel's." He attaches little importance to colour in comparison with shape, but there seems to be little doubt but that, at all events of late years, cinnamon-coloured dogs have been preferred to black in China, and have been the special pets of the Dowager Empress. These dogs approach nearest to the Imperial yellow of China, and the spectacles and other distinctive markings of the



face are best seen upon this colour. Spectacles, it may be noted, are an indication of learning and breeding, and thus a rank distinction in China.

Each palace dog is said to have a slave-girl told off to wait upon it and massage its nose into the requisite flatness. Another way that Chinese try to accomplish this is by hanging up a piece of very dry meat against a wall. The dog then springs at it, and tries and tries to bite off something, but always in vain, only succeeding in flattening its nose in the process, its eyes more and more starting out of its head with eagerness and increased desire.

It may be from their having for centuries been confined either in houses or in small courtyards that these little dogs have lost the power of seeing at any distance, and that their eyes have become increasingly convex. Those born in England and taken out for walks seem to be gaining a longer sight. Their eyes are also far smaller, less prominent, and decidedly less lustrous than the eyes of the dogs brought out of the Peking Palace. It is to be feared that if treated like ordinary dogs the race may gradually lose many of the peculiar features developed by a long course of petting and seclusion.

One feature not mentioned in the descriptions quoted above is the flatness of the head between the ears. Several of those shown in England have rounded heads, which is a great blemish in China, where the dog's head assumes a more cat-like shape; the long silken hair and the undercoat that seems almost like fur have also been omitted. Nor have any of these descriptions touched upon the great

attraction of a Peking dog. It is that from long, close, and continued intercourse with human beings it has become itself so very human and reasonable. Its speech is almost articulate and certainly quite intelligible. When pleased it makes soft cooing sounds, as it patters upon its little feathery paws, and looks into your eyes with its great, luminous eyes, that effectually fill up any deficiencies in its speech by their many changes of expression. It is always brave, even to the point of foolhardiness, very affectionate, and as a rule cheerful when spoken to, though often looking the very picture of sorrowful solicitude until addressed. According to Monseigneur Favier, the original pair of Peking dogs was presented to the Emperor A.D. 624; they came from Constantinople, and were very intelligent, being able to hold the reins on horseback, or to carry a torch in their mouths. But other authorities say they originally came from Tibet, where, besides the dogs known in England as Tibetan spaniels, there is said to be a smaller breed kept in the Lamaserais, black with silver fringes, and claiming to have existed for 4,000 years. If this is true these dogs are probably the originals of the Japanese pet dogs, as well as of those of Peking. But if Tibet is the originator of the Peking spaniel, yet Constantinople may have been the first home of the Peking pug, for the two breeds are quite distinct, whilst there are tiny sleeve dogs to be had of either kind.

We had ourselves at one time the most beautiful sleeve dog I ever saw. It used to sit in a little office drawer and watch my husband writing, and to the day of its death was so small it could conveniently be

carried in his coat pocket, yet whenever put down would at once assume the swelling port of the true lion dog, and walk up undaunted to challenge single combat with the biggest mastiff or retriever, that could have devoured it as but a small mouthful, but that always respected the little one's pluck and presence.

All through China, outside temples, may be seen in marble, stone, or sometimes in wood, laughing lion dogs, commonly called lions. The pictured lions of China are all lion dogs, so are the representations in porcelain and jade. The amusing monsters, cut in box-hedges or cedar-bushes, are but the lion dog of Peking, waving its bushy tail, and as a rule laughing all over its face, though at other times lolling out its tongue, or looking fierce. Evidently the value attached to these little animals must at one time have been far greater than it even is now for them to have left such an impress upon the art and architecture of the country. In any case, the dogs that we now so much admire must be considered a Peking production, for they are in no wise in a state of nature, and would pine away and die if left to run wild, so accustomed are they to human companionship and care. One cannot but esteem a race that has developed such pets; for though these little animals somewhat resemble King Charles's in size and appearance—indeed, my belief always used to be that they were King Charles's transported to the Chinese climate and subjected to Chinese training—yet they are altogether superior to our English breed in good-humour and amiability. Somewhat in these respects resembling the Chinese



MISS MACGILL'S CELEBRATED SANTOY, THAT WON  
THE CHAMPIONSHIP AS A PUPPY



DRAGONS FORMING TEMPLE ROOF-RIDGE



people, they are like them again in being very trustworthy, as also very set in their ways. But in both cases this last characteristic may arise from their highly-developed common sense, which leads them to know themselves wiser than those around them.

Another Peking product are the gold and silver fish sometimes with two, sometimes with three tails, and always with telescopic eyes. They are bred in a number of ponds among the rice-fields behind the north wall of the Temple of Heaven enclosure, where there are also some fifty large tubs full of fish, some for sale, all for inspection. The people there profess utter ignorance as to where they originally came from, only confining themselves to saying, "They are born in Peking," and betraying no trade secrets. There seemed to be a good deal of watching of the fish and removing certain individuals from one tub to another, so that probably there is some selection in breeding. It is very amusing to visit these tubs and examine their contents, especially the young ones, but how they are taught to have so many tails, and to project their eyes so far out of their heads, remains a mystery. How do Chinese, who appear usually completely careless about breeds, yet accomplish so much? The very brilliant colouring and grotesque appearance of these fishes makes them decorative as well as entertaining table ornaments, and a great business is carried on in them.

There is no breed of birds peculiar to Peking, although the flowery eyebrowed thrush is in great request there, and there, as elsewhere, the Chinese have all manner of pleasant tricks with them. English

travellers are apt to exclaim at the cruelty of tying one sweet little bird to its perch by a fine string passed through its breastbone, but I have never been able to find out that the tiny songster sings at all less well, or lives a shorter time, than our birds. Possibly they would exclaim at our cruelty in not decorating our birds' cages with pretty ornaments, nor taking the cages out for walks as they do, when they will sit for hours at some pleasant view point to give the bird the enjoyment of it and a sense of variety.

At one Chinese dinner-party a beautiful bowl of golden fish was placed before me to gladden my eyes, while I was charmed by the song of a bird from an adjacent window. Presently another bird sang from further off, then another and another, till at one time there were thirteen birds singing from different distances. In some way or other the birds' songs were graduated according to the courses, but our melancholy-eyed host, though gratified by my appreciation, yet offered no explanation as to how it was done. Some foreigners tried to persuade me that the fish were actually dying before my eyes because of the smallness of the bowl in which they were confined. But I refused to believe people could be so stupidly cruel, understanding animals so well as they do, and living so much with them. The lovely little ponies of West China often sleep with their grooms, and take their food out of the latter's shirt-fronts, whilst English people turn their favourite hunters out to graze in the fields in summer, with mane and tail docked so close as to be unable in any way to protect themselves against the flies and gnats, till the poor

creatures are half mad with the misery their masters do not stay to contemplate. I had to fly from the sight of the last thoroughbred I saw, for it was following its master all about the field almost whining for pity, even its beautiful eyes full of tears. And yet the people, who thus maltreat the horses they love best, reproach the Chinese with cruelty. Was ever carter in the world so kind to his pony as a Peking carter? Do any but Europeans drive their horses with bearing-reins or rob them of the protection Heaven has assigned them in mane and tail?



## VI

### *THE WESTERN HILLS*

*June 10th-19th.*

OF course we went to stay in the Western Hills, leaving our garden for the express purpose, and very sorry to come back even to it again ; but so many people have been there and know those delightful hills so well, that I hardly dare to write anything of them, beyond quoting the lines by the Emperor Chien Lung, inscribed on a granite slab in the Western Hills, and translated by Dr. Martin :

“ Why have I scaled this misty height,  
Why sought this mountain den?  
I tread as on enchanted ground,  
Unlike the abode of men.

Weird voices in the trees I hear,  
Weird visions see in air,  
The whispering pines are living harps,  
And fairy hands are there.

Beneath my feet my realm I see  
As in a map unrolled,  
Above my head a canopy  
Bedecked with clouds of gold.”





BEAUTIFUL ARCHWAY LEADING TO PI YUN-SSU TEMPLE IN WESTERN HILLS.



Among the Patachu, or eight celebrated spots of old frequented by the various legations, and about ten miles from the city, it would be hard to say which is the most fascinating, but that commonly known as the Eunuchs' Temple is at first sight most striking. Chinese call it the Lion's Nest, which gives more idea of its position, almost overhanging the plain below, and commanding a fine view of Marco Polo's celebrated Marble Bridge and the Summer Palace, although it does not enable you to take in the whole plan of the latter, as does the very exceptional view from the Yu Chuan Shan. There are gardens and terraces laid out in the style of the Summer Palace, in especial a long gallery running from what may be called the house to a seat where the best view can be gained. That long gallery is covered over, and the sides and ceiling elaborately painted with scenes from Chinese legend and history. On the way is a further suite of rooms, in which one sits and sees the view mirrored in a piece of glass occupying the whole side of one room, yet most artistically framed. "I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house" is the line that must inevitably occur to the beholder, and so beholding one obtains some idea of an eunuch's soul, for the whole place is built and owned by Palace eunuchs.

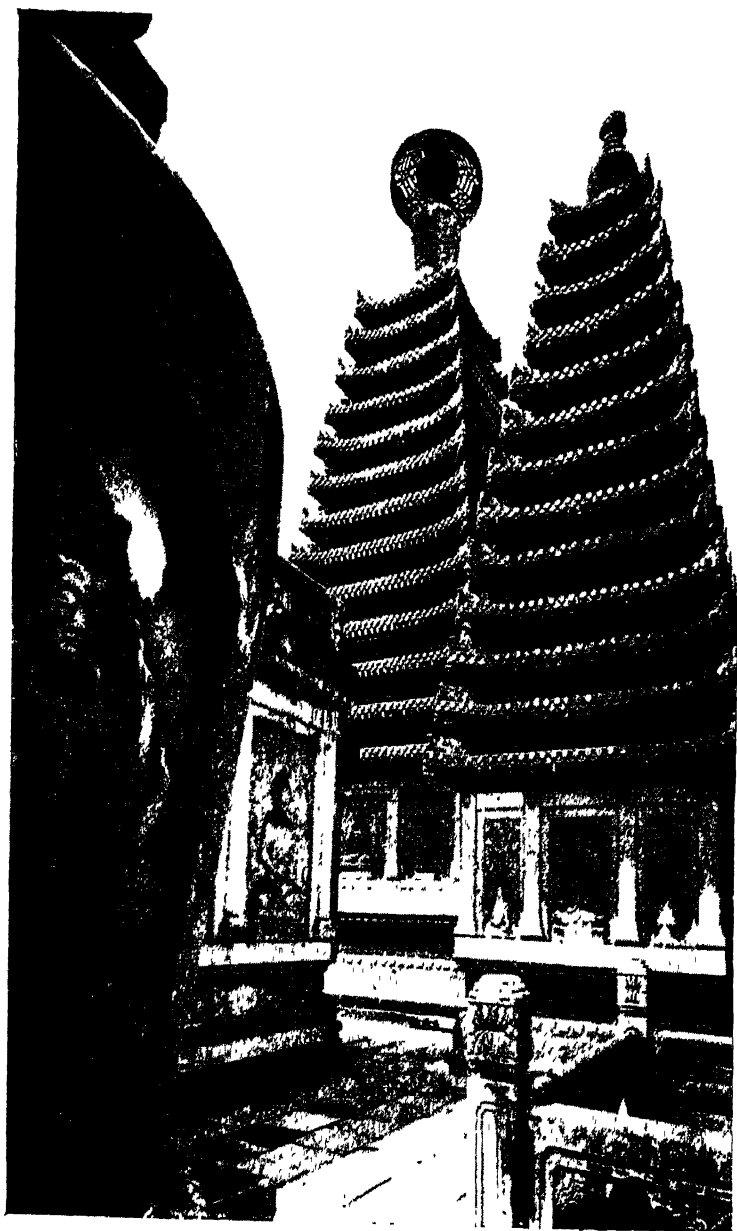
Beneath this temple on an outjutting knoll are the stately ruins of what was to have been a summer residence for the British Legation, or some portion of it. It was just finished when the Boxers attacked and destroyed it. Till then, Sir Claude Macdonald, the then Minister, had been deaf to all warnings, and,

as it was, his children, governess, and wife's sister only just escaped in time. No one had then realised that the celebrated temple of the white Pagoda across the hills, such a landmark in old days, was a veritable nest of Boxers. I possess now the remnant of an account-book kept in that monastery of their several charitable contributions, how one man gave a few dollars, another a pony, and so on. Our Indian troops were afterwards ordered to destroy it in their turn, and it is sad to see the ruins of what must once have been such a stately temple and the magnificent trees all ravaged by war, although lying at the very entrance of the singularly peaceful, retired valley, where for years past the different legations had found hospitality and a shelter from the summer heat—for a considerable sum *bien entendu*. The destroyed temple is now being rebuilt as the Temple of the Loyal Heart, but we must still regret the beautiful white Pagoda that used to be the crowning feature of the scene to which all the rest led up.

To English people, to whom the Pagoda seems simply a Chinese oddity, it is so difficult to understand the feelings Chinese associate with it, it may be as well to quote here the verse that is by tradition supposed to have been the first words spoken by Yang I., under the Sung dynasty:

“Upon this tall Pagoda's peak  
My hand can nigh the stars enclose;  
I dare not raise my voice to speak,  
For fear of startling God's repose.”

Another Boxer stronghold with many more beautiful



MARBLE TERRACE, PI YUN-SSU.



relics of the past in the shape of inscriptions and caves was only partly ravaged. Each temple in this valley is more romantically situated than the last. There are beautifully trained trees of many rare species, and I have never seen finer specimens of the *Pinus bungeana*, a widespreading fir, with trunk and branches of such startling whiteness that it looks as if they had just been freshly white-washed, a tree often to be found in Peking gardens, but never now growing wild. The year we were there the United States Legation was occupying two temples, the Belgian Minister another, two ruins were considered still to belong to the British Legation, and others were taken by college professors and Chinese Mandarins. They were all within half an hour of one another, and suggested the idea of a most pleasant society in old days, before international jealousies grew so acute as they now are. Then "the Gods beside their nectar sat reclined," all unknowing of the plots that were being hatched beside them, till probably no one in all China knew so little of what was going on there as the representatives accredited by each nation to look after its interests, and, it is to be supposed, watch if anything was being done counter to them. It is piteous now to look through old newspapers and notice how every one seems to have known what was brewing except those whose duty it was.

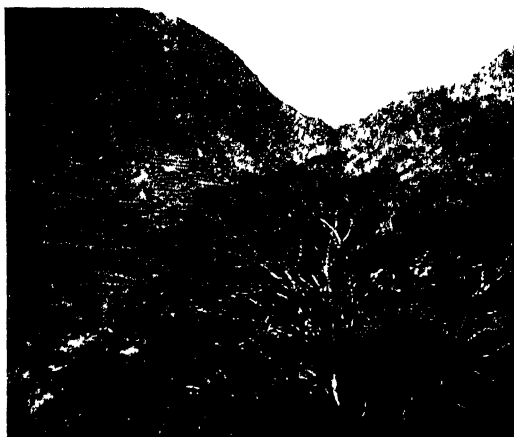
There must be an infinite variety of pleasant strolls among these hills, which are charming, not only by nature, but from their historical associa-



tions. Possibly, however, the most interesting temples are not in this valley, but a few hours away beyond that of the Eunuch, which, by the way, is not a temple at all, but just a stately pleasure-house.

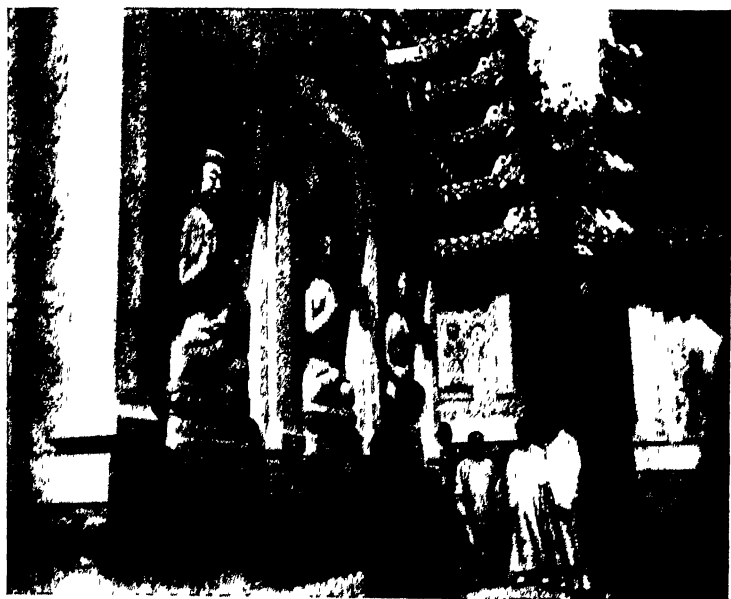
The Pi-yun-ssu, about eight miles to the west of Peking, on a slope of the Western Hills, is not such a pleasant summer resort, lying much lower down, but is one of the finest temples near Peking. A great Minister under the Mongol dynasty in the thirteenth century began it, but it was a rich eunuch in the sixteenth century who really built the present temple, which was further decorated by the Emperor Chien Lung. One enters now from the side in a very unsatisfactory way without getting a good view of the whole; in a side chapel are the five hundred Lohan, of life-size, and remarkably well executed. Several other images are of the serene, smiling expression Buddhist images used to wear when the religion first arrived from India. By degrees they have become stolid or coarse, though in Chinese sacred images there is never anything indecent or wicked, as seems to be the case at times in both India and Tibet. There is a very fine courtyard, laid out as a garden with beautiful oleanders and a fine trumpet-flower creeper. The rooms to let looking out on this garden struck us as very pleasant, but we were too late to engage them, a Russian having just arrived to occupy them for the summer. There are fine paifangs, but the features of the place are the marble terrace to the rear, the sides all beautifully carved into the likeness of





PINUS BUNGEANA, AS SEEN FROM TERRACE OF PI-YUN-SSU.

*(By the Author.)*



MARBLE TERRACE, PI YUN-SSU. PRIEST AND VISITORS FROM SZECHUAN.

*(By the Author.)*

Indian gods ; a tiny little image on a shrine, then a stairway leading on to the top of the terrace, on which stand five thirteen-storey pagodas and two smaller ones, all with marble bases, beautifully carved, and looking down on to a grove of *Pinus bungeana*. There I came upon a company of Chinese gentlemen enjoying the scene, and, considering we were far away in Peking, it was curious that they all turned out to be Szechuan men, that is, from the remote Western province in which we live. One of them was a tutor, one a member of the Hanlin College, and after a little talk it appeared, not unnaturally, that both knew our house by sight, so we all felt very friendly together leaning over, looking down upon the beautiful trees below.

Presently I thought it was time to go on to the Sleeping Buddha's Temple, about a mile away, and was sure the smile with which they greeted this announcement meant, "How like these foreigners, always hurrying from one thing to another without ever giving themselves time to enjoy anything properly !" So I went on my way feeling myself properly humiliated. I had, moreover, got the most wretched donkey it was possible to ride—it was, indeed, mostly impossible to ride it. So I could not even attempt to look dignified in taking leave. But the approach to the Sleeping Buddha's Temple is so very impressive one quickly forgets all about oneself. An avenue of very old cypresses, through which the sun's rays penetrated with that rich contrast of light and shade that I have loved since a child,

led up to a grove of fine Sophora trees ; in the midst of it a beautiful yellow and green shining arch with white marble linings, far finer than that much-admired arch at the Hall of the Classics, being much fresher, therefore brighter, in colouring, and I think also composed of a larger proportion of green tiles. The Sleeping Buddha, made of bronze, and twelve feet long, with a varied collection of big boots and shoes at its feet, is chiefly remarkable for its air of great tranquillity. The longer one looks at it the more at rest one feels. There are quaint little heads, that look like cherubs' heads, in a row above it, but even against one's will the eye reverts to the recumbent figure. I could fancy getting very fond of that Buddha, though there is not so much meekness or piety about it as in some of the images in the adjacent temple.

Indian art must have exercised an immense influence upon China at one time. Three of the finest monuments in Peking are really Indian, that at the Pi-yun-ssu, that at the Yellow Temple, built in honour of the Teshu Lama, second only to the Dalai Lama, who died of smallpox while on a visit to Peking. On the eight sides of the white marble memorial are engraved preternatural scenes from the Lama's life, including that of a lion rubbing his eyes with his paw in grief over the Lama's death. The details are perhaps not quite so Indian as at the Pi-yun-ssu, but the form of the monument is quite Indian. Then there is the most remarkable of all, the Five Pagoda Temple. Like some antediluvian monster, belonging to a different world from ours, this square mass of



SLEEPING BUDDHA, WITH WATCHING CHERUBS.



masonry stands on the pleasant way to the Summer Palace by the canal. It is about fifty feet high, covered with innumerable images and beautiful reliefs of fabulous animals, which must of old have been coloured. But the colours are almost gone now, many of the coloured tiles are fallen, and it threatens fast to become a ruin, if it has not already done so. There are on its terrace top five pagodas, each eleven storeys high, also a square, very elegant pagoda, and, in front of it, what seems like the top of a large, very gracious pagoda. This temple was built by a Ming Emperor to receive an Indian who, some five centuries ago, came with gilt images of Buddha and a model of a diamond throne as gifts to the Emperor. Later it was further decorated by the Emperor Chien Lung. But alas! the soldiery of one or other Power in 1900 have begun the ruin of this most striking building, having completely destroyed the adjacent temple. Two magnificent *Salisburia adiantifolia* stand between the two, and with their vigorous branches threaten to consummate the work the soldiery began. There are many other buildings showing Indian influence, in especial many pagodas, which in Peking often assume a shape to me quite repulsive, instead of the graceful, buoyant curves of the really Chinese pagoda. But we must return to the Western Hills, if it be only to take leave of them through a Manchu encampment, and what looked like a grand stand. Round about were many Imperial pleasure places, a fortress gate, many walls cresting the hill-tops—in one place I counted five towers to right



in front of me and four to left. I sat for some time under a four-square Imperial pavilion, with walls of gigantic thickness, the air blew in at the archway openings on each side, feeling delightfully cool and refreshing, but I wished, as I had so often wished before, that there were but some one who could tell me what any one thing was for or what it was in memory of. There must surely be many Chinese who could tell one all about everything, but I never managed to meet one, nor any European in Peking who could and would tell me any of the many things I was burning to know.

There is another temple that is worth mentioning, if only because of the curious practices still observed at it. It is the Chie-Tai, at the foot of the Horse Saddle Mountain, twelve miles to the north-west of Marco Polo's famous bridge. A priest built an altar in honour of Abstinence, and this was placed in the middle of a beautiful pavilion; it is of marble, and all round it stand the statues of the people of old most celebrated for their abstinence. Every year in the spring all the priests of the neighbourhood assemble there and listen to a sermon in favour of abstinence delivered by the Superior. Some of the young priests are thereby led away into practising very cruel austerities. But the temple itself is not austere; it is very richly endowed by the Emperor, and from its superb terraces some of the finest views of Peking are to be obtained. But it cannot offer such a romantic place for summer wanderings as the ruined Temple of the White



PI YUN SSU ON THE MARBLE TERRACE.



Pagoda, where the trees are magnificent and everything after having been laid out and built up after the stateliest fashion has been allowed to become a wilderness. Even if one turns from the temples and sets out to wander over the wild hillsides, there, too, one comes upon ruins—ruins of different epochs. But all about the Western Hills wherever one wanders, Chien Lung's words irresistibly recur :

“Beneath my feet my realm I see  
As in a map unrolled.”

And one gazes on Peking and its environs spread out before one. It heightens the exquisite enjoyment of pure fresh air and solitude to be able to look down upon the great capital and its environing palaces. And on every side there are poetical inscriptions engraved upon the rocks in the fine old Chinese character and the haunting memory of long-ago romances.

## VII

### *ROUND ABOUT OUR GARDEN*

IT is no part of my purpose here to describe in detail the ordinary sights of Peking which every one goes to see—there is the guide-book for that—but some of the little sights that people can see if they please I feel a wish to write about. One day, when there was nothing special to do, a friend and I, wandering round quite purposelessly in our garden, came upon the old library, of the very existence of which till then we had never been aware, and then we thought we would explore a little outside and see who lived in our lane and round about us. There was a beautiful roof near us that we thought, looking down on it from our terrace, must be that of a temple, so in the first instance we set out to find it. That was not so easy. We found ourselves making our way down a little lane that turned quite abruptly, and in a whisper—with what I think is called bated breath—people informed us that was the house of a member of the Board of Punishments. But we could not be turned back at the very outset—it would look so silly, and the lane obviously led nowhere else—so I asked boldly if he were at home, feeling quite con-

fident he would not be, and then, finding there was no one there but an elderly lady relation, asked leave of her to see the very fine tree we had often admired from our garden, and which we now found grew there. It could only be reached through the kitchen, as is the case with many gardens in China, where the cook is styled "The great skilled workman," and it is not considered derogatory to dignity or disagreeable to pass through the kitchen and see what he is doing. But in this instance there was nothing but the tree—no garden ; so, having paid our respects to the very weariful-looking old lady, we retraced our steps and tried again. This time we found our way into a temple, and behind that found another. One was remarkably clean and tidy, the other had evidently long ceased to be used for temple purposes ; there was a finely carved little shrine, which we both rather wanted to buy at first to use as a cabinet ; then, as each politely offered it to the other, we found out we neither of us really wanted it. In a house to the side, a house that somehow at once suggested the idea of questionable dealings even before we had entered it, there were the remains of some enormous old clock, only the remains, and they would have required considerable expenditure to put in order, but the word "loot" at once came to our lips looking at it. That enormous grandfather's clock must have had a history, and I can but hope will be restored by somebody as a veritable historic relic, but we felt it would entail too much labour for us.

We wandered into several other places, where we had no possible right to go, and everywhere found

people very pleasant. One lady had a wonderful bird, which every one was glad we should see, its mistress included. Gradually the whole lane seemed joining in the fun, and they were quite clear we must go into a house opposite our own gate. I had not the least wish to do so, for it did not look inviting. But somebody, who had something to do with the house in which the huge clock was, fetched a key and admitted us with much civility. We turned right-about-face, as one so often does in China at an entrance, which is as much arranged to keep evil spirits out as to let good people in, and there we found a room full of young men and boys hard at work at embroidery frames. They were the same patterns one knew so well, but at once it struck me how lovely the colours were, and I thought how convenient it was to have this establishment just opposite, as, if I did have anything embroidered in Peking, it would be delightful to have it done where one's eye would not be offended by aniline dyes. We went on to another room and still another. It was evident the young apprentices, and all the workers, indeed, slept on the premises—slept, indeed, in the very rooms where they worked, and where the frames hardly allowed room to pass in between them. They also had their meals there. It was difficult to understand how they did their lovely work of exquisite hues and shades in such inconvenient surroundings. We should require so much more breathing-space, so much more cleanliness, before we could even begin to turn out such silken butterflies. But I would not be interested, I would not admire. With the true spirit of the Charity

Organisation Society I was sure the men were horribly underpaid; that this was some sweating establishment I had stumbled into, and I only longed to get out without being too rude. Then, on asking what they were paid, and on hearing the answer, I felt assured they were trying to impose upon my credulity as a foreigner, for the daily wage was high for China, very high.

It was only after some days that I learnt that this was a quasi-Imperial establishment where none but skilled workers were employed—every one paid by the day, so as to have no temptation to do less than his best—and that all the work turned out was for the Imperial household. I had no chance of getting any. In memory the colours then became very delicate indeed! We wandered on till, half by chance, we arrived at the best shop for the famous Peking *cloisonné*. It is all made on the premises, and the colour of the flames as they burn the pots is very fine to see; but whilst I admire old Peking *cloisonné*, I cannot find the modern otherwise than very hard in colouring.

The great fair of Peking was about ten minutes from our garden; one of its peculiarities is that, mixed up with a quantity of rubbish, for a few hundredths of a penny, you can, if you please, buy many most expensive *articles de vertu*—snuff-bottles for twenty pounds or so, or what to the uninitiated look just as pretty and a great deal more curious, for a shilling. The toys and the flowering plants and the little Peking pugs for sale are, however, the most amusing part. I wanted to buy every dog in turn



with its eyes starting out of its head as if with desire to be mine. Chinese toys, too, are the most delightful in the world, unless Japanese now beat them. It was, however, too hot and dusty for real enjoyment when I visited the fair held in the courtyards of a very picturesque temple no longer used for worship.

Peking is a very mixed-up place now. Here are some other memories. The carter who drove me to Tungchow appeared a very respectable man. Just to see what he would say I pointed to some ruins we were passing and asked him who had done that. He only replied by telling me what the building had been. "Were any of your people killed?" I asked. I have the impression he said all, but when anything affects me very much I never can remember exactly, and his manner became suddenly broken-hearted as he replied, the tears running down his cheeks.

The strangest story I happened to come across was, however, that of a man of very fine countenance, who was recommended to me to sell anti-foot-binding appeals. He had had his throat cut by Boxers and been left for dead in the street. There he was found by his mother and brother, taken home, and was getting over it, when they heard the Boxers were coming again. Knowing they were all alike powerless to withstand the Boxers, he then tried to persuade the others to forsake him, as they were not Christians, so the Boxers would not hurt them, and he, who had chosen to become a Christian, must accept his fate. At last they settled among themselves that he should take poison; he took it three times; then, not finding it act, just as the Boxers were coming in tried to pull



SHIANG TO BE PLACED UNDER PAVILIONS ON ALTAR OF HEAVEN.



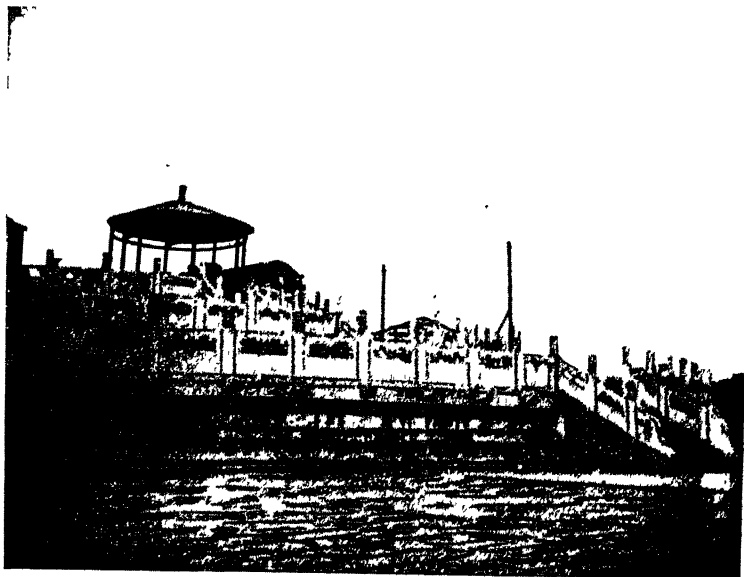
the wound in his throat open again. He was not dead, however, when they again set upon him and tried to kill him; then, thinking they had done so, again left him lying in the street. On coming to—for it seems this man had as many lives as a cat—he managed to crawl outside the gate, and there he lay, as he says, praying *very* fervently, when there appeared the allied forces coming in. An American soldier saw him; the poor fellow said his one English word, “Boxers!” and the soldier tried to lift him up and helped him along, till in the end he got among friends. The story sounds incredible but for one thing; if invented he would surely have said “an English soldier,” as the lady who told me was English. She had known him for a long time, knew as much of Peking and the people as any one, and had been the means of finding him a small official post, which he had given up because he found it difficult to avoid being dragged into doing things contrary to his conscience, and wished henceforward to devote his life more definitely to doing good works. One still saw the traces of his wound and suffering, but the expression of his face always made me regret that I could not talk more with him, and somehow lost sight of him as we were coming away. It was beautiful, and recalled faces I have seen amongst gatherings of the Society of Friends.

When people hear of instances like these they are apt to attribute all the good to the healing influence of Christianity. It is not from any wish to detract from this, but because it is of importance to realise that the great Chinese people have not been left without

their moral guides, that I quote here the remarkable verse written by a Chinese blacksmith under the Sung dynasty—

“Ding dong ! the hammer strokes fall long and fast,  
Until the iron turns to steel at last !  
Now shall the long, long Day of Rest begin ;  
The land of Bliss Eternal calls me in !”

One morning we got up, as we thought, wonderfully early, and went off to the Altar of Heaven to see it just as the Emperor leaves it. He had already got back to his Palace after sacrificing there, but we met many of his following, and were a good deal impeded by the crowd as our rickshas, wherever they got a chance, tried to dash along the broad thoroughfare leading to the temple. On arrival we had to wait a little while some things were being arranged. People say it is always best to know the truth. I am not quite sure. The Altar of Heaven has always been a peculiarly holy place to me. I had understood that in no other place in the world was so ancient a form of worship carried on still on the same spot after the same fashion, the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, going out into a lonely place before the dawning to offer atonement for the sins of himself and of his people. It all sounded so beautiful, combined with the pure white marble and that other exquisite idea of having no roof over the altar, only the canopy of heaven. And now I was to be disillusioned ; but, after all, in everything one must make some allowance for human weakness—nothing human can be quite perfect.



ALTAR OF HEAVEN TABERNACLES ERECTED FOR IMPERIAL WORSHIP



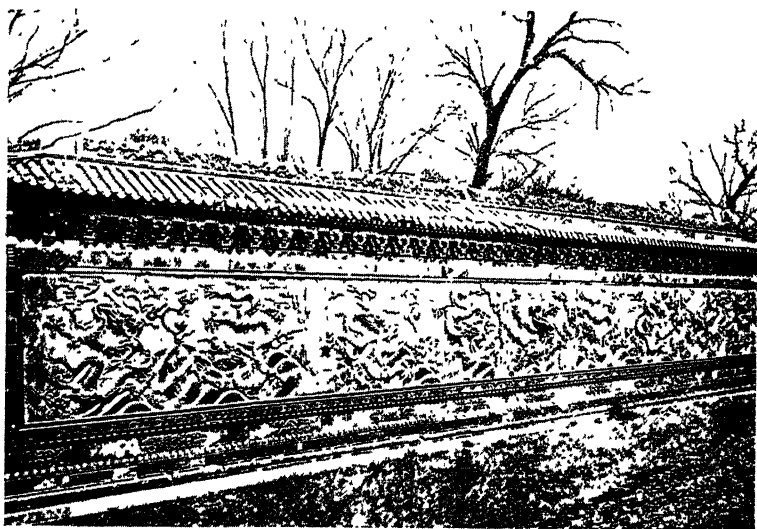


The fire was still smoking under the great sacrificial altar as we walked upon the coir matting put down for the Emperor, instead of, as usual, upon the beautiful white marble steps, up to the top of the altar, set out to-day with what one *might* call tabernacles—they looked just like sheds. I had painstakingly learnt that they were blue, the colour of the sky, because it was the Altar of Heaven ; but in reality they were of a dreadful staring blue, the kind one associates with candle packets or with washing. On the summit there were five white marble bases, one for incense, two for candles, two for flowers. There was a throne with two square black cushions, eight chairs of state standing round, that in the centre for the memorial tablet. Beside this there was a handsome case, in which had just been put away the yellow lacquer rounded base on which the ancestral tablet had stood. On the white marble floor beside the back chair were lying two animals' heads. It seemed dreadful to think of these sacrifices being brought on to the altar itself. I never have liked the idea of sacrifices, and till lately had thought the ancient Chinese superior to the ancient Jews in that their religion was not so blood-thirsty. But now it seemed not. We went on to see the treasury hall ; there were four immense tubs there for the soup made from the oxen. The reception-hall, with its beautiful white marble bridges and columns—outside, of course—we could see, but the doors of the Hall of Abstinence had already been sealed up. Perhaps it was as well, though at the time I regretted it. It is a question whether it is as well to see every-

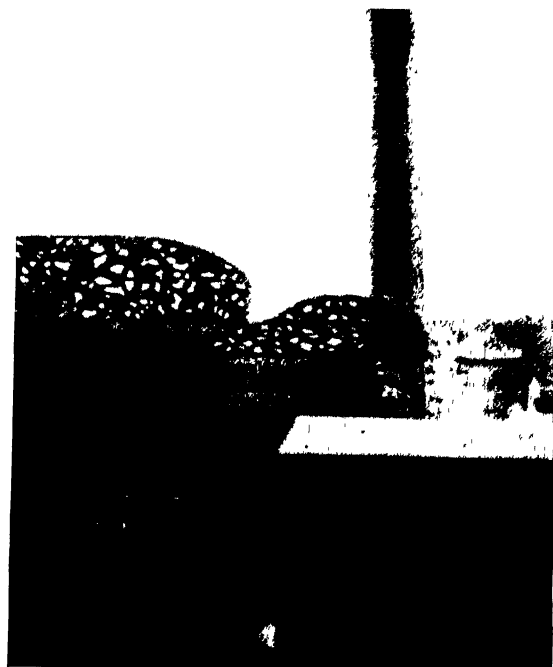


thing. Chinese, indeed, have decided against doing so ; any building the Emperor has used must be left *as he leaves it*. "And not cleaned !" instinctively asks the English housewife. That is a matter that has greatly exercised my mind. There certainly did not seem to have been any time to clean it on this occasion, nor were there any signs of its having been done. Decidedly there are some things it is better not to have seen. And here I think it fair to add some words of caution. I have in this volume described only what I liked to describe ; and though Peking is full of interest for those who *are* interested in it, I can conceive no place less agreeable for the passing traveller to visit, at all events in spring-time. As it happens, both my last visits there have been made in the spring. Would it not be better for people who are not sure they are interested in things Chinese to read about Peking rather than to go there ? It is, perhaps, a strange caution for a last word.

Let us saunter on the Walls and see the sights of Peking from on high ! Let us stand in the balcony running round the Drum Tower, with the swallows flying swiftly round our heads. Ah ! for those who like it Peking is decidedly a place to linger in and learn to love !



DRAGON SCREEN BEFORE TEMPLE OF RECORDS, BURNT BY MISCHANCE IN 1900.





## VIII

### *SEASIDE RESORTS*

*July and August.*

THE trees in the garden were all coming into flower, and what we had thought the only deficiency in our garden in a fair way to be supplied, but the air felt heavy. To go out into the unsavoury streets of Peking seemed the most unprofitable thing one could do, and all the time people were talking of the many delights of the seaside places, brought within easy reach by the new railway. Our only difficulty was to decide to which to go. In the end we settled upon Shan-hai-kwan, because of its historical associations. A long but on the whole enjoyable day's journey took us there. The river, that comes down from Jehol, crossed the line at a singularly well-situated little town with a fortress perched high up, itself coming out of a deep gorge with an abrupt turn. After that the line skirted the fine range of mountains that serves for one of China's defences, although Shih Hwang-ti thought it necessary to supplement it. Some twenty centuries ago he conceived the grand idea—"thousands at his bidding sped," scaled mountains and descended into valleys—to build the great barrier

that was for ever to shut out the nomads of the grasslands from the pleasant pastures of China and tempting riches of the Chinese Empire. In order that no one then should dispute his authority he ordered all the books to be burnt, thus aiming a deadly blow at the *literati*, the most powerful body in China. But the books survived in men's memories, they were rewritten, and his descendants have ever since been instructed in their tenets. And there on the Great Wall itself were now encamped the burly, white-capped, white-bloused descendants of those ancient nomads, the Bouriatic Cossacks of to-day, beating down the Chinese crops with their drill, and in the evening singing sweet, sad hymns.

All trains, both those eastward bound to Newchwang and those westward bound to Tientsin, stop for the night at Shan-hai-kwan. Thus all travellers have the reality of the Great Wall forced home upon them, for does not the railway cut right through it? When we were there, a Chinese guard still turned out to salute incoming and outgoing trains, and little knots of Chinese might still be seen going through European drill, and going through it well, but the feature of the place then was the foreign barracks and forts in foreign occupation

“ Upon the Chinese frontier, where  
The watchers of six nations stand  
Near one another,  
Guarding the world's peace.”

Though but for the great forbearance and self-restraint shown by the British officers, we often

thought *threatening* the world's peace would be more appropriate. For the soldiers of six nations were standing guarding the frontier between China and Manchuria. They could hardly have been as near together at Bokhara, of which Matthew Arnold writes ; certainly not nearer. Fort One, which a British midshipman captured for England, was at first occupied by the men of several nations, and even when we knew it Indian and Russian soldiers slept opposite each other, flanked by their respective officers, small though it was. Picturesquely situated on a small hill, it marked the exact spot where the Great Wall ended at the sea. There were picturesque old temples among groves of white stemmed poplars beside clear winding streams, which the Germans had adapted for officers' quarters and convalescent stations, all to be reached from the railway by the old road, along which a Chinese General, years ago, planted an avenue of trees. When the water in the streams was banked up by a high tide, and the sunset light reflected upon them and the trees interspersed among them the rich play of colour made of the place a sort of enchanted region. The view from the International Club among pretty woods, with a piece of water in front mirroring the scene, and the fine range of blue mountains, which here draws nearer, backing it, was always beautiful, whilst the club itself could not have looked gayer if a ball had been going to be held there every night, dressed, as it was permanently, with the flags of the six nations and one specially large flag composed of them all. But the immemorial interest of Shan-hai-kwan for two thousand years and more

has been the Great Wall. A few years ago people recollect it intact there with battlements and towers going down to its eastern termination in the sea, but the soldiers of the six nations found it a convenient quarry for building materials, and so now its seaward end is in a somewhat ruined condition.

As we wandered round the walls of the oblong Chinese town, the Great Wall itself forming its eastern side, examining its stone basements and facing of large bricks, a Chinese came up to us and talked about the glory of departed days. He bade us admire the mortar, saying there was none made like it now, and, as far as memory serves, vaunting it as a specific for bad eyes, which seems one of the strangest uses to which ancient mortar could be put. He certainly advocated mixing it with water and applying it to wounds.

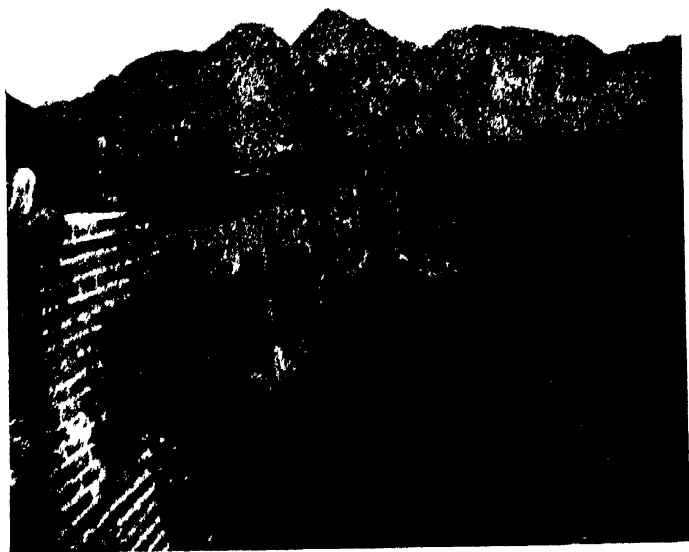
There is a Taoist Temple on the mountains to the north where the Great Wall suddenly turns and disappears from view, after making wild leaps from mountain-top to mountain-top. And the view from behind this mountain over a river below flowing with very abrupt corners, and the precipitous mountains that turned aside even the Great Wall and the serrated ranges of more distant blue mountains like a vast natural barrier shutting in the wide valley—that view can only be characterised as superb. It is in scenes like these we hear “The voice of the Mountains”:

“I saw the mountains stand  
Silent, wonderful, and grand,  
Looking out across the land  
When the golden light was falling



VIEW FROM INTERNATIONAL CLUB, SHANHAIKWAN

*(By the Author)*



GREAT WALL AS IT LEAVES THE SEA AT SHANHAIKWAN, AND FIRST MOUNTAIN  
BARRIER IT HAS TO CROSS





On distant dome and spire,  
And I heard a low voice calling,  
'Come up higher, come up higher,  
From the lowland and the mire,  
From the mist of earth-desire,  
From the vain pursuit of pelf,  
From the altitude of self,  
Come up higher, come up higher.'

The air was fresh and crisp, the wild flowers abundant, the priests courteous, and quarters for night accommodation better than in many of the Western Hills. We longed to stay there and seek "to purify our souls," to use the quaint Chinese phrase, but to do so we seemed to require so many things that we bridled our desires. It is a great question whether life would not really be more comfortable with fewer comforts. But to renounce them all on a sudden, after being long accustomed to them, would be incompatible with whole-souled enjoyment of the beautiful. So, for the sake of bedding and wardrobes and the like, we renounced the Taoist Temple with its many interesting relics of the past, not to speak of its fresh air and pure spring water. All around there are ruined watch towers upon the heights, temples and caves turned into temples. According to Marco Polo, the great Kublai Khan himself used to come there from Cambalu (the old Peking) "with ten thousand falconers and some five hundred gerfalcons, besides peregrines, sakers, and other hawks in great numbers; and goshawks also to fly at the waterfowl. The Emperor himself is carried upon four elephants in a fine chamber made of timber, lined inside with plates of beaten gold, and outside with lions' skins—for he always travels in this way

because he is troubled with gout. He always keeps beside him a dozen of his choicest gerfalcons, and is attended by several of his barons, who ride on horseback alongside. And sometimes, as they may be going along, and the Emperor from his chamber is holding discourse with the barons, one of the latter shall exclaim: 'Sir! Look out for cranes!' Then the Emperor instantly has the top of his chamber thrown open, and having marked the cranes he casts one of his gerfalcons, whichever he pleases; and often the quarry is struck within his view, so that he has the most exquisite sport and diversion there, as he sits in his chamber or lies on his bed; and all the barons with him get the enjoyment of it likewise! So it is not without reason I tell you that I do not believe there ever existed in the world, or ever will exist, a man with such sport and enjoyment as he has, or with such rare opportunities."

Thus far, the genial Venetian, as revised for us by Colonel Yule, and thus we see that Kublai too had his comforts. And knowing what the roads are now, and therefore imagining what they must have been then, we find it hard to understand how he ever got along with such impedimenta.

The flat, yellow sands of Ching-wang-tao looked anything but tempting in the distance, as seen from the shore of Shan-hai-kwan, but we wanted to see for ourselves the one port in North China open all the year round, being comparatively ice free. The tides that run past the point on which it is built do not allow the ice to accumulate. So we took the early morning train to the next station, Tang-ho. One must

have lived in China at least some years to realise how extraordinarily convenient this seems. And there, diverging by the little branch line, we found an artificial harbour being formed by a breakwater run out from the point, whereby a sheltered harbour was in course of erection, and the shallow bay made a safe anchorage in all weathers. The bay was being dredged, and steamers drawing eighteen feet of water could already load and discharge alongside the unfinished pier, down which ran a railway to place the cars under the steamer's derricks. The Tong-shan Mining Company thus export the coal from their celebrated mines, seventy miles inland. The Pei-ho River, on which Tientsin stands, is closed from December to March, ice-bound, thus Ching-wan-tao, during the winter months, is the only outlet by which Tientsin and Peking can communicate with the sea, and not these cities only, but all the back country on the Mongolian frontier and the two important provinces of Shensi and Shansi, whose foreign trade all passes through Tientsin. All this is of great importance to those whom it concerns, and shows that Ching-wan-tao is a place that ought to have a future, but as it is, it is unfinished, not to say hardly begun ; and again, the most vividly interesting thing, when we spent one pleasant summer's day there, was the flags of the various nations of Europe stuck up upon its yellow sands, asserting after the fashion of opera bouffe, altogether unsubstantiated claims to tracts of sand, which it is expected the exertions of the various trading nations of the world may one day make into a great trading centre, rivalling Shanghai in its land values. We saw a little group of three

sentries, German, Japanese, and Indian, all intent on the boiling of one evidently joint-stock kettle, and we heard dark suggestions of abominable misdeeds, showing there was all the material for a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, only the people and the cannon real and the villains not merely acting, but really doing their bad deeds to victims equally real, the stage effect being merely in the setting.

Then we took refuge in the warm sea waves and luxuriated among them.

It was easy enough to see the rival Pei-tai-ho from the mountains behind Shan-hai-kwan, a thin point stretching out into the sea—Rocky Point, as we were told—then a bay curving to the westward, and low molehills, as they looked in the distance, with a few big lumps upon them, that might be houses, might be ruins, for Pei-tai-ho is alone amongst bathing resorts in that it starts with a complete outfit of ruins.

Why should enthusiastic gentlemen persist in coming over and declaring, with such convincing energy, too, that the air there was the freshest, and the sea bathing the most invigorating? What was there to make those crescent bays different in air or quality of water from Chin-wang-tao or Shan-hai-kwan? Thus we reasoned somewhat idly while going to and fro through ever taller growing millet groves, *vis inertiae* contending with that habit of moving on that seems to have become second nature with some of us. The result in the end was that we moved over bed and baggage, hardly even regretting time lost because there is something in Pei-tai-ho that prohibits regret, predisposing to contentment. Better would be a dinner

of herbs on a cracked platter in that air by those waves, than an elaborate hotel dinner wherever it is to be had in China. The first difference, of course, between Pei-tai-ho and Shan-hai-kwan is that the one is really by the sea, the other three miles away, across almost flat country, cultivated after the Chinese fashion with abundant manuring, and inhabited by Chinese, as also by the troops of six nations when we were there. But there are plenty of places by the seaside all the world over. The speciality of Pei-tai-ho seems to be that it, with its bays, hills, houses, etc., forms a sort of promontory, sea-swept on all sides but the north, so that from almost every quarter the wind comes free off the ocean. The other great recommendation is that there is no cultivated ground near, no trees even beyond a few clumps of picturesque old firs. What Chinese there are live at the back, and not very near, so that you at once attain what the men of the Sherwood Foresters were sighing for in Peking. "We should like it very much," they amused me by saying, "if only there were no Chinese here."

The children showed sufficiently in their childlike fashion what the place was. We had left behind us possibly the most querulous set of children in all China, to my mind, violently complaining all day, and often by night too, that their mothers did not make the necessary effort to get them to the seashore. The poor little things were kept shut up in hotel rooms all day, and turned out to play with their amahs—such wretched playfellows!—in the perfectly flat, highly-walled-in hotel garden, the last place to which a breath of fresh air could penetrate. It would be interesting

to ascertain since when English mothers ceased playing with and going out with their children. Do they, perhaps, still do so in England?

In Pei-tai-ho it was each day a fresh pleasure to look out at the very rosy children with their hair curling tightly over their heads, or falling in pretty soft ringlets as it does in England, and thus showing even more plainly than their merry smiles—for surely nothing is a better indicator than hair—in what perfect health and spirits they were. They came bounding down the hillsides, or gentle declivities, with their feet thrust bare into straw sandals, in the queer, conical, red and green hats of Pei-tai-ho, and in their little bathing dresses. Even grown people did the same, though many of the Americans, after the fashion of their country, wore long, black stockings, till one bay gained the name especially abhorrent to American ears of Black Leg Bay.

In England one of the drawbacks to bathing is that the water is too cool for most people to stay any appreciable time in it, so that a Brighton doctor has even told me that he considered every year more people were injured by sea-bathing than ever derived any benefit from it. But at Pei-tai-ho, though the water felt quite fresh on entering it, the air was so bright and warm that many people bathed twice a day, and all lingered as long as they had time for, even when in meritorious fashion they bathed before breakfast.

In itself the place is not exactly beautiful. The mountains are further off than at Shan-hai-kwan, there is no avenue of trees, no white-stemmed poplar

woods to wander in. But it must always be beautiful to sit in a wide verandah on the top of a cliff looking over the boundless blue sea, or across at crescent bays, with, in the far distance, a long range of beautiful blue mountains. And so far it has been contrived that every house shall have its own sea-view. Then when one goes to the East Cliff the extraordinary beauty of the still, vast, dreamlike view spread out before the eye is almost overwhelming in its haunting loveliness. One might compare it with that from the Waldron Hill at Torquay, but lovely as that is, it is a pigmy by comparison. To look over the Bay of Naples must always be a rare pleasure, but this view is as much larger as China is larger than Italy. It is its sublimity that at once strikes the beholder dumb, next the exquisite, as it would seem, never-ending variety of shades of blue. Only very gradually one appreciates its infinite variety of detail. There are the beautiful mountains behind Shan-hai-kwan merged in yet higher ranges, now become apparent, and continuing a long and ever-varying barrier range past Pei-tai-ho on and on into the west. I forget how many watch towers scattered along the Great Wall a gentleman told me he could count from there, but I know it ran into the thirties. The day we saw it first there was a slight blue haze, making everything perhaps more lovely, but obscuring details, yet we got tired of counting towers, following with our eyes the gallant leaps and courtesies of that Great Wall, which becomes a sort of *culte* as one stays on in its sphere of influence. Although, of course, in the



more frequented, more necessary parts, it must have been often repaired since then, it is so marvellous to think of its having been built over two thousand years ago—the ten thousand li wall, as the Chinese call it, that is at least three thousand miles, and, as is said, in ten years, and so well built too—that portions of it should still survive! How many people there must have been even in those days! How well they must have been organised! How much under control!

There is one feature at Pei-tai-ho that may be regarded as a blot upon the smiling landscape, though as the years pass on, if allowed to remain, it will surely add historic interest. It is certainly unique in seaside places—that is, the ruins. Houses with wide verandahs make abnormally big ruins. And there they stand on all sides, hollow-eyed, lifting up gaping walls to heaven, and recalling the dread days of 1900, when the Imperial Edict went forth to annihilate the foreigners, and if they attempted to retire to the sea to annihilate them where they stood. Their houses stood retired by the sea at Pei-tai-ho, and they were destroyed where they stood. The ruins of the then British Minister's house, Sir Claude MacDonald, look gigantic, standing out against the two miles of East Cliff; these finished off by the Russian Archimandrite's house and the chapel absolutely overhanging the sea, that he may the more conveniently confess and absolve passing men-of-war's men. On Rocky Point, where missionaries most do congregate, almost hidden from the outside by the many really very pleasing-looking

homes that have been rebuilt, yet in between, in 1903, still stood ruin after ruin. They must look very effective by moonlight, and if draped with Virginia creeper or ivy would form quite a handsome ornament, recalling, too, how the Manchu dynasty, false to the teachings of Confucius, treated "guests from afar." But can ground be spared for memories, that must be surely dead now, effaced by the different diplomatic audiences, the little luncheon-parties, the constant little presents, and confidential ladies' causeries about the cruelties of foot-binding or corsets? Those of us who love historic relics, associations with the past of long ago—or even *three* years ago—whose memories are not pliant to forget, yet hope that Pei-tai-ho may long remain the one watering-place in the world with ruins, where generation after generation of lightly laughing girls and boys, ambitious, notwithstanding, to carve out great careers, may see visible evidence of what might have been, as also of what was. At the annual children's picnic given that year on the Sunset Rocks beneath the finest group of firs, amongst the eighty or so enjoying themselves, there were little children playing, whose faces were still marked and shadowed by the sufferings they had undergone, recalling by their presence the many children dead and gone, the twenty-six beheaded together in the Yamen at Tai-yuen-fu, uttering no cry, they were so brave, as Chinese bystanders relate: "Only the very little ones covered their faces with their hands." Or recalling the little girl who cried so loudly to save her mother at Pao-ting-fu, or those many others who

dropped starving by the wayside. Like the ghosts of 1900, some children's faces stood out amongst the smiling faces and floating locks of the others. At least, while they live should not some ruins remain at Pei-tai-ho "lest we forget—lest we forget"? Strange that it should be possible already not to remember that, had not the great bulk of the Chinese nation stood by us, and all the Chinese Viceroys, had not the people, Chinese servants, converts, adherents, shown a fidelity and courage peerless among the nations, there would be crosses marking the resting-places of so many of those who now sport among the waves. It were better, surely, not to have lived through those days than to have carried nothing away from them, learnt no lesson commensurate with the suffering then endured. One of those lessons seems to me the immense reserve force of staunch loyalty and courage on the part of the great, untalking Chinese nation, who say so little about themselves, yet stand so firm.

I feel I have not done justice to Pei-tai-ho. Nowhere in Europe have I seen a seaside resort such an agreeable mixture of country and seaside. Every day one stays there one becomes aware of fresh beauties in it, new and entrancing view-points. It may not in itself be very much to look at from a distance, but there could not be a more delightful place to look out from. There are hills close at hand for walks. Whilst the beauty of various spots on the mountains forming its background, and to be reached in a day's journey, must surely be such as it would be very hard to beat anywhere for grandeur.





WHITE MARBLE IMPERIAL BATH.

## IX

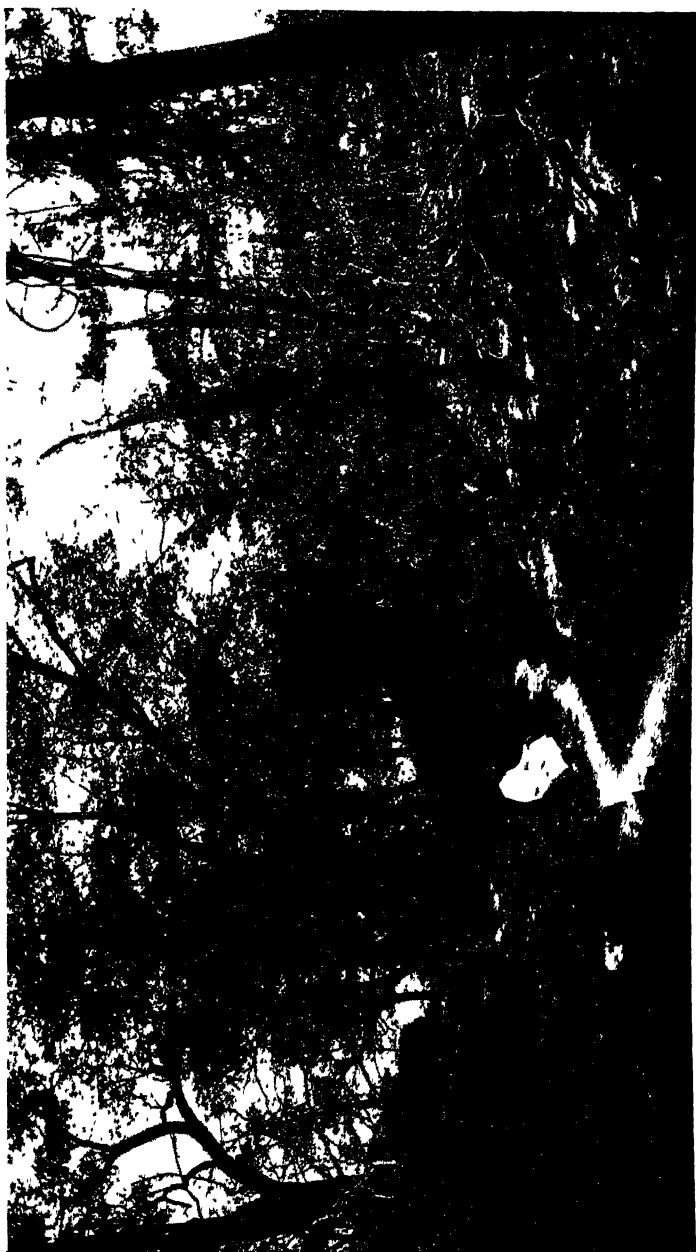
### *IMPERIAL HOT SPRINGS AND THE MING TOMBS.*

*September 27th and 28th.*

THE point of view being always the most important matter in life often transforming a blood-thirsty murder into an act of heroism, and *vice versa*, so in planning an outing one of the most important matters is the order in which it is taken. The Tang-shan, or celebrated Imperial Hot Springs, would be a most interesting sight for a first day's journey to the Ming Tombs; we unfortunately kept them for our last day, returning from Mongolia and the Ming Tombs. Russian soldiers are understood to have been through the place, but it would certainly not be fair to reproach them with all the dilapidation that one sees. At the same time the place irresistibly suggests the idea of an invasion of Goths and Vandals rather than the gradual decay of long neglect. The large marble baths with their fine white marble railings are now a sad scene of dilapidation, although the original hot springs are still bubbling up beside them. But the gardens are supremely beautiful, as a garden run riot generally is, with all the slightly

irritating traces of the gardener's hands effaced by the wild prodigality of Nature. Irresistibly they recall the scene in which the Belle au Bois Dormante was found and wakened by the prince, at all events, that in the picture by Burne Jones, if not in reality. Every kind of beautiful and flowering shrub seems to have been planted here and to have grown into an overgrown tangle. When the luxuriant wistaria is in blossom in the spring, veiling the ruins beneath its fragrant lilac tresses, the scene must be one of almost magic loveliness. Unfortunately we were there in September, too late also for the lotus except for one still lingering blossom. Oaks, cypresses, cedars, maples, were all growing among little artificial hillocks, and along the sides of a lotus-covered moat, which runs in and out encircling the whole pleasure-ground, also round the once beautiful, now somewhat melancholy-looking, ornamental structures. Some people say that a great beauty ages much quicker, much sooner gets the air of a *ci-devant* than a plain woman. Certainly had the Tang-shan been an ordinary field it could never have so recalled other days, as now when one saw that once long ago, in the early days at least of this dynasty, when emperors still rode a-hunting or to battle, and received their counsellors at four o'clock in the morning—not as now by convention, but because it was for them the one convenient time—it was clear that then every possible loveliness had been heaped upon this garden.

The inn at Chang-ping-chow (best pronounced as Jumping Joe!) was the cleanest and best we stayed at,



GROUNDS OF IMPERIAL HOT SPRINGS.









GROUNDS OF IMPERIAL HOT SPRINGS.

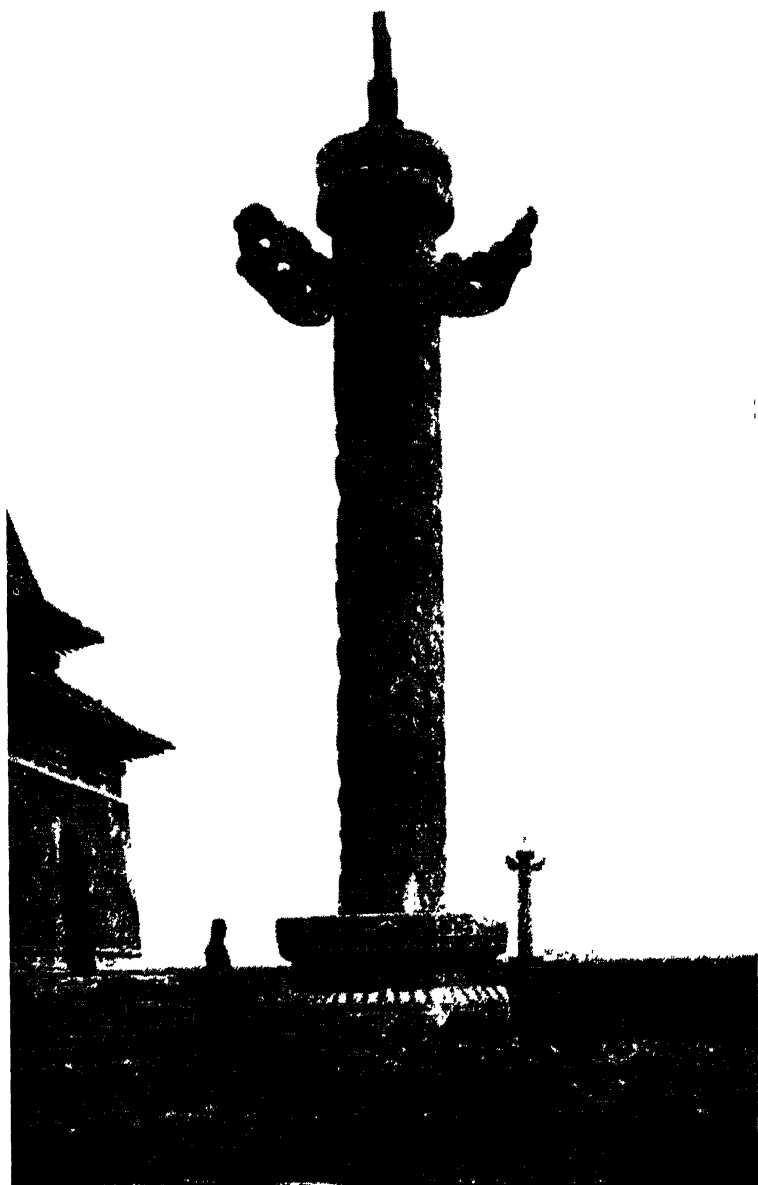
and from there one ought to visit the Ming Tombs, or The Thirteen Tombs, as Chinese call them. Each succeeding monarch of a dynasty has to be content with a somewhat smaller tomb than his predecessor; thus the stone animals are not on the same colossal scale as at Nanking, where everything is ruder, larger, more uncouth, and therefore more startling. But the site near Peking is far finer. No one had prepared us for its awe-inspiring stateliness. Beautifully enshrined as in the bosom of the hills, each in his sepulchre, lie these monarchs, in their day some of the greatest rulers the world has ever seen; Chinese emperors ruling over China as has so seldom been the case, most dynasties there being of alien origin, and under their Chinese rule embracing so many circumjacent peoples.

The workmanship and decoration are far finer than at Nanking, and they are also in a much better state of preservation, though even here too many fine memorials of the past are missing. Visiting them from Peking they are approached, as they should be, through the long array of memorial arches, gates, and processions of stone animals that leads into the sacred valley. Coming to them from Nankow you arrive at the beginning of the now somewhat dreary two miles of millet-fields, leading up to the tomb enclosure and at the end of the grand approaches. Thus taken separately, the effect is somewhat marred, though nothing can detract from the solemn beauty of the setting. Indeed, it is hard to say whether the beauty of the position does not more appeal to those who descend on the

tombs from the somewhat savage Pass. Rather over two miles from Chang-ping-chow the approach begins with a magnificently carved pailow, or memorial arch, considered the finest in China, all of white marble, fifty feet high, and eighty feet wide, formed of five arches built upon square pillars.

Half a mile further is the Red Gate, with an inscription, ordering all people there to dismount from their horses ; but the beautiful pavilion also of white marble, supported upon four carved columns and the work of the same Emperor, is no longer there.

There is still a monument to Yungloh, erected by his son, standing on a huge stone tortoise twelve feet long. The famous Emperor Chien-lung wrote a poem engraved on the back of the tablet in the eighteenth century. Four griffin-topped stone pillars, exquisitely carved, stand round it. On each side of what reverent Sinologues please themselves by calling the Holy Way there is a regular procession of animals and people, each formed out of a monolith of bluish marble, remarkable both from the workmanship and the great size, which last makes people, unaccustomed to the wonderful dexterity displayed by Chinese in handling great weights with what seem to our engineers the most inadequate appliances, marvel how they can have been brought there. All the men wear the old Ming dress, common to Chinese before the Manchus forced on them their own long plaits of hair and horseshoe cuffs, or the long necklace they, in their turn, borrowed from the Lamas. After about an hour spent in passing through all these entrances, what was once a stone road leads us beneath the light



PILLAR AT BEGINNING OF VIA SACRA TO MING TOMBS.



perforations of the very elegant Dragon Gate, again griffin-topped. Clumps of foliage then become visible in the distance, enclosing the golden-roofed buildings clustered round the different tombs, some at three, some at four miles' distance, but all alike beautifully enshrined in the bosom of the hills, at the upper end of the long wide valley.

For natural beauty and grandeur the site could not to this day be surpassed ; but alas ! three beautiful marble bridges lie in ruins, and many other architectural ornaments have been destroyed, whilst even the way can be found now only with difficulty through millet-fields and Persimmon orchards with brilliant orange fruit hanging from the trees ; till, two miles further on, the special enclosure round Yungloh's, the first, and therefore the largest, of the tombs is reached, encircled by cypress-trees. Again a pavilion protecting a huge tablet, this time on the back of a ten-foot-long fabulous monster ; then the " Rest the Spirit " entrance with white marble steps and railings, the latter carved into the likeness of clouds, phoenix, and dragons. At either side of the inner grove of firs and oak-trees, the latter with enormous leaves which are used for wrapping parcels, are lovely paper-burning shrines built entirely of golden yellow porcelain, and along the further end of the courtyard stretches the great hall seventy yards long by thirty wide, and supported upon eight rows of four pillars of teak cut from that particularly stately laurel, one of the finest trees in China, and called there the Nan-muh or Southern-wood, because the best comes from Burmah. There were all manner of beautiful woods and marble



used in the decoration of this ancestral hall, but Chien-lung took them all away when he was building his Summer Palace. He spent several millions to repair the damage he had done, and yet further imposed upon himself the penance of travelling as far as Nanking, to expiate this violation of the graves of his predecessors at the similar though less magnificent tomb of the founder of the Ming dynasty, whom he thus treated as the head of the house.

Behind the great hall, and through another courtyard planted with cypresses and oaks, a passage through solid masonry leads up to the carefully closed door of the tomb. Here the passage divides into two, both leading by a long flight of steps to the top of the terrace, in the centre of which immediately above the tomb door stands an immense upright slab formerly painted red, with inscribed upon it, "The tomb of the Perfect Ancestor and Literary Emperor," a title conferred after death. During lifetime the Emperor should never be named but spoken of simply as his Majesty or the Emperor. The mound is half a mile in circuit, and though artificial, looks natural, being thickly grown over up to the very top with cypresses and oaks.

Under the first Ming Emperors those of their wives whom they had most loved were buried alive with the Imperial coffin. This barbarous custom was only forbidden under the Emperor Ying-tsung (1437-1465), since which time Emperors' wives have not been buried till after their death. But this caused a great difficulty as to how to place their coffins beside those of the Emperor, since it was absolutely forbidden for others to follow the road by which his



CELEBRATED PAIFANG, RECKONED THE FINEST IN CHINA,  
LEADING TO MING TOMBS



MING TOMBS EXQUISITELY CARVED MONOLITHS



corpse had been carried. The only solution was to dig a pit far from the burial-place and make a subterranean way to it. These subterranean passages are said still to exist.

It is often said in China by people who ought to know, that one difficulty about doing away with the existing dynasty is that there is no one else to take the place ; this in face of the fact that, as a rule in Chinese history a new dynasty has been founded by some one of quite low origin with no possible claim to the throne. But as a matter of fact there is a descendant of the Ming Emperors, honoured with the title of Marquis (Hou-ye). In spring, and again in autumn, he goes to the tombs of his ancestors, sacrifices several animals, offers silks and food, burns perfumes and paper money, and goes through all the ceremonies of ancestral worship. It is sad also to learn that each year one of the members of the Board of Public Works is deputed to see if the monuments are in good repair, and if proper care is being taken of them, because a very little care might have saved so much beauty for us from the past, so that one fears this member of the Board of Works does his work very perfunctorily.

The two problems that I should like, however, to propound for those travellers who wander in these regions in the future are, where are the two missing Emperors buried, the second of the line, who, I believe, died as a child, but yet surely must lie buried somewhere, and the last of the line, he who hanged himself upon the beautiful Coal Hill in Peking, when all hope was over and the city already in posses-

sion of the conquering Manchus? They are said to have buried him upon the Western Hills; and not having been able to discover the cause of the beautiful monument at the Pi-yun-ssu, one of the most interesting temples there, and which also can put in special claims to a royal connection from having bronze haloes on the tops of its many pagodas, I have been tempted to think this might be one of the missing Imperial tombs, but on the spot could obtain no information either to that effect or to the contrary. Therefore I lay these two questions before others to solve. Two Emperors: their tombs to be found—where?

According to the common story, the Ming Emperor who never reigned did not die as a child, but grew up and became a priest. And the reason the third Ming Emperor, his uncle, showed such favour to travellers and explorers was because he was always sending men out to see if by chance they could hit upon his missing nephew, who ought to have been his Emperor, and whom by their means he hoped to prevent from inflicting that death penalty upon himself, that yet he knew to be his due. The last Ming Emperor hanged himself in 1644, upon an acacia in the enclosure at the back of the Coal Hill. The tree was to be seen till a few years ago, and was surrounded by chains. The rebels, assisted by the Manchus, were at the gates of the city, but before giving up all hope the unhappy Emperor went to the San-kwan Temple near one of the city gates to ask the gods what he should do. His best General was away fighting the Manchus, and the advancing rebels



MING TOMBS, PROCESSION OF STONE FIGURES.



had determined to place one of their number upon the throne. According to the general Chinese usage, sacrifices were offered, incense burnt, and then the Emperor was to shake out a lot from what looks like a dicing cup, and it was understood that, should he shake out a long lot, it would mean success, and he would go out to meet the rebels; if a middling lot, he should remain in his palace and calmly await them; but if a short one, that should be taken as denoting utter ruin, and he would take his own life rather than suffer death at the hands of the rebels.

The tube containing the bamboo fortune-telling sticks was placed in his hand. The Emperor shook it; one fell to the ground. Amid dead silence a priest raised it and handed it to the Emperor. It was a short stick. No one dared break the silence till the Emperor, "with a cry of mingled rage and despair, dashed the slip on the ground, exclaiming, 'May this temple built by my ancestors evermore be accursed! Henceforward may every suppliant be denied what he entreats, as I have been! Those that come in sorrow, may their sorrow be doubled; in happiness, may that happiness be changed to misery; in hope, may they meet despair; in health, sickness; in the pride of life and strength, death! I, Ch'ung-ch'en, the last of the Mings, curse it.'"

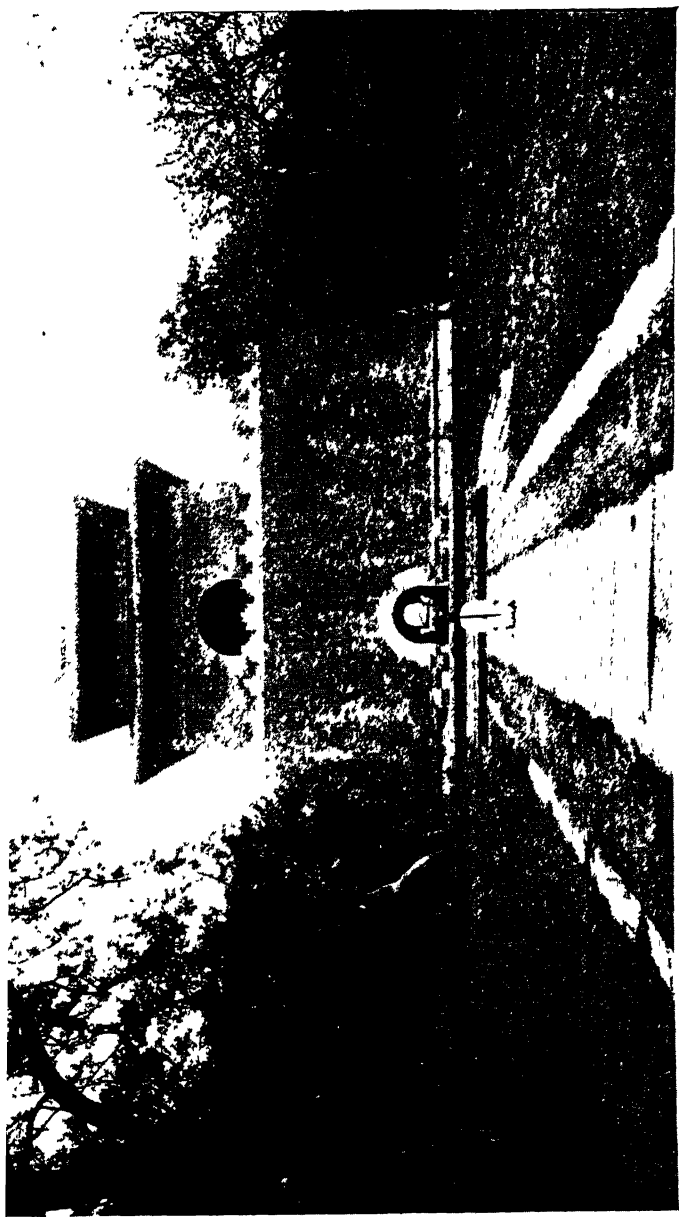
He went at once back to the Palace, and to the apartments of the Empress, and next morning they were both found hanging from the tree on the Coal Hill. The rebels took possession of the city, made their leader Emperor, but only for a few days, then they in their turn were driven out by the Chinese,



assisted by the Manchus, who then seated themselves upon the throne which they still occupy.

Ch'ung-ch'en was the last of the Mings, as he had said, and two hundred years afterwards people still passed the deserted Temple shuddering, "It is the cursed Temple."

But thirteen of his line lie enshrined in glory in these magnificent tombs, where still, every spring and autumn, animals are sacrificed in their memory, silks and food offered, perfumes and paper money burnt. How petty such offerings must appear in the bosom of the immemorial hills! But certainly the ancient Chinese knew how to select a burial-place. And if we think that they, who were after all but mortal men, lie buried in unnecessary state, we must remember that one of the most ancient Chinese sayings runs to this effect: "There is no one who is not a servant of the Emperor." This saying is quoted as an undoubted truth in probably the most ancient volume compiled for the moral instruction of girls, the two first books of which were written by empresses of almost prehistoric times, and they are yet in use to the present day.



MING TOMBS : WORSHIPPING BEFORE LAST ALTAR. BEHIND IS A TEMPLE, THEN THE HILL OVER THE BURIAL PLACE.



## X

### TO KALGAN AND THE MONGOLIAN GRASSLAND

*September 15th-28th.*

PEOPLE who visit Peking nearly all think it incumbent upon them to go to the Nankow Pass, and see what they call the Great Wall. It is a tradition that still survives, though now, thanks to the railway, the Great Wall is much more easily and quickly visited from Shan-hai-kwan, not to speak of the wall there being really the old Great Wall, whilst that seen by people, who go no further than the Nankow Pass, is a comparatively quite recent addition of the fourteenth century. Yet people continue to go, and, if they combine with it a sight of the Ming tombs, ought to be well recompensed for their pains. The most interesting expedition from Peking would, however, be to the Ming tombs, then right through the Nankow Pass and on to Kalgan, from thence by the Mongolian grassland to Lama Miao, and so back by Jehol, as we call the old summer resort of ancient emperors, possibly even combining with that, on the return journey, a visit to the Eastern tombs, the favourite burying-place of the present dynasty.

Though a more convenient method of returning from Jehol might be by the river Luan, that looks so beautiful as it comes out of a deep gorge, just before passing under the line from Tientsin to Newchwang, and which has already accompanied the traveller all the way from Lama Miao, or Dolonor, as it is called on our maps. But of what use is it to give counsels of perfection to poor mortals who must ever cut their cloth according to their means, *i.e.*, regulate their travels according to their time? "*Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*" We set aside all idea of what might have been if we had not lingered so long in our garden, and decided that a peep into the Mongolian grass-land would suffice for us, not knowing then that it was Paradise.

All our efforts to hire ponies having proved fruitless, we started with two mule litters, hired from the Tung Ho stables, where the Empress Dowager got hers in August, 1900. Many people speak as if her having had to escape in a mule litter through the night—it was really in the early morning of August 15th—and being dressed in some common sort of gown, had atoned for all the misdeeds she may or may not have committed. We thought of this sometimes when inclined to complain of our litters. But really, though one of the less comfortable modes of travel, I could hardly flatter myself I was thereby atoning for even my unrecognised sins. The first movement, it is true, upset me rather more than the pitching of a vessel, which it somewhat resembles; but we learnt to accommodate ourselves to it, and by degrees found we could read comfortably, though every effort to

write proved a failure. The Chinese usage is to pay beforehand merely for the journey to Kalgan, and then separately for the return journey, thus saving payment for the litters while detained at Kalgan. Curiously enough, in this way we got the same litters to bring us back. This was never quite explained, but I think must have been because we paid nine taels each for each journey, whilst Chinese pay seven or eight. Our litters, muleteers, and mules all proved excellent, whilst our servant had hired for himself the best donkey I ever saw. We all rode him in turns. He was never sick nor sorry, keeping up a pleasant, quick amble, quite fit to take care of himself with the bridle loose upon his neck, or to canter of his own accord on the Mongolian plateau. The country we traversed till we reached Kalgan was plentifully supplied with fruit; grapes and peaches were specially delicious, fresh eggs difficult to get, and mutton seemingly the only meat. For the most part the traveller has to take provisions and all conveniences with him, as is usual in China, but in no other part of China have I seen such clean, nice inns. In Mongolia the only fuel we saw was argols, and they are hard to manage for the unaccustomed, requiring constant use of the bellows and some care, but being put up in a chieftain's house we saw nothing of this difficulty. Making direct for the Mongolian grassland, always a little afraid of not having enough time for it, we spent our first night at Kwanshih, near which to the west there is a very striking craggy mountain. All round the comparatively flat landscape rose hills; it had been impossible to cure myself of

the impression that between them and us must be a deep valley, which would become visible as we approached nearer, and it was still with this idea that I walked on to an out-jutting headland flat at the top, and covered with large, rather special-looking grave-mounds, shut in by tall trees planted in a solemn oblong. There was no valley to be seen, for there is no valley, and this at last convincing me of the different character of the landscape from that to which I was accustomed, perhaps gave an added sense of loneliness. Anyway the scene produced a very exceptional and not easily-to-be-forgotten impression; the solitude, the wild character of the craggy mountain on which we looked, and the absolute want of all knowledge of whose were those graves, all tending to enhance the romance and mystery of the scene.

We started early next morning and lunched at Nankow village. Till then we had been travelling along the same Peking plain as the day before, partly cultivated with millet, buckwheat, and, I think, China grass, partly bits of grassland covered with stones innumerable. The air over the grassland was delightful, and I was again haunted by the delusion that we were exalted on a plateau which we must come off some time or other into a valley, that still I thought must lie between us and the engirdling hills. But no! they rose up like a barrier all round straight out of the plain. At Nankow village a very pretty, shining, yellow-roofed pagoda with yellow and green animals outside on the roof tempted me to explore, and we found a pretty little mosque with beautiful Arabic characters on panels inside. There seemed to be







AT THE NANKOU PASS, THE CELEBRATED ARCHWAY WITH FIVE SIDES,

mosques in all the places we stopped at, and the inns were always kept by Mahommedans, but I do not know if this was the case with those we did not stop at. A short five miles further we reached the often-photographed Nankow gateway across the pass, but the pictures do not at all do justice to the triple gateway, the twofold wall, the strange, mediæval carvings, both inside and out, of innumerable Buddhas, and also, as it would seem, of mediæval warriors. Nor does one see in a picture the great peculiarity of this archway that it is five-sided underneath, and with apparently nothing but plaster to prevent the various small bricks, of which it is composed, from falling out of the middle flat bit, which yet, though ancient, remains intact. The scene is anyway extraordinarily picturesque, even if it is not true, as we are now told, that Genghis Khan and his Mongols came conquering down this way, and although this wall is certainly not the Great Wall, but built under the Ming dynasty in the fourteenth century, and therefore decidedly more showy. Prejevalsky tells us, "The Nankow Pass is at times seventy to eighty feet wide, shut in by stupendous blocks of granite, porphyry, grey marble, and silicious slate. Along the crest of the range is built the second so-called inner Great Wall, far greater and more massively built than that of Kalgan, which stretches from the heart of Manchuria to far beyond the upper course of the Yellow River, a distance of about 2,500 miles. At Kalgan even it is twenty-one feet high and twenty-eight feet wide at the foundations. It is composed of great slabs of granite, with brick battlements on the summit; the loftiest points

are crowned with watch towers. Within it are three other walls about two miles apart, all probably connected with the main barrier. These walls block the main barrier pass of Nankow with double gates, but the last of all in the direction of Peking has triple gates. Here may be noticed two old cannon, said to have been cast for the Chinese by the Jesuits." And again : " The wall winds over the crest of the dividing range, crossing the valleys at right angles and blocking them with fortifications. At such places alone could this barrier be of any advantage for defensive purposes. The mountains, inaccessible by nature, are nevertheless crowned by a wall as formidable as that which bars the valleys. That by the Nankow gateway is, of course, ' the last in the direction of Peking,' the first the excursionist sees, and, as a rule, that with which he is satisfied, but the inner wall cresting the pass is evidently much more ancient, and said to have been built under the Emperor Wu-ting, of the Wei dynasty, 542 A.D., and by 50,000 workmen, though the Archimandrite Hyacinth says the same wall was rebuilt fifty-four years afterwards on the same ground. This possibly accounts for its being twofold, and one line apparently much better built than the other."

Beyond Cha-tao, where we stayed for the night, a little way down on the other side after cresting the Pass, there is yet another wall, and then watch towers or block houses innumerable, besides many distant views of some wall or other scaling great heights and generally looking very imposing. But the real Great Wall, finished B.C. 213, five years before the



GREAT WALL ON PRESENT MONGOLIAN FRONTIER.



death of the great conqueror, Shih Hwang-ti, we did not see till the third day from Cha-tao, beyond Kalgan.

The road through the Pass was once paved with flag-stones, it presents easy gradients for the promised railway! although, alas! historically, it will lose much of its interest when one no longer meets there processions of stately camels nodding their long necks, mobs of wild-looking ponies roped together, or herds of sheep, and drove after drove of pigs being carefully shepherded through the Pass. Geologically these hills must always be full of interest, and although not on the gigantic scale of the Tibetan border, nor with the gracious beauty of the Yang-tse gorges, they are decidedly impressive.

The journey from Cha-tao to Sha-chang, thirty miles, seemed very monotonous on our return journey. Going, we thought it full of interest, for we found ourselves for the first time in the strange Loess country. The earth was whiter and less yellow than I expected, but at first it has the effect of making everything seem unreal. One never knows whether one is looking at a rock or a wall; both look just alike. Richthoven says half the inhabitants live in cave dwellings, and possibly he is right. But as far as we could see the dwellings were all houses, not caves; they may, however, have been dug out, not built up. With regard to numberless watch towers, I could not make certain whether they were not broken-down bits of hill. There were crumbling hills, and there were crumbled watch towers, and we passed by the fortified city of Kumo with broken battlements, all resolving them-

selves into yellow dust, and arrived at what I thought was a dusty headland, till suddenly I saw a gate into it, and found that it was the walls of another city we were passing. The sun shone on the yellow dust, or earth or battlements, and everything looked like the pictures of Central Asia, till we realised we were in Asia, not just in China, which always seems quite different. Already our surroundings were mediæval and Mongol, and on every side we were surrounded by preparations for fighting or defence, houses in the middle of enclosures with strong earth walls all round them, and, what troubled me particularly, no way for getting up into the battlemented watch towers. Did the soldiers have ladders, and always pull them up behind them? The trees looked so old as if they could have told us; gigantic willows, sometimes pollarded, with branches past counting, sometimes with roots looking like bunches of serpents hanging down all uncovered by the sand, sometimes more strange-looking still, sticking out elbow-wise from some overhanging cliff. Just before lunching at Hwai-lai-hsien we passed a hill of granite rock surmounted by a temple, the Tai Shan Miao, and the view of this abrupt hill with the city walls behind spreading yellow-dust-coloured over another yellow-dust-coloured hill was so strange and striking we turned aside to visit this temple.

But it seemed it was not ancient, and the most peculiar thing about it was the number of white cotton-wool dolls hanging before the different shrines as offerings on behalf of sick children. They were just like the dolls people make and sell at bazaars in England.

Some of the images were knocked about, and the priest said fifty German soldiers had spent a month there in 1900, and done this damage. One can hardly wonder if they really stayed so long in this out-of-the-way place, for what else was there for them to do?

The fourth day the road was really rather bad in places, and the rest dreadfully heavy-going. We were nearly twelve hours doing the thirty-three miles to Shuen-hwa-fu. For two days we seemed always to have been making for a sugar-loaf hill in the distance. We now rounded it by a little pass, which had been dangerous until a road had been cut out of the granite rock—once a great work—now a road for carts. We discerned a ruined temple at the base, and another temple on the summit, and then began to follow along the course of the Yangho, the river which afterwards flows under Marco Polo's celebrated bridge, Lu Keo-chiao. We had been for some time seeing more and more pumpkins and melons, and at one place saw a piece of ground so thick with squashes, that the little plants on which they were growing were hardly discernible.

Then we met herd after herd of sheep. It was a painful thought that they were all marching on to meet their deaths. In the morning the road had been gay with people proceeding to some theatricals; the women looking particularly neat riding along astride, their hair sticking out behind and all dressed with flowers; their very dapper little shoes hardly seeming to suggest the tortured condition of the feet within. They bind very small in those parts, and work in the



fields kneeling on their knees because they cannot stand upright. They then wear great pads on their knees to save themselves from the damp.

We stayed for the night in an inn outside the city of Hsuen-hwa, so saw nothing of it then, but coming back we walked through the large willow grove up to the fine "New West Gate," and along the walls to the south gate. It was a long walk against time, as the sun was setting and each wall reputed two miles long. The city seemed to be full of trees and vegetable gardens, but it has also its full complement of Fu officials, each with a separate residence, and we saw enclosures round temples, and then, as the evening gathered, workmen coming back from their work into the city, calling out to one another, and somewhat starting at the sight of our strange clothes. Thus for a few minutes we felt we touched the life of this old frontier city, that has been going on fighting its own battles, doing its own work, occupied with its own joys and sorrows, since such very ancient days. The road from mountain-girdled Shansi here comes in and joins the road to Kalgan and to Dolonor, or Lama Miao, as the Chinese call it.

Next day seven hours' travelling got us into Kalgan by three o'clock without having stopped on the road to eat, which is what the muleteers prefer, though there was an inn where we might have done so.

The Ch'a-tao valley had seemed to us an exalted region, then the wide Loess valley was higher, and now the Kalgan valley, which we entered through another little pass, was higher still, 2,800 feet above the sea. It breathed the air of the mountains. Either the

mule litter, or the sun, or too many grapes had reduced me to pulp, and the prospect of a quiet Sunday within the clean, fresh compound of the hospitable American Board Mission seemed very charming, but I buckled to and gave an address against "Foot Binding" after the morning service. Then the official my husband had been calling on came round to see me, and to undertake himself distributing tracts and placards, saying with some pride, "I at least possess three pairs of unbound feet in Kalgan, my little daughter's and my two slave-girls."

He was most kind, and gave us an introduction to a Mongol chief, owner of nine hundred horses, and with an elder sister married to a sort of king. The friendly American missionary planned out a most carefully arranged tour for us, and so next day we started off, riding through Kalgan for nearly a mile before we were completely outside of it, then on up the long and happily dry river bed, that is the sole route to the Mongolian table-land, to Urga, and to Kiachta. There are times when men, horses, and camels are all carried away by the swirling waters, and yet this remains the main road and the only one.

Kalgan is very pleasingly situated on the extreme edge of a wide valley shut in by a semicircle of mountains. There is but the narrowest passage through these mountains into Mongolia, a passage that turns also, so that you must actually wriggle to get through, and to complete the barrier the Great Wall, Shih Hwangti's Great Wall, spans it with gates and battlements and frowning fortifications. On the encircling mountains that seem to tempt climbers

there are again fortress towers, one which would appear to have been designed to be some man's last stand. There was an iron staircase, that could be drawn up, and in the floor of the fortress a trap door. Nothing, however, is known about it all. A temple stands high up on the hills, which are bare of trees. The fresh breezes sweep down over them, the sun shines stingless, and it would seem an ideal place to live in but for its remoteness.

There are grand old willows in Kalgan, sacred trees hung with inscriptions, and some avenues relieving the general treelessness of the surroundings. Willows were needed of old to make bows. But the peculiarity of Kalgan is its length. There is first the lower, then the upper town; together with the walled-in town reserved for men only, with some of the grandest business houses and gay-looking stands of flowers before the doors, also the lowliest and smallest of city gates to go out by. Then beyond the Great Wall there is what is called the Russian valley, because of the number of Russian houses of business established there, together with a Russian post-office. There used to be a very pretty Greek church there, but that was burnt down in the troubles of 1900. All these towns and houses are crowded into the narrow defile that alone makes its way through the mountains, and it must always take rather over an hour to ride through Kalgan. But we took much longer pausing to see many things, the market with its very brilliant fruit stalls, the Mongol shops, the men's city with its many little elegancies and generally spick and span appearance. We also paid a visit to the elder brother



UPPER CITY, WHERE NO WOMEN ENTER. KALGAN.  
*(By the Author)*





of the Mongol chieftain we were about to visit. He was a Lama, and seemed distressed he could not be at home to entertain us himself.

The steep hills on either side of the wide, dry river bed were arid and treeless, and of course tradition says Genghis Khan came down this way, though it seems history does not, so we had pointed out to us a great hole through a rock overhead, pierced, as is said, by an arrow that he shot. It was a wild, weird, tormented-looking scene. At last the long ascent grew really steep, and I preferred to walk, especially as there was a pretty temple to be inspected. We studied the Loess formation as we walked, and as we approached Hannor, our night's resting-place, became aware that there also a theatrical performance was going on. The inn yard was crowded with animals of every kind. I picked my way through them and tried to photograph the audience at the play. They presented a very festive appearance, wearing so much more red than one is accustomed to see among Chinese, where blue is the predominant tint. Most of the young girls had red trousers, and they had many other touches of red. They also struck me as very nice-looking, but wherever I approached they simply turned away, giving me a fine view of their back hair, but of nothing else. The back hair was very elaborately and smartly dressed, but it was not what I wanted to see, so having tried in vain to make them more friendly, I went on up the hill on the side of which our inn was situated, beside the little lake, or really rather large pool, from which it takes its name. There was a gap before I reached quite the

top, from which one could see over the extraordinarily storm-tossed sea of mountains within the Great Wall on the Chinese side, and then turning in the other direction over the pleasant pasture-lands, the sloping mountain-sides of Mongolia.

Thunder-clouds were rolling up from the westward, and the audience from the theatre began to disperse. Carts laden with gaily-dressed women drove by me through a gateway on the Pass. In especial I noted one, for, as it drove away towards the wild Loess country below, two gay young colts sprang forward to meet it, then turned, and gambolling round it like two young kittens, disappeared from view. I climbed to the top of the hill, following the roughly heaped up pile of stones, that was all that there represented the Great Wall, then sitting down on the summit of one of the watch towers, gave myself up to the contemplation of one of the most extensive and extraordinary views it has ever been my luck to see. Far, far away to the westward the lightning was playing from one deep black cloud to another, forming three sides of a square, up one side, along another, then down again, lighting up a long flat-backed mountain, that with a precipice finished off the Mongolian plateau in that direction. Beneath it stretched the wild storm-tossed waves of the sea of Loess mountains, until at last the eye arrived at the little dip or dent that signified Kalgan, and the comparatively sloping sides of the mountains beyond it. Then going on to the north one saw, range almost parallel with range, but always running as irregularly as possible, the barrier mountains that divide China and Mongolia; some by their very



TOWER ON THE GREAT WALL, WITH MAGNIFICENT VIEW.

*(By the Author)*





outline showing the extraordinary hardness of the granite of which they are composed, and then getting quite to the north, the long gentle curves or slanting lines of the Mongolian pastures.

At the foot of the tower I became aware of a shepherd leading his flock home. Wrapped in a long white felt cloak he paused, and leaning on his staff looked up at me. Just after the same fashion, wrapped in just the same sort of felt cloak, one of his ancestors might have turned and looked at the Mongol hordes sweeping by, or watching the Great Wall being built. Sitting there on that ancient tower alone in that evening hour, it seemed not as if the past were brought back to me, but as if I were transported into that world of long ago; and long, long thoughts began to arise in my mind much as they may have arisen in theirs. The setting sun was dyeing the sky wonderful tints, every now and then the lightning played round the sunset, the carts one by one drove away into the darkening gloaming, in the distance a heavy rain-shower could be seen making its way towards me. I drew my cloak tighter round me, the air felt chilly, could I find my way back unaided? With trivial fears like these, yet very reluctantly, I rose from the lonely tower, coming back across the centuries, yet slowly, slowly as I descended the hill, once more reached the gap, and in my turn paused and, hanging over the gateway, gazed into the distant, darkening evening. Some belated revellers drove by, and as they too disappeared, not because they had turned a corner or got behind some obstacle, but simply from the increasing distance, the unutterable

loneliness of the situation all on a sudden seemed to become overpowering, and stumblingly, I hastened to find my way back to the little inn and supper.

How it poured that night! Next morning the inn yard was a sheet of water, and at first I feared there would be no getting on, but there was a high wind drying up everything, and the day was bright and sunshiny. We rode away by the ruins of the Great Wall, and once again ascended the solitary watch tower, then on and on through the fresh morning air. We were well over five thousand feet above the sea as we rode by the Great Wall upon the grass. It was not long and waving, as I had pictured, but short and not in flower, there were, however, flowers amongst it; beautiful dark blue larkspurs, a large and abundantly flowering edelweiss, huge purple thistles, and a profusion of Chinese daisies both pink and white. We came upon a Mongol encampment. With a great apprehension that the Mongols might turn out to be a sort of mongrels or half-caste, and confused recollection of similar deceptions among Red Indians, we rode forward, and I looked in at the door of a yurt, or round felt tent, for the first time. There seemed, however, to be no deception about it. There was a woman cooking, looking astonished to see us, and yet she was in full Mongol dress, with corals and other ornaments hanging on either side of her fair, substantial face. She could have had no notice of our coming, and seemed now only anxious to escape from our observation. We rode on through this marvellously exhilarating pure air, and at another set of yurts were kindly invited to come in and sit down. I was



LANAS AT LAMA MIAO, TOGETHER WITH ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS, IN FRONT  
OF ROOM WHERE WE LUNCED.

*(By the Author.)*



CAMP, ENJOYING SCENE, 1911



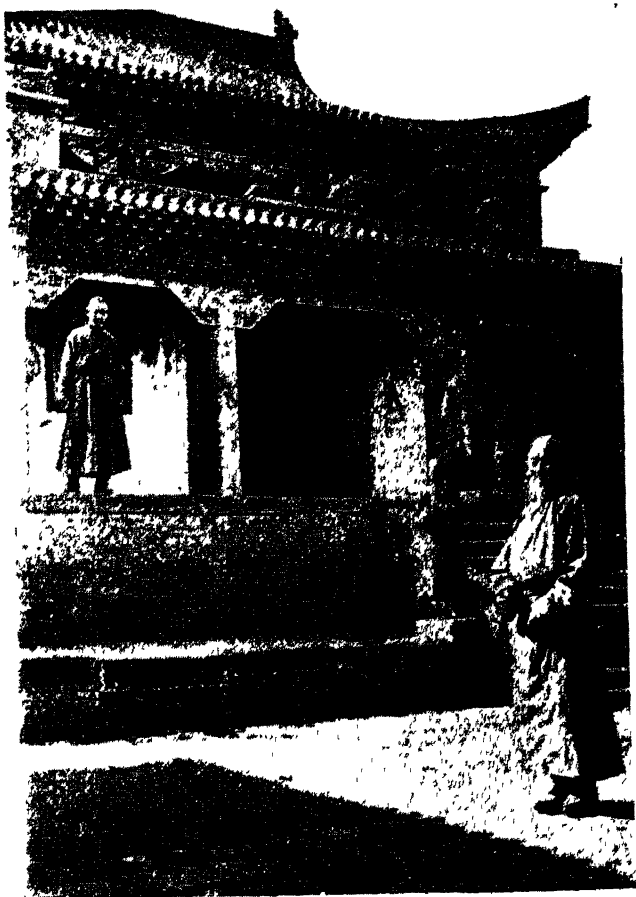
just about to accept the invitation, and finding the two rugs on the floor opposite the entrance somewhat low, was choosing by preference a somewhat higher seat, when fortunately I discovered, before it was too late, that this was the baby's cradle with, not a cushion, but a baby inside it, done up into a very neat, tidy parcel, with a handkerchief over its face. Another bigger baby was then shown me in another cradle in the same house, equally neatly packed up, and of all the babies I have ever seen I soon decided that Mongol babies were the most doll-like. We were treated to milk and to little sour cheeses. In that first tent they certainly did seem dirty, but afterwards they were very nice. In all the yurtas the women, while young, seemed to be of the same sonsy, fair type, as if they might be excellent matrons and mothers. Indeed, even with two days in Mongolia I thought I had learnt the phrase "The baby is crying!" it seemed to come so often, and mothers fled so at once in answer to the summons.

We got to Barotsai Miao for luncheon. There were Obos and Cholens near it, and in many other ways it recalled what we had seen in Tibet. Outside the Temple, high up on the top of the front, there was the wheel of the law with two gilded sheep kneeling, one either side, and inside the arrangement seemed just the same as we remembered there. The chief Lama received us, but did not eat with us, nor would anything induce him to be photographed. But he seemed to become suddenly very much occupied with some business deal with men from afar; and as this was the case everywhere, and at the Peking

hotel we had left there was a Russian carrying on a very large business in cattle and ponies for the army, I have always since connected the evident pre-occupation of the Mongols we came across with the war; whose low, growling menace, as of distant thunder, slowly but steadily growing nearer, was already then beginning to be heard. Some laughing young Lamas led us up the hill, trying hard to make us understand clearly the difference between Cholens and Obos and their signification.

That little Buddhist symbol so often to be seen in the hands of images, not unlike a dumb-bell, is called Dorje, a thunderbolt, and is the Lama's badge and most powerful weapon. Lamaseras are called gompas, gomba signifying a solitary people, but their most amusing phrase is that used for telling their beads, which is called "purring like a cat."

Avalohita means the One who looks down, and is worshipped with a rosary of white disks made of conch shells, whilst it is the demons who prefer disks made out of human skulls, only a special tiny bit of each being used for this purpose. It was Asoka, pronounced Awshok, who inaugurated, B.C. 253-251, the practice of setting up pillars with pious wishes and quotations. The walls made of prayer slates, usual in Tibet rather than in Mongolia, are called *mani*, but there, as in Tibet, every day in every temple of Lamaism a model of the universe is offered to Buddha. It is built up of rice and dough, with much ceremony and muttering of mantras, at the close of which it is presented with the following prayer: "Let all animals enjoy happiness! Let us be delivered



LAMAS IN FRONT OF TEMPLE. TWO SHEEP REPRESENTED  
ON TOP OF PORFICO.

*(By the Author)*





from this delusive world!" If rightly translated, is not this the most strangely beautiful prayer that ever recluses prayed? But one cannot help wondering whether the contrast between *animals* and *us* is intended in the original.

Although we got on to a little elevation by climbing this hill, there seemed nothing different to be seen at the top from what we could see at the bottom. We only saw a long string of thirty or more carts passing close together, and the road—if it was a road—consisting of twenty different cart-ruts alongside of one another spreading out over the plain.

We left about two and got to the chieftain's house we were to stay at about four, having already passed on the way the house of his elder brother, the Lama we had seen in Kalgan. There were stacks and stacks of argols piled before his door, and his servants came running out, whether to give us hospitality or simply to tell us their master was away we could not tell, but it had a very friendly, hospitable air. There the inner part of the house had all been burnt down, and whilst I was wondering how such a great fire could have occurred, I suddenly remembered that our missionary friends had told us that, when they had to fly for their lives across the desert of Obi to Kiachta, the Boxers had carried their hatred of foreigners so far that they had actually gone out a day's journey into the grassland and burnt down this Lama's house, on the ground that he had been too friendly with foreigners. I think this proof of hatred carried out on to the peaceful grassland impressed me more painfully than the far larger ruins of Peking, for one

always understands townspeople getting excited against foreigners and egging one another on, but it seemed appalling to be so hated in what must have been cold blood.

Before arriving at the brother chieftain's house we passed by a handsome Lamaserai. There was a fine picture inside of Paradise, represented by two strongly fortified cities, otherwise, though handsomer, the arrangement was much what I had seen before. Whilst looking at this temple we were being announced, and now came a great disappointment, for the chieftain himself, with his eldest little daughter and his nine hundred horses, was away on a mountain some thirty miles distant seeking after better pasturage. Perhaps the grass is more as I had pictured it most years. Where we were, it had been cropped all the summer through by innumerable camels sent into Mongolia to recover condition. Though a good many camels remain in Peking through the summer, it is generally considered as good as sentencing a camel to a lingering death to keep it there through the great heat. These two-humped Bactrian camels are grand looking creatures when in good condition. Of course, when seen as they are so often, with great lumps of tawny hair clinging on loosely in places and in other parts quite bare, that and their long necks, which they are for ever raising and lowering, all contribute to make of them what is called an ungainly creature. But when one sees them passing in long file against the walls of Peking or some other city of antediluvian character, with the sunset light burnishing their fine, tawny coats, they add an extraordinary beauty and interest by their

long stride to what without them would be a comparatively characterless picture.

Round the Mongol chief's house we only saw herds and flocks pasturing, for it was off the beaten track—a phrase that exactly describes the main road to Kiachta—and this gave it a singularly peaceful, homelike air, which was enhanced, as in his absence his nephew and his steward gave us welcome and the choice of a suite of three rooms. These were really exquisitely furnished according to the fashion of the land, which seems to be to get everything of the best from China, supplementing these luxuries with the finest and most beautiful of Mongol rugs, made into cushions and laid upon the kang, or seats of honour, at one end of the room. There we rested, drinking tea in the Chinese fashion, and, what we enjoyed far more, some delicious fresh milk, brought in presently fresh and warm from the cow. All the women of the household, good-looking, smiling, healthy creatures, passed in to see and to interview us, stroking my hand lovingly, and just as pleased to see strangers as Chinese women are the reverse. The younger daughter of the house, a very pretty girl of about fifteen, came in to do the honours very shyly, and became yet more timid when the men insisted that she should shake hands with me in what they knew to be the English fashion. I realised then for the first time what a very alarming fashion this is, taking forcible hold of another person, and of course that person must at first think, as evidently that young girl did, with an ulterior object of doing something further, else why take hold? I felt her tremble all over as I took her hand in mine.

After pleasant talk, somewhat under difficulties, we went out for a delightful ramble round the place. The head steward took us into his yurta; we saw every one's baby—all charming—drank every one's milk, tasted every one's little sour cheeses, sat on every one's cushions of honour. My hand was fondled all the while by these very good-humoured-looking Mongol women, who reminded me of the Dutch women I have seen in Friesland, only I think they look livelier. Partly, of course, it is the head-dress that causes the resemblance. They all wear chains hanging down on either side of the face with coral ornaments, and this gives somewhat of the same effect as the stiff metal cap—is it not?—in which so many Dutch women's faces are framed.

Although the chieftain has built himself a grand house in the best Chinese style, he also has his yurta, both one for travelling and one much too grand and large to be carried about, but where he receives state visits and holds audiences, as I should imagine from the look of it. We had heard beforehand that his sister, although divorced from her kingly husband, took the lead in the house and was a person of great character, so I repeatedly tried to ask for her. At last there appeared a singularly beautiful woman, dark and striking-looking, with a fine complexion and quite the manners and bearing of a *grande dame*. Besides the usual ornaments on either side of her face, she wore a dark blue silk handkerchief, three yards long, loosely knotted round her head; and seeing I admired the effect, was good enough to undo it and show me how it was twisted. I found she had one

little boy, and asked to see him, on which she was thrown into consternation, explaining gradually that a Mongol boy should never be seen by strangers until he was three years old, and that, therefore, she had remained behind with him and not gone with the rest of the party to the mountain. She then wanted in her turn to know how I had learnt she was there and asked for her, saying that of course she would have come to greet us, but that it really was contrary to all usage for her to leave her little son. I then explained in my turn that I had not known, but had been asking for her sister-in-law, who, I had been told, lived with them, but who, it seemed now, was also away on the mountain; and we then went over some part of the house together, but it was too dark then to see the pictures, some of which we had been told were very fine. And then the lady of the house escaped to watch over her son and heir, not that she did not take the most courteous of leave-takings before leaving us.

These people had mixed too much with Chinese to give us real Mongol food, and it was evident that the nephew, in his frequent visits to Peking, had contracted the Chinese custom of opium-smoking. Although at first he denied it, before he said good night he was asking for a cure for this bad habit, which, we understood, was spreading very much among the Mongols. But one cannot help hoping that glorious air, that lively, smiling womanhood may yet save the race from being ruined by it. Missionaries tell me, however, that the women are anything but the excellent wives and mothers their

appearance led me to think they would be, and that people change and exchange husbands and wives quite as in Russia.

Next day we were up and off with the dawning, the steward and many of the women seeing us off, but not the opium-smoking nephew, who had protested again and again that he would be up. The cattle and sheep in great herds were going out to feed, the long, slanting rays of the just-risen sun lighting up the white fleeces of the sheep, the red sides of the cattle, and the heavy, white dew upon the grass as we rode off carrying that picture with us. The softly-rounded little hills sloped gradually all round into the hollow where the Mongol chieftain's house and the Lamaseraï stood, with beautiful, fresh pastures all round them. What a wonderful load of memories that is that the traveller bears with him, feather-light in the portage, requiring no long train of carrying coolies, but how delightful to turn over and rummage round in! When I am an old woman I often think how I shall close my eyes and see beautiful pictures—Alaska, with its wonderful snow mountains, its fields of ice and ice-floes; Madeira, with its flower gardens and purple lights and shades; Tibet, with its granite mountains, its overfull, foaming, frothing mountain streams and cataracts; the Yangtse gorges in their august grandeur—ah! and I shall hear then the roar of the rapids, the shouting of the men, the beating of the drums! And now, too, I hope to see the wild Loess country, the Great Wall careering over the mountain-tops, and the pleasant pasture-lands of Mongolia, with their life-giving air,



GARDEN BY TEMPLE ENTRANCE  
(By the Author)



MONGOL CHIEFTAIN'S CATTLE AND SHEEP GOING OUT TO FEED AT EARLY DAWN.  
STEWARD IN FOREGROUND, TEMPLE IN DISTANCE.





far more exhilarating than the finest champagne. But do people ever live to be old now? Do they not just drop by the wayside, working breathlessly, as they have lived, and with no time for memories? I remember an old Cossack woman, with a face a perfect network of wrinkles, sitting behind double windows closely sealed, in a Siberian village. She was sitting there quite still, doing nothing, in the best house of the village, and she looked so wonderfully old I could not resist nodding and smiling to her; and her face lighted up with a sudden illumination, and the good old grandmother smiled back at me, for that language is understood of all the world. She evidently had time to remember; but does that ever come to the like of us?

As we rode on to the higher land, where it had been so cold the day before, and became exposed to the north wind, it was again so cold that I lay down in a little hollow in the ground and tried to get warmth out of it. After that my husband insisted that I should accept one of our soldiers' offer of his fur coat. Doubtless it was very dirty, but how comfortingly warm it was! We noticed now that every one we met coming into Mongolia had a fur coat somewhere or other, and realised that I was much too lightly clad. We passed again by camel encampments, just like the pictures one so often has seen, and saw little mobs of ponies brought in. My husband cantered away over the grassland to see various points of view, and after the willing donkey had done his very best to canter too, I sent him home, and on foot once more climbed the Great Wall

to see the same wondrous panorama of the night before from a slightly different view-point. Thus quite by chance I stumbled upon the one sight we had been told of and not yet managed to see—some very large, peculiarly-shaped mounds on an elevation just within the Great Wall, overlooking all the storm-tossed country below, and said to be the graves of forgotten kings.

“My name is Ozymandias, King of kings;  
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!”

The lines had been haunting me all the while ; they now seemed more applicable than ever. For some time I sat there and meditated on “the deaths of kings” and such-like great matters, then went running down the hillside, afraid that I had missed my time, for we had to be back in Kalgan that night, and were returning to Hannör by a slightly different route.

The long, dry, dusty road down the defile seemed drearier and more arid than ever, but it was lightened up for us by one most extraordinary sight. Just as we turned the corner by the pretty temple mentioned before, we came upon a great company of men carrying what seemed to me the most unheard-of cargo—each man two eagles! All, men and eagles alike, were seated upon the ground when we first caught sight of them, and the men said they were taking the birds into Mongolia to recover their plumage, and that they were kept in Peking for the purpose of making eagle-feather fans ; but other people told us afterwards that the birds were being taken to catch hares and other game for their masters,

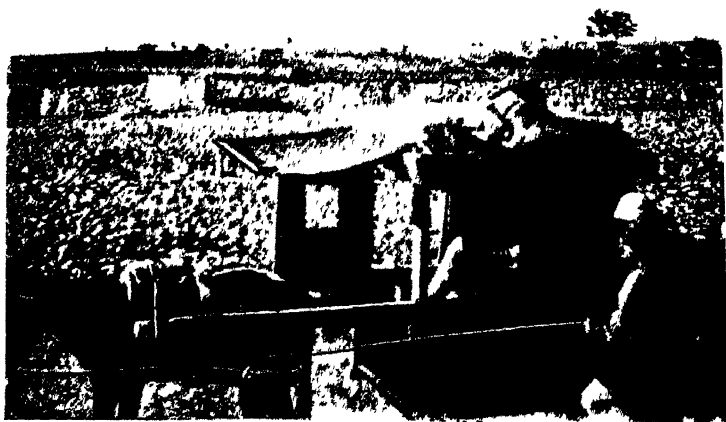
and possibly also to catch more eagles. Probably both stories were correct, and both agreed that the whole party was to come back in December. Only one very big eagle was hooded, and I was able to walk in and out among them and look at them closely, but when I asked if it were safe to stroke one, the men exclaimed in horror, "They eat flesh!" Presently the men got up and went off, carrying their burdens—about forty very large eagles and forty smaller ones. The smaller birds sat each upon a basket dangling from the man's shoulder-pole, which basket was apparently full of something or other—I could not see what—but the larger eagles sat on the poles at the other end, and it was amusing to see them turning round and balancing themselves and generally settling themselves comfortably before setting off. The men seemed not to have the least anxiety lest these fierce creatures with their powerful beaks should each take a nip out of the cheek nearest them as they went along. How a boy must delight in it when he is chosen to be of the company that takes eagles for a few months into Mongolia to recruit!

On the further journey from Kalgan to Peking, whilst we were delaying in an inn, seeing a thunder-storm approaching, we again saw a strange company, but not so strange as this. There rode into the inn yard some wild-looking men, then a Lama all clad in red—this dress seems exactly to resemble the toga of the ancient Romans—and then, with many wild grooms and other following, about a hundred unbroken ponies, brought in as tribute to the Emperor

from Takulo, near Chakutu. This sight, again, seemed to make ancient history living.

In Kalgan itself we went for some delightful walks, gathered handfuls of those white everlastings that look like silver all through the winter, if gathered early enough, the liquorice plant, the plant with very hard, sharp, bur-like seeds that cut the bicycle tyres, and the curious little parasite that grows so abundantly upon it. We saw also cotton cloth being dyed red with logwood, a pale pink at first, then getting deeper red with exposure to the sun and wind. The dippings have to be repeated till the right shade is obtained. The logwood is brought in in bundles of dry twigs. Blue of a very vivid hue was being dyed alongside. We only saw two good race ponies, but we did not get up in the early morning to visit either of the two horse markets, being told there would be no good ponies there. We had seen some beauties being brought in as we travelled back, and longed to trade, if only we had not been but passers-by in such regions, and our home in the far-away west of China, where for local use the exquisitely formed and perfectly gentle little Szechuan ponies cannot be beaten. We met a gay crowd coming out of a theatre, just as we were ourselves about to enter a very low, dark, covered passage through which they were all pouring. I suppose it was for purposes of defence Kalgan had these very lowly passage-ways and gates, where one man could hold an army at bay.

The ever-ready hospitality of American missionaries, putting both their spotlessly clean house and their



DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNTAINS, STONY PLAIN AND MULE LITTER.

*(By the Author )*





stock of local knowledge, acquired during some twenty years' residence, all alike at our disposition, had made our stay there so agreeable that it was most reluctantly we turned to leave Kalgan, which I still look upon as a most agreeable residence. Has enough recognition ever been shown of the kindness with which missionaries all the world over put the very best they have, often acquired at more trouble than is realised, at the disposition of the passing traveller, often one whose way of life and the general trend of whose thoughts are not at all in harmony with theirs? Travellers everywhere seem to me to ask very much and return very little, nor does it ever seem to occur to them that perhaps the missionary, when he, too, arrived a stranger, thought of the people of the place and the best way to treat them much as he does, and that he himself might perhaps change some of his lively views with twenty or so years of residence?

The road back was not so exciting as it had been in coming, but it seemed to me now I counted ten Great Walls, and the Nankow Pass was just as picturesque, just as interesting as the first time. One could never see that too often any more than the delightful Western Hills. But in all the descriptions I have read of Central Asian travel it has always appeared to me there must be long, very uninteresting stretches of country, which must make repeated travel a weariness to the flesh; and I now felt quite as if we had experimented on a little bit of Central Asia. The road to Kalgan and beyond was certainly as unlike the parts of China I already knew as it was unlike England. And now it is a memory—a memory that still makes my pulses thrill as I think of it.



## XI

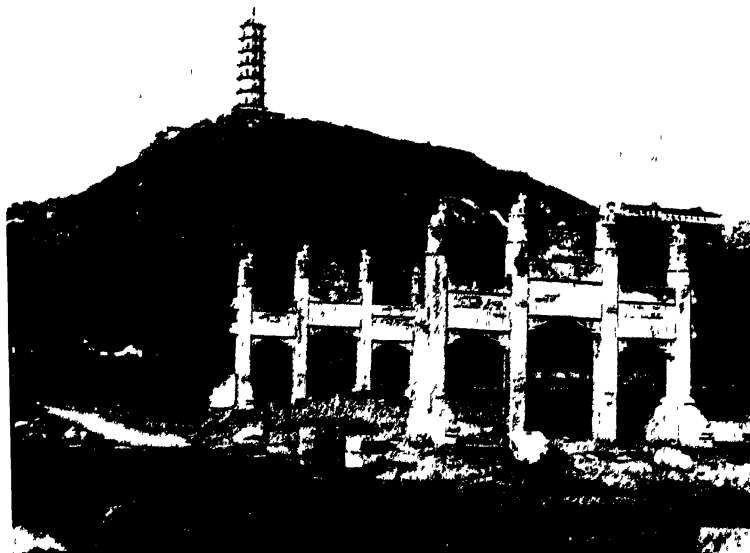
### *AMONG PEKING PALACES*

*October 5th.*

ONE of the excursions from Peking that no traveller should omit is to the Yuchuan Shan, the little hill or chain of little hills—for it has as many tops as a Chinese pen-rest—about two miles beyond the Summer Palace of Wanshou Shan. A ricscha for the day, including tips to three runners, is to be had for five shillings, for which sum the poor men will run faster even than seems safe; especially if, as when we went, it is a festival and the road is thronged; women with violently rouged faces, and the high Manchu head-dress of two bows of hair crowning their heads; little boys with long necklaces of the large, round, red hips, that are called sanjio, when they are made into tarts. It took us an hour to reach the outside gate of the Tartar city. Then our panting men pulled up for a few minutes' rest opposite the pleasant-looking pavilions where the Empress is supposed to pause for tea on her goings to and fro. We looked longingly at the pleasant willow-shaded road by the canal, which would also take us past that beautiful, almost antediluvian monster, the Five Pagoda Temple (Wutahssu) with its



WHEEL OF THE LAW PAGODA AT SUMMER PALACE.  
*(By the Author)*



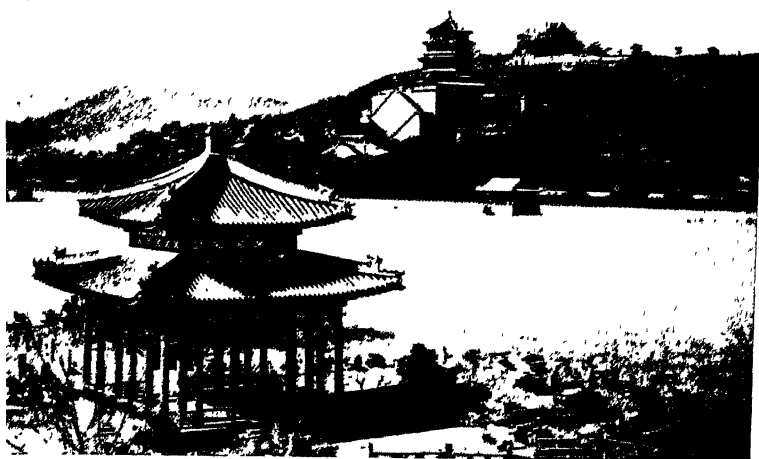


memories of India, but probably that road was longer, and it would certainly be heavier-going. So we went on full split along the stone-paved Imperial highway, meeting much strange baggage and some curious-looking people of various nationalities, till suddenly a little crowd round a garden to the left made it evident something was going on. And dismounting we found an elephant walking about, a baby camel that was made to cry for our benefit by its keepers, and a lion and a tiger, each already packed in a big packing-case and mounted on a cart. It was the Circus, that had been playing before the Court—the first ever to play before the Chinese Court—that was coming away, and the strange people and baggage were thus now accounted for.

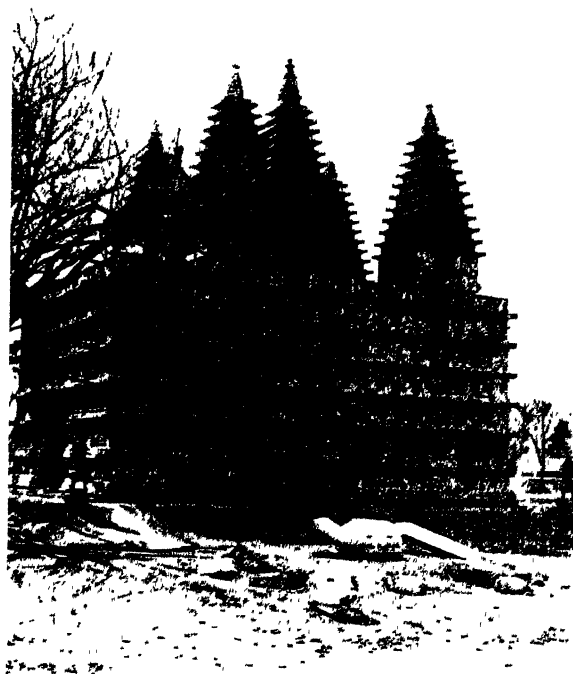
There were crowds of gaily-dressed people round the entrance to the Summer Palace, but at every gateway soldiers with swords forbade admission. And we sped on our way, till, as we got to the north of the hill, on which the Palace is built, we became aware that even thus passing by we could see the whole northern slope of the Palace, with all the many very various ornamental buildings upon it—a pagoda decorated with the Wheel of the Law, conspicuous among them, and the, alas! partially destroyed ten thousand Buddha Temple on the top of the hill crowning the whole. The trees were fine, and further entrances behind an ornamental piece of water certainly looked as if one could walk in by them. The sentries now seemed no longer on the defensive, not springing forward waving their swords directly they caught sight of us.

However, without risking a defeat, we proceeded along a road, that was no longer kept in good repair as for the Court's passage, and, arrived at the gates of one of the three Palaces built on the Yüchuan, were firmly and very decidedly refused admission by a young man, who said he was the porter. I had somehow managed to pacify him, and was effecting a passage beyond the reach of his forbidding arm, when my friend's coolies in the most maladroit, insolent fashion barred the way, all clamouring for money to get themselves food, having already refused the 20 cents each that had been offered to them. For a little time it seemed as if we really were to be shut out, all thanks to the misbehaviour of these impertinent fellows. But a lull occurring, I managed to break through the crowd so as to be able to appeal to a man who was evidently a little higher in position than the so-called porter. "Ah! you want to get some water from our spring. It is excellent!" said he, catching sight of a bottle one of my men was carrying. "Then come in, but only one man must go with you." Thus we got in, as by a subterfuge, and one of our men, and one of their men as a guide, accompanied us.

There were beautiful trees inside and a lake, and many relics of the grand days of old, when the Palaces were built. There were caves above the bubbling spring, and in the caves images, one of Tara, as she seems to be called in India, with one foot dangling, the other turned up, showing its sole, as it rested on the other knee, her face turned almost looking over her left shoulder, the chin tilted, the lips parted with



SUMMER PALACE, SOUTH SIDE





a scornful smile. Above the caves again there were temples, and above them again a pagoda, the most exquisitely beautiful pagoda I have ever seen. It is in the best style of Chinese art, and must date from the same epoch as the beautiful memorial at the Yellow Temple. Many of the decorative designs upon it are identical, only there is always a little more ornamentation added. Animals stood on the waves of the sea, carved in marble round the base of the pagoda, an elephant, a horse, and the like. In the end we thought they might be all the signs of the Zodiac. Then the whole pagoda, seven-storeyed but of slight build, stands upon a gigantic lotus flower, the petals of which are again carved into all manner of beautiful devices. On the different faces of the pagoda below the lotus flower there are very beautiful representations of Tara again, of Puhsien seated on a lotus flower, and that again upon the back of the elephant, on which he is believed to have come riding back from India bringing the prayer-books, till then unknown, and which he is related to have dried upon the wonderful flat top, encircled by precipices, of the Dry Prayer-Book Mountain, or Washan, in Szechuan.

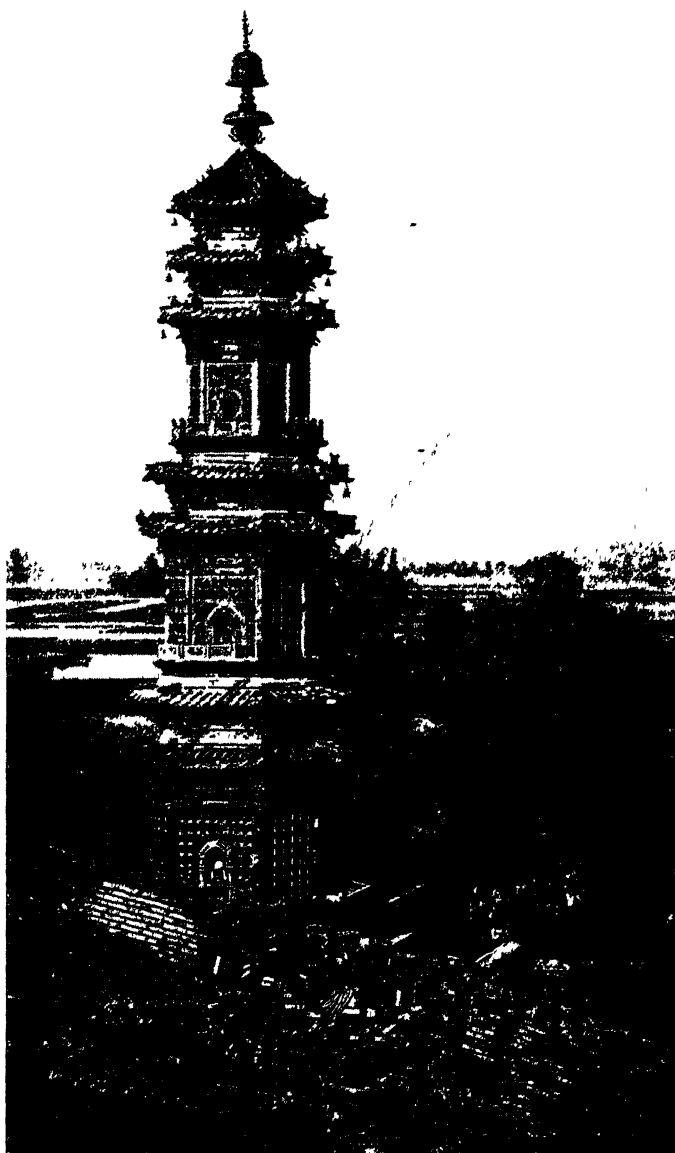
There is also Kwanyin, the goddess of mercy, and Kwanti, the god of war. The workmanship was the finest I had yet seen on a pagoda. Below us to the west was a palace enclosure with again the loveliest pagoda, built of shining encaustic bricks beautifully coloured, and roofed with glittering tiles, gold, blue, green. On the highest top of the hill stood another seven-storeyed pagoda, but painted grey and yellow and not remarkable. The all-round view, however, was



beautiful, and the more interesting in that at one side it commanded the whole extent of the Wan shou Shan, or Summer Palace grounds, so that we could see and appreciate the plan, note the shape of the lake, the positions of the bridges, as also the island with the bijou Palace. Then, looking further across the plain, we could discern the Coal Hill and the lofty gate towers of Peking, whilst on the other side the Western Hills were spread out before us, with beautiful Pi-yun-ssu and Wo-fo-ssu and their eastern slopes, also the glittering yellow and green-tiled Imperial hunting-box and the ruins of the British Legation; whilst high up on the back of a hill to the north-west showed out against the sky a curious mass of masonry that I have been assured since was a fortification.

From where we stood we could see two official walls running zig-zag up the hillside, and many an old watch tower. The Peking plain must often have been fought over, and in what a position we stood to survey a battle! We turned to wander through the brilliantly, if not too tastefully, painted galleries of the Empress's pleasure-house, built upon the top of a stately wall, and gazed down on some buildings at the foot of the western slope, which I have ever since regretted not going down to examine more minutely, as they seemed to match the lovely little pagoda built of encaustic bricks.

On the return journey we diverged from the road to the left in order to visit the ruins of Yuen-ming Yuen, the original Summer Palace, sacked by the British and French in 1860. At first we found ourselves among long grass and cornbrakes, and after wandering



YU CHUAN SHAN : PAGODA OF FINEST ENCAUSTIC TILES.



about for over an hour thought there could be nothing left of the Palace. But in the end we came upon the remains, and very stately they were, in the Italian Renaissance style, many buildings, and all with two-fold staircases leading up to them. Every here and there beautiful bits of carving remained, and here and again a hanging cluster of plaster flowers, coloured blue and red, yellow and violet. At one entrance there were two niches, and in either what looked like a lofty white plaster candlestick, only there was obviously no room for the candle. Then we thought it was a flower decoration till we noticed the holes in the canopy above, and gradually became aware we were evidently looking at one of the many water-jets the Chinese Emperor of that day had commissioned a Roman Catholic Father to make for him, despite the latter's protestations of ignorance. There was something particularly touching in finding this elaborate fantasy of a play fountain among the ruins, overgrown with weeds and tares.

Coming back through the cornbrakes, the boys, who guided us, shouted, and clouds of fieldfares, that had evidently retired there to sleep, rose up with a great whirring of wings and much confusion. Our ricscha men hurried all they could, but it was dark for an hour before we reached home. However, they bought a lantern and trundled us safely in and out amongst the devious dirty lanes, so narrow, with such abrupt turns, of the Tartar city. It seemed pitiful to pass through these so narrow lanes that had been squalid, when the Palaces we had been visiting had been in all their magnificence, and were squalid still,

but yet still existing, when we had returned from visiting the Palace in ruins. Thus the life of the toilers continues drab and dreary with a uniform monotony, whilst monarchs, the exceptional ones, pass through so many vicissitudes. It seems to be ever the barefoot pass the most light-heartedly. We were, however, somewhat too anxious, creeping through Peking in the dark, with its many ruts and holes and quagmires, even to moralise upon our day passed among Palaces in ruins.

It was a Ming Emperor who built the first Palace on the Yu Chuan Hill; he laid out the gardens and arranged the grottoes, from which issued a magnificent stream of water. Kang-hi finished the Palace by adding to it several temples, one in honour of Buddha; one to the Spirit of the Mountain; lastly, a very lofty pavilion of many storeys. There was also a fountain rising to the height of a foot and a half; its waters mingled with those of the spring already mentioned, then divided into two limpid streams, one flowing to the south-east, the other to the south-west.

It is perhaps significant that the present Summer Palace is the only one of the Peking sights that dates from the present Tsing, or Manchu dynasty.

In the opinion of the late Monseigneur Favier it would, however, alone suffice to render several reigns illustrious. We read in the Jesia: "Kang-hi dwelt in the Summer Palace called Chang-chuen Yuen (Garden of Perpetual Spring); he received there the Ambassadors, Legates, and Envoys sent by foreign countries. About five hundred yards to the north was another

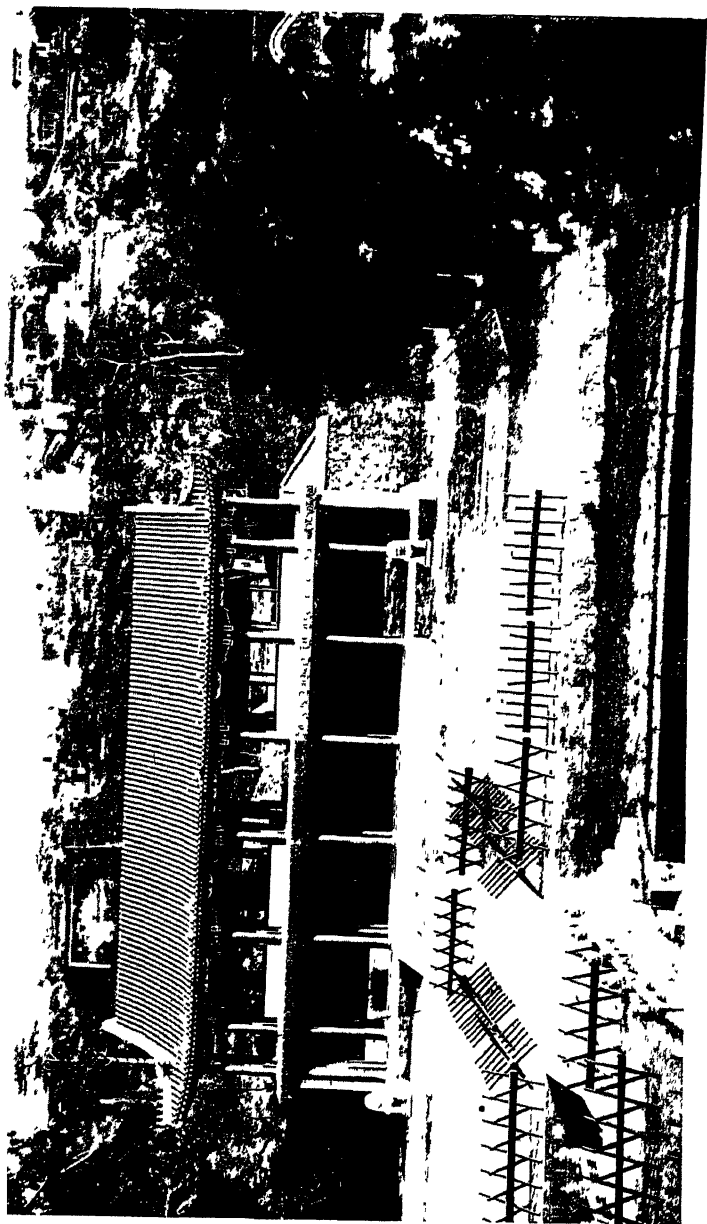
garden called Yuen-ming Yuen ; this name was given to it by Kang-hi. In the forty-eighth year of his reign Kang-hi made a present of his dwelling to his fourth son, Yung-chêng, who was to be his successor. Chien-lung, who succeeded him again, joined the principal buildings together and called them both Yuen-ming Yuen."

In the second year of his reign this Emperor charged several of the Roman Catholic Fathers, together with Chinese officials, to draw out general plans and build him several pavilions in the European style, which was done under the direction of Père Benoit, according to the designs of Frère Castiglione. The former wrote from Peking in 1767 :—

"Six miles from the Capital the Emperor has a country house, where he passes the greater part of the year, and he works day and night to further beautify it. To form any idea of it one must recall those enchanted gardens which authors of vivid imagination have described so agreeably. Canals winding between artificial mountains form a network through the gardens, in some places passing over rocks, and there forming lakes or seas according to their size. Devious paths winding up the mountains lead to enchanting Palaces ; that destined for the Emperor and his Court is immense, and within is to be found all that the whole world contains of curious and rare. Besides this Palace there are many others in the gardens, some beside a vast extent of water, some on islands contrived in the middle of the lakes, others on the slope of some hills or in pleasant valleys. It is for these gardens that the Emperor,

wishing to build an European Palace, thought of adorning it both inside and out with fountains, of which he gave me the direction, in spite of all my representations as to my want of knowledge."

Frère Attiret gives further details in a letter of November 1st, 1743: "All the mountains and hills are covered with trees, especially with flowering trees, which are here very common; it is a real earthly Paradise. The canals are edged with stone, not, as with us, cut to measure, but quite in a rustic fashion, with bits of rock, of which some are pushed forward, others drawn back with so much art that one would declare it was Nature's handiwork. Sometimes the canal is wide, sometimes narrow; here it winds, there it turns a corner as if forced to do so by the hills and rocks. The edges are sown with flowers, which grow out of the rocks as if the work of Nature; there are some for every season. All the façade of the Palace is columns and windows, the woodwork gilded, painted, and varnished, the walls of grey bricks well cut and well polished, the roofs covered with encaustic tiles, red, yellow, blue, and violet, which by their mixture and arrangement make an agreeable variety. None of the buildings have an upper storey. Each valley has its *maison de plaisance*, small in comparison with the whole enclosure, but in itself large enough to lodge one of our greatest European grandes with all his suite. Several of these houses are built of cedar-wood brought from a distance of five hundred leagues. . . . There are more than two hundred palaces, without counting the houses for the eunuchs. The canals are crossed by bridges . . . with balustrades of white



NORTHERN SLOPE OF SUMMER PALACE, RAVAGED BY ENGLISH AND FRENCH TROOPS IN 1860, AS SEEN FROM ROAD.  
*o face p. 170.*





marble carved in bas-relief, and always different in their construction. Some have little pavilions either at the end or in the middle. But the real jewel is an island or rock of a wild and natural form, which rises in the middle of the lake, and on which is built a bijou Palace, in which, however, there are a hundred rooms. It has four fronts, and is of such beauty and taste as I cannot describe; the view from it is lovely."

He goes on to compare the Palace for size with the town of Dôle, and is enthusiastic about the furniture, ornaments, pictures, precious woods, Japanese and Chinese lacquer, ancient porcelain vases, silks, and gold and silver stuffs. But the good man winds up with: "*Il n'y a ici qu'un homme c'est l'Empereur. Tout est fait pour lui seul; cette superbe maison de plaisance n'est guere vue que de lui et de son monde, il est rare que dans ses palais et ses jardins il introduise ni princes, ni grands au delà des salles d'audience.*"

So far have the Emperors of China strayed from the teachings of Mencius, who said to one of the feudal princes of the period: "You have a hunting park ten miles square, and the people complain of your extravagance. Duke Hwai has a park twenty miles square, and his people all love him and rejoice in it. For, whilst you shut up your park and enjoy it yourself alone, Duke Hwai throws his open; so, the more delightful he makes it, the more pleasure they have out of it, and the more they love him." The Palace of Yuen-ming Yuen was sacked and burnt by the English and French in August, 1860.

A little care at first might have rebuilt it at small cost, but this was not given. Part of the Summer Palace of Wan-shou Shan has been restored and redecorated by the Dowager Empress Tse-hsi (Yehonala is her family name); but the work done under this reign seems very inferior to the beautiful fragments still left standing in ruins on the farther side of the hill. It was again greatly damaged in 1900, when the soldiers of many nations seem to have taken delight in shivering mirrors with their bayonets, and every head within reach was knocked off the yellow porcelain Buddhas outside the beautiful Myriad Buddha Temple that crowns the hill. The wonderfully life-like old bronze ox lying by the lakeside, and some of the marble bridges, are the most noteworthy objects in what otherwise seems like a glorified Rosherville, though rendered very charming by its situation and the art with which the Chinese adapt buildings to their positions. The marble boat, not in itself very beautiful, is entirely spoilt by the European Café Restaurant erected upon it during the present reign. There is a similar marble boat at Nanking, in the Palace of the first Ming Emperor there. Unfortunately, to see the Summer Palace an invitation must be obtained to one of the many audiences or luncheon-parties the Dowager Empress arranges for her foreign friends. And one can no longer wander through it at one's own sweet will, as in 1901. It is for this reason that we so specially enjoyed our day among the two other ruined Palaces with views over that restored for the Empress's delight.

## XII

### *THE HSILING, OR WESTERN TOMBS*

*October 11th-13th.*

A DREAM of gorgeous red and orange and yellow, shrined among soft dark waves of forest firs, standing out against a range of barrier mountains, escarped, precipitous, gleaming white where the sun's rays catch upon the outstanding rocks, but shading off into blue and yet bluer tones, like the soft bosom feathers of some beautiful bird for colouring ; just as the glowing temples in the foreground resemble a covey of the golden pheasants of Western China, all brilliant in the sunshine. Between them and the beholder marble bridges gleaming white, and straight stone paths, also white, leading onward to the more sacred precincts of the tombs ; these latter guarded by large squared doors of brilliant sealing-wax red, brass-bound, and studded with great brass bosses, august in the rigidity of their angles, austere in their outlines, too brilliant in their colouring to be forbidding, yet decidedly not inviting. Engirdling the tombs walls of deep red, a red that shows richly from beneath the great boughs of the firs, with here and there a white-stemmed poplar, its leaves

yellowed already by autumn and flashing in the sunshine. Such is the picture stored in my memory of the Chang Ling, the Emperor Kia Ching's tomb, as we stood upon the more distant bridge, at our backs the grand Dragon and Phoenix gate, and the procession of stone men and animals outside it. These last are not impressive from their great size, like the Ming tombs at Nanking, nor are they works of art as at those near Peking. There is only one of each kind instead of four, with one pavilion enclosing a memorial tablet, standing on a monster's back, and, as is usual, surrounded by four tall pillars, engirdled by writhing dragons and griffin-topped. But beyond this there is a peaceful, long-shaped square, cut out of the surrounding forest, at which the wide road may be said to start or to terminate. And about that silent space among the trees there is a repose and a poetry which makes that open place, where nothing is, a very present memory also. The mind turns to it as for rest from the other picture, almost overlaid with colour, which I have tried to describe.

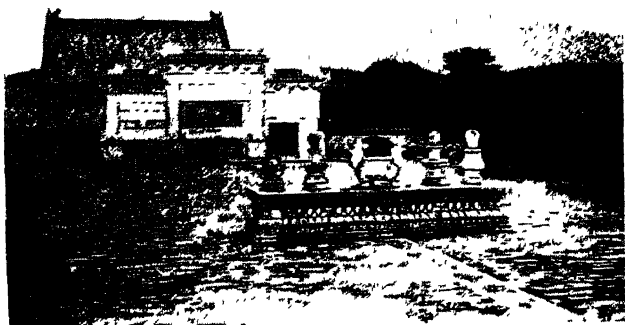
The Emperor Yung Ching's grave, the Tailing, is grander than that of Kia Ching. Everything is on a slightly grander, larger, fuller scale. Were ever roof-tiles a more glorious orange? Did ever roof gleam more golden? There is, moreover, one quiet, solemn feature about it that especially appeals to the imagination. When you have passed through the underground passage, and climbed one or other of the two stairways leading to the terrace on which the memorial tablet stands, by following a carefully laid out path with marble railing you can walk right round the



WESTERN TOMBS.  
(By Dr. Redelsperger.)



WESTERN TOMBS. TEMPLE BEFORE TOMB.  
(By Dr. Redelsperger.)





large tree-clad hill, raised over the grave itself, and on either side find a marble gate standing wide open as if inviting entrance to the hill, the very tomb of the great Manchu ruler. Whilst looking over the marble railing you see down, far down into another jealously-walled enclosure—even the little door that admits to it is tiled with Imperial yellow—and all round the gravehill this enclosure follows, forming a complete girdle. It is as if the Manchus both sought specially to guard their sovereign's grave and yet not to prevent nearest possible, loving approach. In all other respects the arrangement of these tombs exactly resembles that of the Chinese Ming Emperors. There are the same shrines for burning paper, all built of yellow, encaustic bricks, the same solemn grove in the inner courtyard, the same stone copies of sacrificial vessels before the tomb—but low down among the courtyard trees and far away. There, however, all is in ruins; here all is brilliant as if made yesterday, with the trees still growing here as they have been at least for two hundred years—since Yung Ching's grave was prepared. The marble bridges are not broken down, but gleaming white. The blue and the green and the red paint are all there, and the brasses bright, as if the enfolding papers had only just been stripped off.

The halls to the right on entering from outside, where the sacrifices are prepared, are still there; the sacrifices were also, when we visited the temples, two sheep still whole, many other carcasses cut up, one large vessel full of livers and internal organs of various kinds. Over a hundred oxen, we were told,



are sacrificed here yearly, and as we drove down the valley we met the Imperial herds and flocks kept for the purpose, black oxen and white sheep. The road from the railway terminus, rather over two miles from the outside wall of the tomb's enclosure, leads past several walled enclosures on the right, all full of little houses, inhabited by officials belonging to the Board of Rites, one of the seven great Boards. Within the wall there is still a long and beautiful drive beneath the stately trees, with fresh looking little houses here and there, in which live forest-wardens to take care of the trees. Two little boys were our guides, and led us from tomb to tomb, telling us the names of the trees, and generally asking and giving information. There are but three Emperors of the present dynasty buried at the Western Tombs—the other five rest at the Eastern Tombs—and the Muling, Tao Kuang's tomb, is some three miles distant from the two others, and less beautiful, with no hall, and the trees much smaller. He died in 1851. A man walked about with us all the afternoon carrying some dozen dry mushrooms strung on a string, and we met more than one peasant with a large basket full of mushrooms of all sizes and colours, some one would be inclined to call simply fungi, but all evidently intended for eating. All this added to the autumnal colouring.

We crossed two streams on our way, and passed by a brilliantly-coloured temple of the God of War, the special patron of the present dynasty. There were some fine bits of scenery, and the views of the mountains were particularly beautiful. To the east a wild romantic defile apparently led through them, and

straight in front a pillar of rock stood up against the sky as if it were exactly behind Kia Ching's tomb as we approached. By the railway station there were fine trees, and among them a lamaseraï freshly restored, with specimens both of the present Empress Dowager's writing and Chienlung's. There were also five Buddhas of more than life-size, sitting very still in the long-shaped highly-coloured Lama halls, as also diminutive Buddhas made of jade, and with real jewels in their necklaces. We were shown a picture, which was pushed back and revealed behind it a little quiet sanctuary, where we were told the present Emperor had retired to rest when last here. The Lamas pointed to a pillow on the floor, and the carter who drove us talked lovingly of the place where the Emperor had slept. We also saw where he had sat, and the beautiful lacquer table that was placed beside him.

It was for his suite on the occasion of the ceremonial visits to the tombs we understood the two rows of corrugated iron buildings had been erected, in one of which we were kindly assigned a lodging-place for the night, quite clean and airy, but without furniture except what was brought in for the occasion.

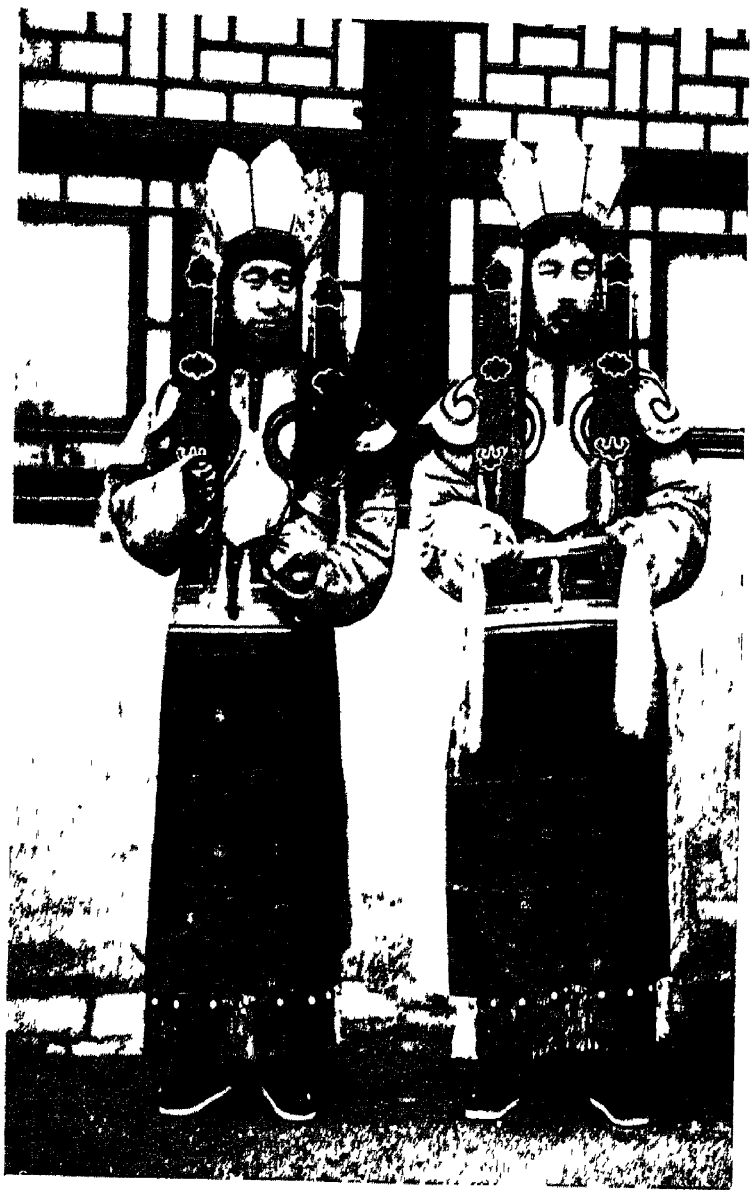
The railway arrangements were then somewhat inconvenient, but the service is likely to be rendered much more comfortable if, as projected, the company that now manages the Peking-Hankow line takes over the little branch line. The traveller can, however, now leave Peking at 1.25, and return there again at 11.18, two days later, having had the whole of the intervening day to wander about in the woods and

enjoy the colour delights of the Manchu Emperors' tombs, considering the while whether "thus would I wish to be gathered together when turned into bones," or whether Diogenes is more to be approved "who willed his friend not to bury him, but to hang him up, with a staffe in his hand, to frighten away the crows." Anyway, "the greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man."

The day of great tombs, and satisfaction in looking forward to the gratitude and appreciation of posterity, seems to have passed ; though the day for conducting all life so as to meet the approval of each man's inner voice, guardian angel or conscience, be not yet quite arrived. Yet all through the centuries—

"Hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."





TWO MONGOL LAMAS IN ONE OF THEIR STRANGE DRESSES.

### XIII

#### *LAMA AND CONFUCIAN TEMPLES*

ONE of the favourite sights of Peking is the little group of buildings known to travellers as the Lama Temple, the Confucian Temple, and the Hall of the Classics. They lie all together at one end of the Hatamen Street, one of the greatest thoroughfares in Peking. The little lane in which our garden was situated led into this street, and one of my favourite wanderings was round the great Yung-ho Kung, which is but one of the many Lama Temples in Peking. In old days it was almost impossible to enter it, and yet harder to get out. One Russian gentleman had visited it several times, and occasionally conducted friends, using as a passport, amongst other things, a box of Huntley and Palmer's sugared biscuits, of which the living Buddha, then resident there, seems to have been specially fond. But even he had had gate beyond gate shut in his face as he tried to come out, whilst fierce Mongol Lamas jeeringly asked how much he would pay to get them opened, so that when we visited Peking for the first time he had decided never to venture again to expose himself to such

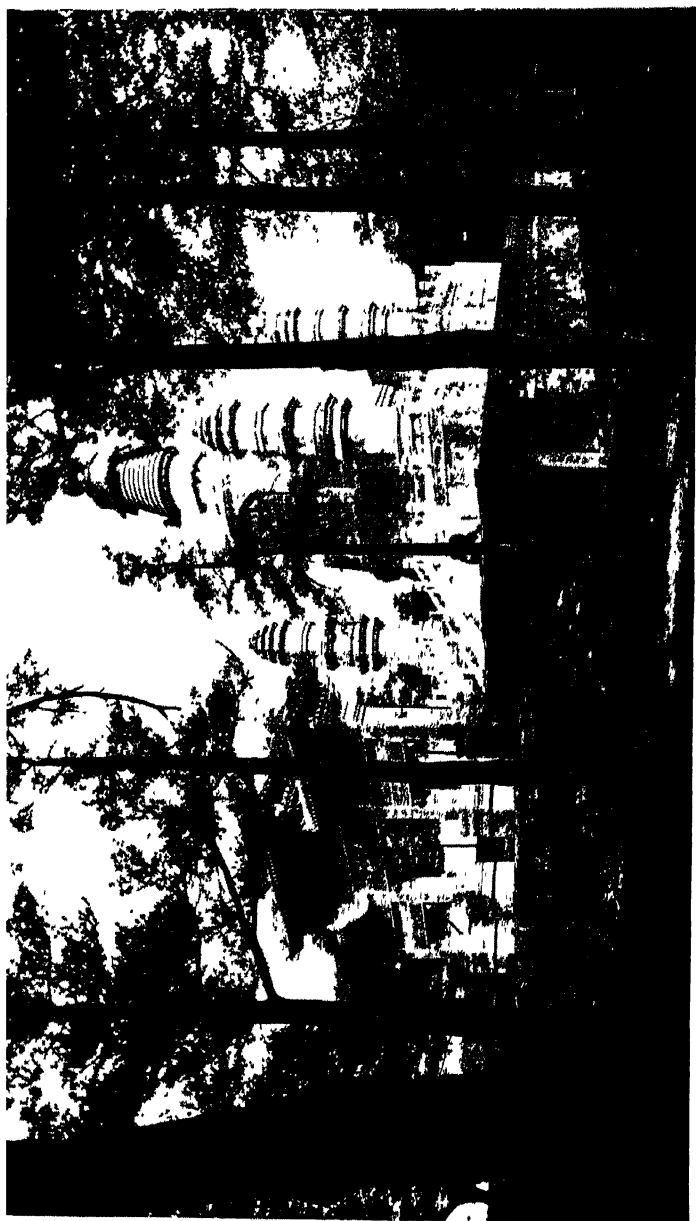
treatment. Endless stories were told of the brutality and effrontery of the monks, some of which form the basis of that very thrilling romance, "The Swallow's Wing," by Mr. Hannan, which sometimes I can hardly help thinking of as true—it reads so very like truth to those who penetrated within the Yung-ho Kung in the early days of 1901, when first it was thrown open to the world by the armies of eight nations. Now pictures and images, that then so painfully impressed me, have been removed or curtained. But enough remains to make the tales one used to hear sound credible, although, now that foreigners can go freely in and out, it is hard for them to realise the extraordinary interest with which this Temple was regarded but a few years ago. We must make the most of the few forbidden places left to us, they are so few, and the world promises to be so much less alluring when all freely open to the general public. The charm of the forbidden, that leads to so much devouring of unripe apples in early youth, still holds good for later years. And to the end of time the sight we may not see will probably be the sight that haunts our dreams.

Notwithstanding, however, that I was quite free to do so, I used greatly to delight in taking a little jinricksha from our garden down the dusty, crowded thoroughfare, and then, having run the gauntlet of the noisy, impudent boys, who still make the entrance disagreeable as the villainous-faced, rowdy monks used to do, wandering hither and thither through the grand courtyards and in and out of the Temples. That which I generally avoided, but which every traveller has to see, is the Temple where a colossal Buddha

(Maitreya, the coming Buddha) towers up through three storeys. He is seventy feet high, and of very evil countenance, such as it can do the soul no good to gaze upon. Ascending a crooked, rickety staircase—it is amazing how many people do not care to mount it—one comes upon gigantic prayer-wheels, or rather closets full of prayers, one turn of which must surely put innumerable petitions into motion. The horror of relying upon such mechanical, meaningless supplication overwhelms one as one does so, yet in a long lifetime how many prayers has one oneself not uttered which were quite as little accompanied by the devotion of the heart! We only realise the enormity of our own sins when we see them *in others*. And here they certainly appear magnified before us as we go out on to the balcony to look at the prospect, and gain some solace for our wounded self-esteem. Who could fail to find solace contemplating that prospect? When an architect achieves a building all the proportions of which are in perfect harmony, it is as if some grand tune had been solidified in stone to soothe and to exalt throughout the ages. The Chinese instinctively seized from the first the beauty of proportion as the ground root of all beauty in architecture. Confused by multiplicity of details, modern architects seem to have lost their grip of this. Chinese also particularly excel in roofs, and from this balcony we look out not only upon the grand courtyard, but upon the exceptionally beautiful roof, with dormer windows diversifying its lines, of the real Yung-ho Kung, built for the son of Kanghi, and transformed by his son again into a magnificent Temple served by three



thousand Mongol Lamas. At the head of them was a living incarnation of Buddha, who, as in his turn he died, used always to be transported to the sacred Wutai mountain in Shansi to be buried. It is the rule in China that a Palace that has been inhabited by an Emperor should, so soon as he ascends the throne, be changed into a Temple, no mere mortal being a worthy successor to him who has become the Son of Heaven. The Hall inside the building we are looking down upon has been pronounced by some German critics finer than any of the far-famed Temple Halls in Japan. I cannot myself, however, see that it compares with that in the eastern portion of the Yellow Temple outside the walls of Peking, which last also was far more beautifully decorated in the barbaric Mongol style. The Yellow Temple was built for their princes to stay in when they came each year to offer tribute. It is a pity that visitors do not study these Eastern and Western Halls, the latter, alas! with its magnificent square entrance porch now ruined, as they all go to see the wonderful white marble monument erected by the Emperor Chienlung over, not the body of the Teshu Lama—for that was taken back to Tibet—but over his clothes, when he, second only in dignity to the Dalai Lama, died of smallpox while on a visit to Peking. On the eight sides of the memorial are engraved scenes in the Lama's life, including the preternatural circumstances attending his birth, his entrance on the priesthood, combats with the unbelieving, instruction of disciples, and death; we noticed particularly the lion rubbing his eyes with his paw in grief over the Lama's death. The carving



WHITE MARBLE MONUMENT AT TEMPLE OUTSIDE WALLS, CALLED THE YELLOW TEMPLE, FROM THE LAMAS ROBES.



is all unusually fine, and if one can once reconcile the eye to the Indian form—to some eyes sinning against every canon of art—this must be pronounced the most beautiful monument in the environs of Peking. The Mongols, who come in winter, make offerings of small silk handkerchiefs, which may be sometimes found on different parts of the monument, tied on by strings or held by a small stone from blowing away.

But we must go back to the Yung-ho Kung within the walls. In front of its fine hall is a large tablet standing four-square with inscribed upon it the history of Lamaism. This is in four languages—Chinese, Manchu, Tibetan, and Mongol—each occupying one face. Before this tablet stands a magnificent bronze incense-burner eight feet high, and on the south-west wall of the court hangs a picture of the universe, upheld by the four clawed feet of a huge sea-monster with three eyes. Of this Dr. Edkins, the late well-known Sinologue, tells us: "The six paths to the Nirvana are here painted: Buddha at the north-west side points to the sun, and thus the sorrow and joy of life are set before the Lama, as he adjusts his robes when about to enter the chanting-hall for service. It is called the 'wheel of Sansara,' the deceptive ever-changing world of the Buddhists." But it is a little difficult to see all that the good old Doctor with his loving eyes saw in this not large, very dark picture, hanging in a corner on the wall of the courtyard, and one cannot help thinking that his having been admitted to view it, when he was one of the few thus favoured, may have had something to do with his discovering so much deep meaning. The Lamas certainly do not look

as if they noticed it, as they pull their robes about them, a preliminary to reciting prayers in monotone, the priest boys mostly smiling and making funny grimaces at the strangers the while. Though they all present a very impressive appearance at their evening service, when, with their long yellow gowns crossed over the breast, they wear very high yellow helmet-shaped caps, which are said to have been originally fashioned to resemble the shape of a Central Asian sacred mountain, the Chin-Shan. They then sing a kind of Gregorian chant, one or two of them accompanying it with a deep bass note in D, acquired when the voice is breaking, the while moving their hands and fingers in various mystic ways, to which one is not surprised at such poor, ignorant, brutish men attaching vast importance, but which it was surprising to find an enterprising American traveller, since then dead on the Tibetan border, had taken the pains to acquire from them. The movements are so complex that they are hardly likely to find favour at English spiritualist *séances*, but would probably be of interest to those who frequent them.

There is a very beautiful representation of the Buddhist Heaven, carved in wood very delicately, and then painted ; it is of great size and contains innumerable little groups of figures admirably executed. There is also still much very fine old Peking *cloisonné*, also an exceptionally fine incense-burner, and many other objects scattered about through the different Temples and courtyards so as to add fresh interest to each visit. Beautiful silken carpets, made at Pô-ti-chêng, beyond the wild Ordos country, used to be



MONGOL LAMAS, WEARING THE HELMET CAPS SAID TO BE MODELED ON THE SHAPE OF A MOUNTAIN  
IN CENTRAL ASIA.



laid on the floors ; there were also very fine hangings on the walls. It is still difficult to know how much was carried off as loot in 1900, how much is still hidden in safe hiding-places.

One evening we strayed down the long cloisters to the east, which seem to be hardly ever visited. The weeds were growing in the pavement, a strange stillness brooded over the scene, a stillness as of long ago.

“The silence of the place was like a sleep  
So full of rest it seemed : each passing tread  
Was a reverberation from the deep  
Recesses of the ages that are dead.”

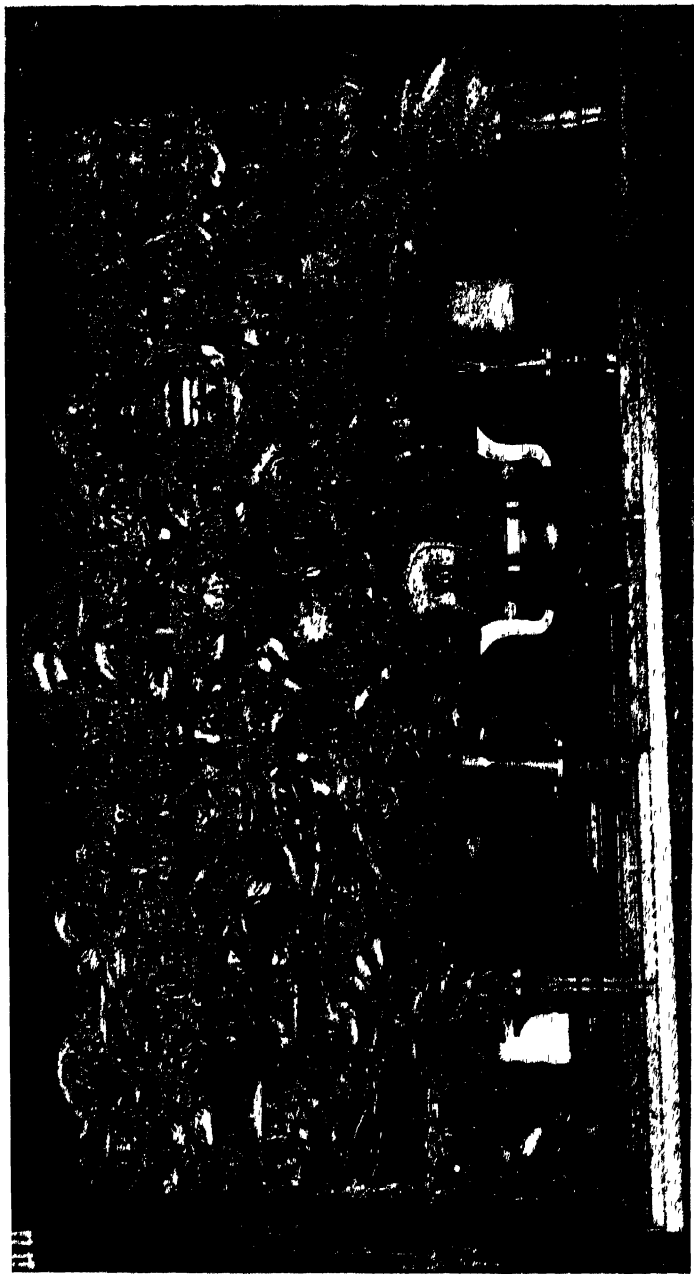
We met no one for some distance, but as we passed by one little one-storey dwelling after the other, a Mongol monk of placid countenance appeared in the doorway, roused from his meditations by the passing sound of European feet, and wearing a startled expression as if unaccustomed to such apparitions. Some of the men about the monastery have a singularly brutal, vicious expression, but these, mostly very young men, all wore an air of sanctity, that has ever since made me think differently of the monastery, where doubtless for some centuries young men, consecrated by their families to holy things, or set apart thereto by their own inclinations, have sought sanctuary from an evil and adulterous generation. Those cloisters, so neat and quiet, told of a life by rule, and the young men's faces of hearts at rest from greed and ambition and the tormenting cares of this life.

Immediately to the west of the great Lamasera



lies the Confucian Temple, in construction similar to all Confucian Temples throughout China. There is at least one in every city. It is very difficult to assign to this great teacher his proper place. Probably he should stand together with Plato as one of the two greatest teachers of the world, but Plato's precepts have never had the binding force for his disciples that those of Confucius had and still have for his. To this day in China a discussion is effectually silenced by quoting an opinion of the great teacher thereupon. Yet all that is said here on the tablet in his honour—there is never any statue nor picture, merely a tablet to his memory—is “The tablet to the soul of the most holy ancestral teacher Confucius.” This is engraved in both Chinese and Manchu, and surely less could hardly be said of a man whose system of ethics still, after more than two thousand years, continues to guide the lives of millions of human beings. On either side hang the tablets of the four great disciples, Tseng-tsi, who wrote “The great Instruction,” the first of “The Four Books”; Mencius, who wrote the fourth; Tze-sze, who wrote “The Invariable Mean”; Yen-hui, whose conversations with the Master are recorded in the Confucian Analects.

There are, as usual, rows of cypresses in front of the Hall, their gigantic girth carrying the beholder back to a far antiquity. They are said to have been planted under the Sung dynasty 1,000 years ago; whilst on either side of the court are buildings, containing tablets to over a hundred celebrated scholars, seventy-eight men conspicuous for their virtues on the eastern side, fifty-four conspicuous for their learning



WONDERFUL CARVING OF PARADISE IN LAMA TEMPLE  
(By Mr. Sargent)



on the western, all Confucianists. "In the Temple court in front under yellow tiled roofs are six monuments recording foreign conquests by the Emperors Kanghi, Yungcheng, and Chienlung.

- "1704. Kanghi. Conquest of Shamo, Western Mongolia.
- 1726. Yungcheng. Conquest of Eastern Tibet.
- 1750. Chienlung. Conquest of the Miao country.
- 1760. Chienlung. Conquest of Tsungaria, the land of the Calmucks.
- 1760. Chienlung. Conquest of Mahommedan Tartary.
- 1777. Chienlung. Conquest of the Miao country in Szechuan.

"In the Court of the Triennial Examinations there is a stone tablet to commemorate each, on which are engraved the names and homes of all who then received the title of Doctor of Literature (Chin-shih). There are three still remaining from the Mongol dynasty." Where in Europe can we rival this five centuries of stones of Honour? which naturally has a proportionate effect upon an often needy young man from the country, who when on his return home is received with flags and music like a conquering hero, a happy celebration often represented in Chinese embroidery.

It must be granted that the idea of this Confucian Temple is superb; it requires a great deal of thinking over to digest properly. But what people go there to see is nothing of all this, but the two rows of stones, ten in number, on either side of and within the principal gate, commonly called the "Stone Drums" of the Chow dynasty (B.C. 1122-209). The inscriptions engraved in perpendicular lines on the water-

worn boulders of hard, dark-coloured gneiss, are gradually weathering off. They consist of verses commemorative of hunting and fishing excursions, are in the seal character, and date according to the best authorities from Prince Hsüan's reign (B.C. 827-782), though one critic thinks they refer to a specially grand hunting expedition made by Prince Chung (B.C. 1110). The earliest accounts of them extant were written in the seventh century, the stones having been discovered, lying half buried in a piece of waste land in Shensi. In the "Geographical Description of Provinces and Cities," published early in the ninth century, we read: "The Stone Drum inscriptions are to be found nine miles to the south of T'ien-hsing Hsien on stones shaped like drums, and are ten in number. They record a hunting expedition of Prince Hsüan of the Chow dynasty in the writing invented by Chowshih. . . . Long years have elapsed since the time when they were engraved, and there are now some lost and undecipherable characters, yet the remains are well worthy of attention, and it would truly be a matter of regret were the writers of geographical records not to include them." One of the best known poems by the celebrated Han Yü was written in praise of these inscriptions in 812 A.D., imploring that the Stone Drums might be moved to some safer place. They were in consequence removed to a Confucian Temple in an adjacent city and kept there during the Tang dynasty (618-905 A.D.), but again lost to sight during the wars of the Five Dynasties (907-960). Under the Sung dynasty (960-1126 A.D.) a Prefect found nine out of the ten and placed them in the gateway of

his college. At last, in 1052 A.D., the missing one was found, and the ten were once more united. When the Sung Court fled on the invasion of Tartar hordes they carried the stones with them, and, as showing the high value in which they were held, it was recommended that the characters should be filled in with gold, thus preventing any further rubbings being taken from the inscriptions. After being moved several times for greater safety, finally the Tartars carried them off to their capital, Peking, 1126 A.D. The gold was dug out of the characters and the drums remained neglected until the establishment of the subsequent Mongol or Yuan dynasty, when, in 1307 A.D., they were placed in their present site. Learned men then tried to decipher them, and their reading and translation, together with some further remarks, are engraved on a marble slab and placed in the same gateway.

Many poems have been written about them; even an Emperor, Chienlung, in the fifth year of his reign, 1741 A.D., was among the poets, and his verses have been inscribed on a large marble tablet in the Confucian Temple, in order that no one may ever again doubt the authenticity of these drums. He also had new Stone Drums placed outside the gate with verses composed out of the 310 characters still extant on the older ones, but in this case inscribed on the flat upper surface. A duplicate set of these new drums has been placed in the Confucian Temple at Jehôl. According to Dr. Bushell, from whom I borrow much in this account, the inscription on the first drum is to this effect—

"Our chariots were strong,  
Our steeds alike swift,  
Our chariots were good,  
Our steeds tall and sleek.

A numerous array of nobles  
With a waving cloud of banners  
The hinds and stags bounded on,  
The nobles in close pursuit,  
The strings of black bows resounded,  
The bows held ready for use,  
We pursued them over the hills,  
Coming on with audible roll.

In a close packed mass,  
The charioteers driving at full speed,  
The hinds and stags hurried on,  
We drew near upon the wide plain,  
We pursued them through the forest,  
Coming up one after the other,  
Shooting at the same time the wild boars."

We seem to feel the hot breath, the wild excitement of the chase, and to hear the roll of the chariots, and see the charioteers flogging on their horses, then realise that all this must have been in Peking springless carts, such as we ourselves jolt along in nowadays rather slower than a man can walk, feel dizzy and sit down to think it over. Perhaps after all they had chariots in those days, and the Peking cart is but another manifestation of the decadence of China of to-day.

It will be observed that the sixth drum has evidently at some time been hollowed by or for pounding rice. This is referred to in Han Yü's poem, so must have occurred in very ancient times.

The Hall of the Classics (Pih-yung Kung), to the immediate west of the Confucian Temple, is generally

visited at the same time. There is here a very richly decorated Pai-low with encaustic tiles, chiefly green and yellow, the three archways lined with white marble: a bad likeness of the very beautiful Pai-low on the Lotus Lake, within the Forbidden City, the Paradise consecrated to the Empress Dowager's enjoyment, and seen to additional disadvantage from its now sunken position.

In old days the emperors had a hall built in the centre of a circular fish-pond, while the feudal princes had in front of their colleges a semicircular pond, so the Emperor Chienlung determined to complete the Confucian Temple, in which till then the classics had been expounded, by adding to it this lofty square hall, with double eaves, yellow-tiled, surmounted by a specially large gilt ball, and encircled by a verandah carried to the roof and supported on massive wooden pillars in the midst of a circular piece of water edged by marble balustrades, a bridge crossing the water to the centre doorway of each side.

The elegant tracery of the windows, the wide-spreading roof, and beautiful arrangement of timbers within, as also the complexity of the highly painted eaves outside, make this a very fine specimen of Chinese architecture, although some may think the size of the central hall somewhat overweights the building.

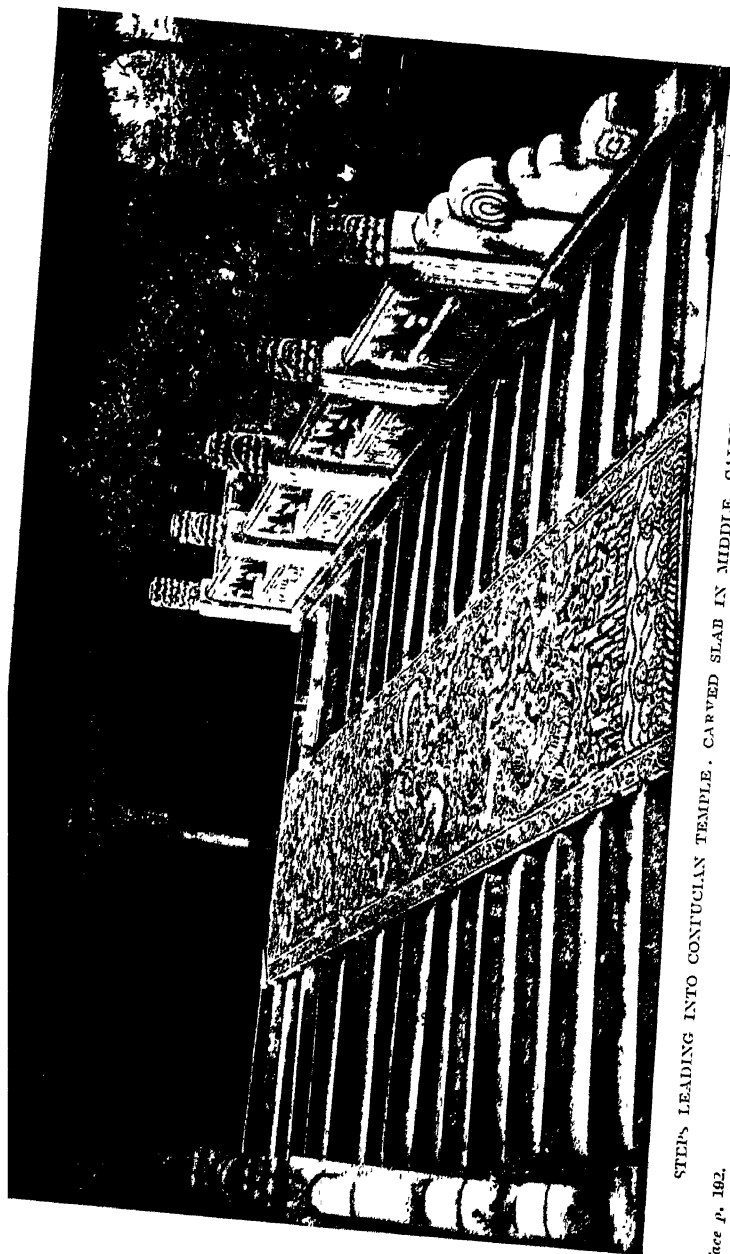
Two hundred upright stone monuments, engraved on both sides, contain the complete text of the Nine Classics very finely executed. The first Emperor, Tsin-shih Hwang, ordered all the books of China to be burnt with a view to progressing beyond the teach-



ings of antiquity, or in order to affirm his own authority against the formidable power of the real army of China, the *literati*. It is uncertain which.

It was to preserve the books from such a fate—they are said to have been re-written from memory—as also to preserve the purity of the text, that they were then engraved on stones. To be more easily read the text is divided into pages. There are yet more lists of successful students on stone monoliths, and in a long building to the north of the hall is the correct edition of the sixteen texts of the Sacred Edict of Kang-hsi, which may be said to correspond to our Ten Commandments, and which with official amplification is read on the 1st and 15th of every month in every Confucian Temple throughout China. Street preachers may constantly be heard expounding it, and this Edict (Shêng-Yü) forms the basis of all Chinese morality. There is a sun-dial on the terrace in front of the building that contains it.

It is impossible to tell now how much of the wisdom of China is borrowed from Confucius. It certainly must be all impregnated with his teaching, for every man who studies at all has to be thoroughly grounded in the classics. English people in general have a way of looking at Orientals as if they were not rational human beings, feeling and thinking as we do, although possibly in some cases more intensely or more deeply. Thus I cannot forbear from citing a Chinese maxim which seems to me to show a profounder knowledge of human nature and its duties than any similar saying of our own: "In our actions we should accord with the will of Heaven: in our words we should consult



STEPS LEADING INTO CONTUCIAN TEMPLE. CARVED SLAB IN MIDDLE, CALLED THE SPIRITS' STAIRCASE.



the feelings of men." A shrewd saying attributed to Confucius himself is: "We are not to be astonished that the wise walk more slowly in their road to virtue, than fools in their passage to vice; since passion drags us along, while wisdom only points the way."

Again he says, "When I first began with men I heard words and gave credit for conduct; now I hear words and observe conduct." Yet to this day we have men and women going about and saying to other men and women, "Are you saved?" "Do you believe in Jesus?" and accepting their answers as true. Confucius would rather have observed their conduct. He says also, "The perfect man is never satisfied with himself. Any man who is satisfied with himself thereby shows his imperfection." To this day how necessary is this bit of advice, "Grieve not that men know you not, but be grieved that you are ignorant of men." And how many young men and women would lead happier lives if they followed this other terse injunction: "Have no friends unlike yourself." We seem to have no teaching in England as to the duties of the five relationships between sovereign and people, father and son, husband and wife, elder brother and younger brother, friend and friend; thus, probably ancient though it is, the following precept may strike others besides myself as novel: Confucius said, "Friends must sharply and frankly admonish each other, and brothers must be gentle towards one another." And in this age of superficial generalisms, where too often the aim is rather to conceal ignorance than to aid the spread of knowledge, how refreshing it is to turn to the sturdily honest speech of the great

Chinese, who maintained that true knowledge is "when you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it." It is certainly this that makes the distinction between the man whose conversation is worth listening to and the man whose conversation is merely—Words!

But there seems to have been one great want in Confucius; nowhere do we hear of his speaking of women with tenderness or reverence; and so through the centuries the great Chinese race has continued to treat woman rather as a necessary evil, a thorn in the side that cannot be dispensed with, a creature worthless save for the bearing of children. This can have nothing to do with Confucius being an Oriental or having lived so many ages ago, for another Oriental, King Dushmanta, in the *Maha Charata* says, "The woman is the half of the man, she is his best friend, the source of all happiness. The woman with her sweet language is the friend in solitude, the mother of the oppressed, the refreshment on the journey through the wilderness of life." Europe has not found anything more beautiful to say about women than this. Confucius missed this great part of God's revelation of Himself in man. He also, when questioned about a future and spiritual life, professed ignorance, and the great Chinese race has tried to maintain such ignorance ever since, finding relief at times in Buddhism, at times in Taoism, at times in demon-worship, and at times in superstitious follies. Thus through all the centuries the Confucian Temples have stood august, worthy of all respect, stately, a



APPROACH TO CONFUCIUS' GRAVE,



place in which scholars wander and discuss literary points of difference and resemblance, but where no human being seeks comfort in distress. For that one must turn to the temples of the religions of China. In the Confucian Halls it is but a system of ethics that is expounded. Yet I often find myself wishing that we also had a system of ethics expounded to us year in and year out, and applicable to our business dealings and our family relations, about which so many go astray from ignorance and want of thought. Ethical teaching of the highest order will not come to the ordinary man (Confucius' small man) by inspiration, yet he might be capable of following it if it were explained to him.

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## XIV

### *ON THE DRUM AND BELL TOWERS*

ONE afternoon I was out by myself calling at one of the great missionary establishments that were razed to the ground—even the foundations dug up—during the Boxer rising of 1900, but that are now once again becoming a striking feature in the views of Peking, and on the way home I found myself nearing the Drum Tower. In all Chinese cities the Drum Tower is placed about the centre, but Peking city now presents a much shorter line of wall to the east and west than it did in the days of Cambalu ; thus the Drum Tower, occupying its ancient position, is near the Northern Wall, due north of the Imperial city with its forbidden centre of glittering palaces. Although built under the Mongol dynasty it is quite Chinese in character, thus unlike the adjacent Bell Tower, which last with its strangely mediæval, Mongol air, is one of the features of Peking, that most easily lends itself to the artist's brush. And the fact that from the Drum Tower you look upon the Bell Tower very greatly enhances the interest of the view from the former, which, however, is also far the better placed for points of view. I climbed up

the long, straight staircase, which certainly makes one think how delightful it would be if one could realise the Russian ideal, as shown forth in the customary phrase, "To get to the top of the ladder without climbing the rungs," and then after a dark turn or two passed out upon the balcony running round the building. The shades of evening were gathering fast, and as I stepped out innumerable swallows, that had been settling themselves for the night, flew out disturbed and began circling and sweeping past, fanning my face with the air set in motion by their swift movements.

There is a very fine all round view to be obtained from this first storey of the Drum Tower. To the west there is an open space, the ruins of the late Presbyterian Mission buildings, a shallow lake, and somewhat to the south of west an avenue of willows leading to Prince Kung's residence. About a mile further off is the Temple where Sir Harry Parkes and Lord Loch were confined in 1860; built by an eunuch, and called the Kau Miao, the date of their imprisonment was till lately to be seen on the walls in their handwriting—September 29th to October 7th. The hills by which Peking is environed on north and west are also well seen; the Pa-li Chuang Pagoda, the Tien-ming Ssu Pagoda, all the Dagobas.

To the south I gazed longingly at a group of forbidden buildings clustering round the northern gate of the Imperial city, and the broad road leading straight towards them, and wished that in 1901, when we foreigners were free to wander all about them, being then masters of the situation, I had observed

everything more closely. But to observe well so much previous knowledge is necessary. Does not Comte tell us that to observe really thoroughly one must have a preconceived theory? And I had none then.

Regretfully I wandered to the north side and gazed down on the clumsily beautiful Bell Tower, the Yellow Temple outside the walls, across the great Parade Ground, and the open-air Pondrette manufactory, that makes entrance to it so unpleasant. There, outside the walls, stood the Altar of Earth—the tabernacles set up there at the times of sacrifice are of Imperial yellow, which against white marble produces a much better effect than the blue tabernacles on the beautiful Altar of Heaven. Inside the walls I saw the Yung-ho Kung; the Hall of the Classics, and the Confucian Temple among their trees; the tower upon the walls behind standing out against the sky, whilst between this group of buildings and my lofty view-point, and all around the Tower, lay spread out the whole great Tartar city. There are about fifty Foo, or Palaces, in Peking, the chief among them being those of the eight hereditary princes, or iron-capped dukes, who received this rank on account of services rendered at the time of the conquest of China. Dr. Edkins tells us: “A Foo has in front of it two large stone lions, with a house for musicians and for gatekeepers. Through a lofty gateway, on which are hung tablets inscribed with the prince’s titles, the visitor enters a large square court with a paved terrace in the centre, which fronts the principal hall. Here on days of ceremony the slaves and



BEAUTIFUL PORCELAIN ARCHWAY WITH WHITE MARBLE ARCHES.



dependants may be ranged in reverential posture before the prince, who sits, as master of the household, in the hall. The sons of emperors enjoy possession of a Foo, or Palace, for three lives, their descendants taking at each generation a rank one step lower. When their great-grandsons sink below the title of duke they cannot reside in the Foo which has hitherto belonged to the family; it reverts to the Emperor, who grants it to a son of his own, or to a daughter on her marriage."

I stood and mused over the manner of life that may be led within these stately Palaces. It is a little strange how we all desire to be rich and great, and yet dispassionately thinking it over how much nobler in all nations is the life of the poor and hard-working than of the rich and luxurious! I have of intention doubled my adjectives because the life of a poor skulker, who refuses to work, is probably much on a par with that of the class who must place all their guests on horseback to eat their dinner by way of a little novelty to their jaded palates, or must flood the courtyard of a London hotel to dine in gondolas, and probably in Venice would think it necessary to construct a miniature Sahara and recline under palm-trees. But even when we come to the rich and hard-working calmly considering the matter, should we not pronounce the life of a cabinetmaker, who having worked his best for a certain number of hours returns to the bosom of his family unexhausted and with leisure, far preferable to that of a member of the Cabinet, who never may be said to have a minute he can call his own, who flies from political meetings

to political parties till the small hours of the morning, and escapes for week-ends in the hope of that rest and self-communion which yet the manner of his life forbids him ever to find.

Standing on the Drum Tower inevitably one's eye reverts to the large ruins of the late mission buildings, and then across the years one pictures the feelings of the Englishmen of 1860 imprisoned and tortured, some of them to the death. One comfort is that residence in the East seems to make us all feel suffering less acutely. Yet one's heart aches thinking of the young, strong soldiers and correspondents in the pride and joy of life under a flag of truce and suddenly imprisoned and tortured by a race they thought so far inferior. Considering that, in spite of the wondrous beauty of the world, life is often so hard, one of the great mysteries is why we mortals are for ever making it harder for one another by wars and cruelties of many kinds.

Inside the Tower in the large dark hall there used to be a clepsydra to tell the time ; four water-vessels, from which a tiny opening at the bottom let the water escape drop by drop, the level of the water thus indicating which watch it was. These ancient vessels were replaced by incense sticks, whose lengths in like manner told the watches, as they slowly burned, emitting a sweet fragrance. They in their turn now have been replaced by a very commonplace clock. But a very large drum still stands in the middle of the upper storey, and this and the great bell in the Bell Tower are struck at each of the five watches of the night. For Chinese bells are not rung as with us, but struck from the outside.

There is a pretty Chinese legend about the casting of this bell which Mr. Stent tells at length. Kwan-yu the official, skilled in casting guns, and therefore charged by the Emperor Yungloh with making this bell, had twice failed, the metal as it cooled proving to be all honeycombed, and the Emperor had told him that if he failed the third and last time he should be beheaded, so that he was about to despair. But he had a daughter, an only child, upon whom all his hopes were centred. As the old legend says, she had "almond-shaped eyes, like the autumn waves, which, sparkling and dancing in the sun, seem to leap up in very joy and wantonness to kiss the fragrant reeds that grow upon the river's banks ; yet of such limpid transparency, that one's form could be seen in their liquid depths as if reflected in a mirror. They were surrounded by long silken lashes, now drooping in coy modesty, anon rising in youthful gaiety, and disclosing the laughing eyes but just before concealed beneath them ; eyebrows like the willow leaf ; cheeks of snow - whiteness, yet tinged with the gentlest colouring of the rose. Teeth like pearls of the finest water were seen peeping between half-open lips, so luscious and juicy that they resembled two cherries ; her hair was of the jettiest blackness and of the silkiest texture. Her form was such as poets love to describe and painters limn ; there was grace and ease in every movement ; she appeared to glide rather than walk, so light was she of foot. Add to her other charms that she was skilful in verse-making, excellent in embroidery, and unequalled in the execution of her household duties, and we have but a faint



description of Ko-ai, the beautiful daughter of Kwan-yu." Seeing her father's despair upon his face, she questioned him and told him that success must crown his efforts this time; she was but a girl, and could only help him with her prayers, but would pray night and day and the like; then went to consult a celebrated astrologer, and was horrified to be told that the next casting also must be a failure if the blood of a maiden were not mixed with the molten metal, yet continued to cheer her father, and on the day for the casting told him she would go with him "to exult in his success," as she said laughingly. There was an immense concourse to witness the third casting, which must result in the honour *or death* of Kwan-yu. At a given signal, to the sound of music, the melted metal rushed into the mould prepared. Suddenly there was a shriek, a cry "For my father's sake!" and the beautiful girl threw herself headlong into the seething metal. Some one tried to seize her in the act, but only succeeded in catching hold of one of her shoes. Her father had to be held back by force from following her example; he was taken home a raving lunatic, but—the bell was perfect! When it was hung up, and rang out for the first time, the Emperor himself stood by to hear its deep, rich tone. But all were horror-stricken as after the heavy boom of the bell came a low wail as of a girl in agony, distinctly saying the word "hsieh"—shoe. And to this day people when they hear it say, "There's poor Ko-ai's voice calling for her shoe."

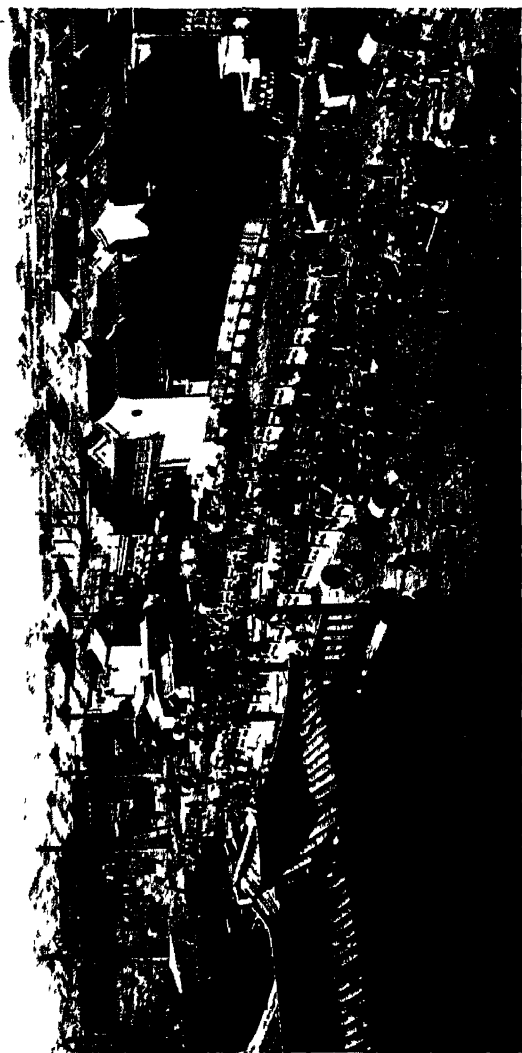
For the sake of Ko-ai we climbed the Bell Tower. It is built of stone and brick, ninety feet high, thus

ten feet lower than the Drum Tower. And it is the more remarkable that it should wear such an old-world air, for it was repaired by the Emperor Yungloh, the same who coated the walls of Peking with bricks. It was then burnt down, and rebuilt in the tenth year of the reign of Chienlung (1736-1796), so that one would expect it to look quite modern. The enclosure is octagonal, and the bell, that is still used to tell the watches of the night, weighs 20,000 lbs.

The bell in the great Bell Temple outside the walls is the sole survivor of the ten big bronze bells made by the Emperor Yungloh (1403-1425), and weighs 87,000 lbs. 15 oz. The bell of Erfurt, called "The Queen of Bells," is only 25,400 lbs. in weight. The celebrated bell of Moscow has never been hung up in the Kremlin, but near Mandalay a bell is mentioned by Anderson, a giant among bells, weighing ninety tons. The Chinese great bell is seventeen feet high, thirty-four feet in circumference and eight inches thick. It is engraved inside and out in fine, clear characters. The form is more cylindrical and less conical than the European, and the lip does not curve upwards as in European bells. It has no clapper, but is struck, as is usual in China, by a great billet of wood hung near. This ought only to be done in accordance with an express order from the Emperor. Like that at the Kremlin, this bell has never been raised from the ground, but the ingenious Chinese supported it on a scaffolding of enormous timbers, and then dug away the earth from beneath it; thus it is hung, but with its lip on a level with the pavement.

Coming down from the Bell or Drum Tower into the streets of Peking the mind feels strained as by traversing many centuries. One often has this feeling in China, where again and again as with an effort one returns to the twentieth century with its restless activities, and apparent ignorance of the charm of "elegant leisure" the ideal of the Chinese! Have we really attained to the acme of civilisation with our clothes of complicated fastenings, that take so much time to adjust, made up of many scraps, to the Chinaman's eyes, accustomed to broad sweeps of material, made up of rags and tatters insufficient to cover the figure in many parts, as, he supposes, owing to the poverty of the wearer? The expenditure of time and the destruction of good material are drawbacks, if there are higher and more delightful pastimes than those of putting on and taking off bodily coverings.

In no country, probably, is so much delight felt in clothes, nor so much importance attached to them. Chinese men's dress seems to have attained the acme of convenience, whilst at the same time presenting a far more dignified outline than that prevalent in Europe, together with a rich feast of colour. But they still wear long skirts in China, which to us are associated on the part of men with the far-left-behind middle ages. Chinese have, however, surely attained in one way at least to a higher state of civilisation than ourselves. They never pollute their streams! Yet their streets are quagmires of filth. Stumbling homewards one thinks of many things, and among them, Has life any higher pleasure than a quiet pacing of a lofty terrace and undisturbed meditation?



A PEKING STREET.



## XV

### *MANY KINDS OF TEMPLES*

WHEN people talk of the siege of Peking in 1900, they too often think only of the siege of the Legations, and forget that of the Roman Catholic Northern Cathedral. There a young French officer with a few Frenchmen, an Italian officer with still fewer Italians, the well-known Monseigneur Favier with another bishop and a few Lazarist Fathers, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul with some hundreds of orphan and foundling children confided to their care, and some thousands of Chinese converts, all starved and suffered together through the hot summer months. A young Portuguese Sister with beautiful eyes described how the Sisters used to make the children follow them in a long train to this side or to that side, wherever the firing seemed least heavy, until at last one day some hundreds were blown up by a mine and killed. The Italian officer was blown up too and buried for a time, but dug out again, comparatively unhurt. The French officer was killed. The converts sickened and died, of wounds, of hunger, their lips and faces swollen, trying to keep themselves alive upon the leaves of trees, on

rose-leaves, so bitter, and other leaves yet more unwholesome. I myself saw the trees stripped of their bark, all gnawed off, as far as the poor mules and ponies could reach. The same Sister told me how she had torn up all her letters to make cigarettes for the soldiers. "Poor fellows! they had tightened their belts, but to be without anything to smoke is so hard for men," said the sweet-faced southerner. In the end all starving and with nothing more to eat, hearing no more firing round the British Legation, they fancied all dead there and themselves the only foreigners left in Peking. As they say their gates were broken down, and when the relief came the soldiers just rode in, and they, who hardly believed themselves yet saved, wondered how it could be that the Boxers had not long ago overwhelmed them. Yet when they asked in after days the former Boxers replied always, "It was the river we were afraid to cross, that great river, that flowed between you and us. That frightened us," till, not unnaturally, all concerned began to believe in a miracle, for there was no river there, nor ever had been; nor short of a miracle could they see how their lives had been preserved. It was a wonderful sight in 1901 to look up at the front of that cathedral, fretted almost into lacework in parts by shot and shell, and to realise that those shot had been like an electric bell summoning the soldiery of eight nations to come to far away China in order to uphold peace and order. Yet there were French, and English, and German, and Italian soldiery, together with a little company of grand-looking Austrian sailors, all going into or coming out from



MONSEIGNEUR FAVIER, HERO OF THE SIEGE OF THE NORTHERN CATHEDRAL.





Mass, as I gazed upon those shot-marks, whilst to the side in the strangely picturesque garb he affected, Monseigneur Favier, the hero of that siege, was showing some distinguished general officer other traces of the attack.

It is no wonder that the French, who had delayed to save, so that Japanese were first at the Northern Cathedral, yet could not withhold their hands from a somewhat wholesale destruction; so that a long stretch of ruined buildings soon surrounded the Cathedral, and only scattered remains were left to tell us how beautiful the Chan-tan Lama Temple used to be. The scattered carvings, however, sufficiently attest this.

It is to this Temple the living Buddha used to come over from the Yung-ho Kung on the eighth day of the first Chinese moon, and sit motionless on a platform; a lamp made of a human skull burning before him on a high stand, sea shells, used as trumpets, accompanying the songs, whilst two hundred Lamas, disguised as demons, rushed backwards and forwards before him in a wild dance. Suddenly the doors of the sanctuary behind him would open as of themselves, a wonderful image within would become visible surrounded by little lamps of oil or butter, the altar being covered with square candles of different colours. The living Buddha would enter and the doors close behind him, on which the demons would become wilder than ever, till the people were terrified. Then all on a sudden the demons would disappear, no one knew how, but people said, driven away by the prayers of the living Buddha, who then would

get into his yellow sedan and be carried away. Something of the same kind still goes on at the Yung-ho Kung on the last day of the first month, and at the Hu-ssu and Hwang-ssu (Black and Yellow Temples) on the 23rd of the first month.

The celebrated image at this Temple was over five feet high, of sandalwood, made under the Chow dynasty. Buddha himself is said to have revealed that it was the only one like him, and the King of Persia had a copy made, and called it *Rau-laisiang*, that which lives and walks of itself. It is said to have changed colour according to the temperature and the hour 'until a Ming Empress had it gilded. The Emperor Kang-hi said that, from the time of its being made till the sixtieth year of his reign, 2,710 years had passed; that, after having remained in the West 1,280 years, it started off by itself for the Demons' land, where it remained 68 years, then to Kansuh for 14 years, Sianfu for 17 years, Kiangnan 173 years, Nganhui 367 years, then after staying in one or two other places arrived in Peking, and stayed first in this Temple, then in the Imperial Palace for 54 years. On the Palace being burnt, it returned to the Temple, where it remained 59 years. This was under the Mongols; with the Mings it began its travels anew, but in the fourth year of Kang-hi's reign it established itself in this Temple.

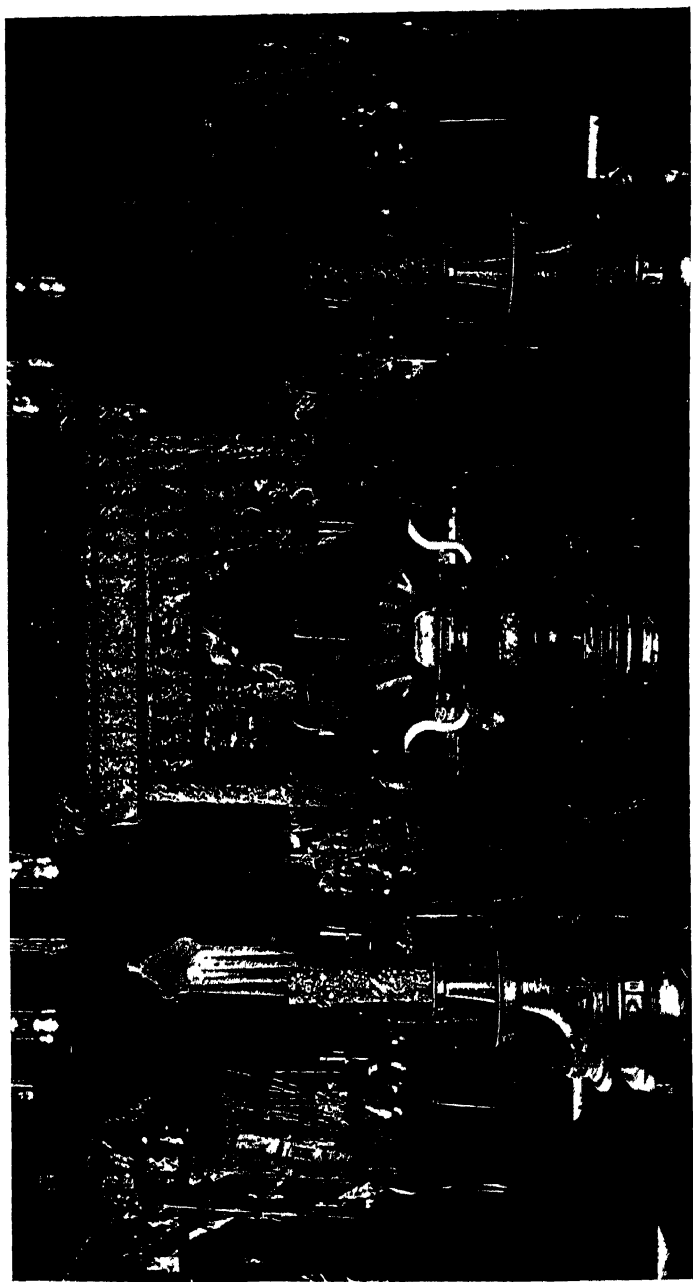
A Lama in another Temple, the Pai-tah-ssu, on being asked about it, replied in the tone of a man heartbroken, and without even looking up: "Some people say it has been burnt. Some people say it has gone up to Heaven—and some people say it has

begun travelling again," he added in a weary voice, evidently himself inclining to the opinion that it had gone up on high. Judging, however, by other lands and its past history, it seems not unlikely that this Buddha, held in such veneration that the Emperor himself used to worship before it, may yet reappear. One of its hands was raised to Heaven appealing, the other hanging by its side. Is it possibly now in some European drawing-room?

The Ti-wang Miao, or Temple of Emperors and Kings, has recently been redecorated and looks very enticing with its shining yellow roofs and fresh green and blue paint, butterflies in trios painted upon the ceiling of its entrance porch. It is not far from the ruined Chan-tan, to the west of the Four Pai-low in the West Tartar city, and any one who can obtain a permit will be able to verify Dr. Edkins' interesting account. "It was founded during the latter half of the Ming period in the sixteenth century. In it are placed tablets to all good emperors from the most ancient times to the present. Tyrants, enemies to literature, and usurpers are not allowed a place there. The Mongol Kublai, Marco Polo's patron, was at first admitted by the Mings, and retained against the opinion of censors, but was afterwards sacrificed to the prejudices of a more successful memorialist. This brings to mind the question once eagerly debated, Shall Cromwell have a statue? But, as in the British House of Parliament, the claims of great genius and the resolute achievement of a noble destiny found recognition, so Kublai's right to a place among China's sovereigns was allowed by a new

dynasty. The Manchus added the founders of the three Tartar dynasties, Liao, Kin and Yuen ; and of the Chinese dynasty, Ming. . . . The great conqueror, Genghis Khan, founder of the most extensive empire the world ever knew, was also added to the list, though he was not much in China, and kept his court at Karacorum, not far from Urga, to the south of the Baikal Sea. The rule as to the admission of tablets into this temple is that all past emperors should have them except the vicious and oppressive, together with those who have been assassinated, and such as have lost their kingdom, although it should be by no fault of their own."

The Pai-ta-ssu, in the West Tartar city just outside the Imperial city gate, was founded seven hundred years ago in the Liao dynasty, but left in a most dilapidated condition after occupation by French soldiery in 1900, when the Mongol Lamas escaped to Canton. Kublai Khan is said to have spent much gold and quicksilver in gilding the images and walls, and under the Mongols the buildings were used for transacting public business, but the great images and deserted courtyards look so forlorn and miserable now it is better not to enter, only admiring in passing the great white Dagoba with copper umbrella near the summit, which is described as having once been covered with jasper. Beneath this are said to be buried twenty beads, two thousand clay pagodas, and five books of Buddhist charms. Old iron lamps, one for each Lama, stand round it near its base on a railing composed of 108 small pillars. Probably it is owing to its reputation for great riches that this building has been so pulled about.



TEMPLE IN PALACE GARDEN IN FORBIDDEN CITY.



It was after wandering through these temples I came upon a little world of romance. Once, long years ago, a Chinese Emperor married a Mahommedan Princess. It was impossible for her to go wandering about outside the Palace walls. But a colony of her people were brought to Peking with her, a mosque built for them to worship in close to the Palace wall, and on the Palace wall a picturesque little tower was erected, so that the Princess might mount to it and sit there, looking out upon her own people going about their avocations in the way to which she had been accustomed from childhood. The mosque is ruined, but the Mahommedan colony still exists, and the fancifully pretty tower is still to be seen, where a loving monarch built a sanctuary for his homesick bride. Truly in the days when there were no telegraphs and no posts princesses must often have felt nearly heartbroken, when called, for their country's or their dynasty's sake, to share the fortunes of a man they had never seen, in countries they themselves had, very possibly, never heard of till they had to live and die in them, cut off for ever from the friends and scenes of happy infancy.

As in so many Chinese cities, there is a large Mahommedan colony in Peking, marrying amongst themselves, keeping their mosques and houses clean as other Chinese Temples and houses never are, and abstaining from binding the feet of their women, a practice abhorrent to all good Mahommedans, who look upon it as going counter to the will of God to try to alter any part of the human form. In far-away Yunnan, where there was a great Mahommedan



rebellion extinguished in the most ruthless fashion not many years ago, they have felt obliged so far to conform to Chinese custom in order to escape death, but on being appealed to, barely waited for an assurance that the officials now condemned foot-binding before issuing an exhortation to all sincere Mahommedans to allow their women once more to have the feet that Heaven made for them.

In Peking, besides altars to heaven, the sun, the moon, and the earth, and agriculture, Confucian and Lama temples, and Mahommedan mosques, there are also Buddhist temples, of the Chinese, not Tibetan or Mongol kind, and Taoist temples, where Laotze, the great teacher, is revered. But of these last there are no such fine specimens as in Western China, nor are they so frequent as in that borderland of legend and song. And amongst all these temples now are to be seen, towering conspicuous, Roman Catholic cathedrals, Russian Greek churches, and smaller churches and chapels of the Church of England, and of many at least, if not all, of the Protestant sects.

In all ages many methods have been tried to uplift men from materialism. It has been reserved to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to try all the ways at once upon the same people.

Theosophists and spiritualists would find their originals in China, where the most sacred of their books are by tradition said to have been written by means of a primitive kind of planchette. In China, where all the people are held in bondage, not by the fear of death, but by the fear of demons, there are, of course, fortune-tellers innumerable, who will either

examine the bumps of the head, or the palms of the hands. Interest in these matters is of recent date in Europe; it is very old in China, where for centuries the Taoist priests in especial have been heaping one superstition upon another. It is they who have again and again been accredited as possessing an elixir of immortality. Guided by them an Emperor, some two thousand years ago, came to a headland near Chefoo to look out across the sea and discern the Islands of the Blest. There are there rocky islands in the sea, stretching far away one behind the other, and when, as often, a mirage comes, these islands are raised as into the sky, so that little imagination is needed to believe them as in heaven, but rather a firm, restraining common sense to feel sure that they are but of this lower earth. A beautiful old tradition tells of a great company of youths and maidens, who, believing that they were the Islands of the Blest, put to sea to go and dwell in them. They sailed east, and yet further east, till they arrived at the islands we now call Japan, and, as this tradition tells, the Japanese, who have of late achieved immortality by their heroic disregard of material limitations, are the descendants of this fearless and enthusiastic company.

A financial return of great interest, but that I have never seen, would be as to the amount of money spent by Chinese upon the temples connected with their various professions of faith and the rites attached to them. The amount spent on paper money alone, gilded and silvered, and burnt by way of sending it to the dead, or paper houses, horses, wives, retainers, burnt in like manner, and thus sent

to supply the needs of the dear departed, must be very great. The sums spent upon candles and incense-sticks must also be enormous. And then there are all the ceremonies attendant upon the births and burials and weddings, and other great occasions of life. It would seem as if the very life-blood of the nation were drained out of it in this way. The cost of the sacrifices is probably not very considerable, though the number of animals slaughtered by way of sacrifices in Peking alone every year must run into many thousands. Yet in trying to convert Chinese we should make very sure that we are trying to convert them to a higher mode of faith, not just leading them to change one of their own superstitions for one of ours. They are not a people who do not make sacrifices for their faith now, and their religion is bound up with all the events of their life, as ours, alas ! is not. Even graces before and after meals are dying out, and how many of us live year after year without any recognition of a Higher Power that governs our lives ?

Where in England shall we find a club with a chapel ? Where in China a club-house without one ?

## XVI

### *WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE WITH THE TEMPLE BUILDINGS?*

THERE is little doubt but that at present, if missionaries chose to act as missionaries did in Russia, when the Emperor and his people were, if memory serves, baptized together *en masse* in the rivers, or as missionaries acted in the early Apostolic days, they would be baptising thousands now, where they are baptising tens. The wisdom of their forbearance may be unquestionable. Times are different now, people also are different. Some Chinese are desirous to be enrolled as Christians doubtless from the highest of motives, others possibly for reasons of different degrees of holiness, or weight, till one comes down to that most miserable of all—wish for help in a lawsuit. It seems high time to consider what is intended to be done in the event of the Chinese becoming as a nation Christians, with regard to a matter of considerable importance, whether looked at from the artistic standpoint, the antiquarian, the sanitary, or the religious.

Whenever the great ingathering comes, what do the more cultured amongst the missionaries, those

who have had the advantage of an university education, purpose to do with those oases among the great waste of sameness of Chinese life—the Buddhist and Taoist temples and the wayside shrines, that not only decorate so many of the most picturesque retreats in China, but also recall a higher life than the merely material? Many of these temples are exceedingly beautiful architecturally, dating from ancient days, they are also as a rule the guardians of trees at least as beautiful, indeed are not rarely surrounded by groves of fine trees. I recall now a temple with at least two Nan-mu trees dating from Kang Hi's time. Their tall trunks for thirty feet without branches; the grandly-grooved boles at their base, and the strange effect of some of their branches going upwards perpendicularly across the fine spread of their generally horizontal branchage, all inspire a feeling of gratitude towards the holy men of old, who planted them as the great adornments of truly magnificent courtyards, imposing in their proportions. In an adjacent temple court there was a *Salisburia adiantifolia*, in the autumn season a flashing mass of golden leafage of like magnificent proportions, probably dating from about the same era. And both temples were alike the centre of beautiful groves. In this most utilitarian country in many parts there is not a tree left but that which shades some ancient temple's walls. The temples are also the great gathering-place for enjoyment of the village, much as the public-house is with us in England. People meet one another there, drink wine, eat hot cakes, send up crackers, play with sham dragons or with lions according to the time



SALISBURIA ADIANTIFOLIA (SACRED JINKO TREE OF THE JAPANESE), CURRENTLY REPORTED TO BE 2000 YEARS OLD, AND KNOWN TO BE OVER 1000 YEARS. COVERED WITH MOSSES AND STALACTITES FROM ITS GREAT AGE, AND WITH LITTLE SHRINE AND INCENSE ALWAYS BURNING, PROTECTED BY ADJACENT TEMPLE A PILGRIMAGE TO IT IS RECKONED A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR LUMBAGO.

*(By the Author.)*



of the year, hold their club dinners, settle their clubs and other village affairs.

As a rule now when a man becomes a Christian his missionary teachers at once order him to discontinue his contributions towards the upkeep of the temple, as also towards the various festivals more or less loosely connected with it. This withdrawal of subscriptions, and consequently from much good-fellowship, is probably at the root of most of the bitterness against Christians. Let the members of a country club consider how they would feel towards member after member who gave up club membership because of having joined some anti-club sect! If the same men had also conscientious objections against paying municipal rates, they would probably be very vigorously admonished. And all rates are voluntary in China and connected with religion.

As more and more people become Christians it is evident the temples, both Buddhist and Taoist, must become increasingly impoverished. Is it wished, is it designed that they should fall into ruins, and so gradually crumble away? Are we to look forward to their being supplanted by neatly colour-washed chapels, the deep-toned Buddhist bells by tinkling European bells? Where, then, are the social reunions of the village to be held? Are we to build public-houses or drinking-places, as we do for our sailors up country in China? As the element of sacredness is eliminated are the trees, the last beautiful survivors of the ancient forests of China, to be allowed to perish beneath the woodman's axe? Are all these witnesses to the ancient life of the oldest civilisation still sur-



viving to be swept from the surface of a world, that yet mourns the fall of the Venice campanile?

Of course, if the temples and the groves are in themselves sinful, or so mixed up with things sinful as to be inseparable, better they should all alike perish than continue to contaminate a world already so spotted! The temples certainly contain images, were indeed built to contain them, and to these images, or idols, worship of a certain kind is paid. Of what kind precisely it is hard to estimate. "With my body I thee worship," says even an English husband to his wife. The word for worship in Chinese is precisely the same word as is used for paying a visit. "Reverentially entreat" an image, or idol, and "reverentially entreat" a guest or friend, says a Chinese. There must be differences of degree in these divers kinds of worship, differences whose shades it requires skill to distinguish. Is it not possible, even if these temples and images be evil, yet to find the soul of goodness in them?

For it is a terrible picture to contemplate that of this most practical people with their temples and their groves razed, no reminders by the wayside of things spiritual, their pleasures to be taken in the theatre or the restaurant—shall we call it?—their provisions for funeral expenses, savings clubs, &c., all to be anew thought out? The flatland and the dull sameness of some parts of the South of London, of the suburbs of some of our English towns, come back to mind together with the text, "and the last state of that man shall be worse than the first."

Is it not becoming high time to think out some

grand scheme for so transforming the beautiful, and in many cases dearly-loved temples of China to their original uses? We have already the edict bidding schools to be held in them in certain provinces. This is already now very largely done. But many temples are in solitudes, some on the very tops of mountains. Instead of regarding them and the images they contain as alike accursed, requiring to be exorcised with bell, book, and candle before they can be fit for Christian use, can we not see a way to utilising these existing institutions, as they were meant to be used for worship, for instruction, for rejoicing, and for all the other social and philanthropic purposes, including possibly lending libraries, for which they would seem so eminently adapted? And might not the wayside shrines in like manner be adapted for what surely this crowded nation must sorely need, places for prayer and recollection? Does not the Church of Japan or the Church of England in Japan already forbid the burning of images, esteeming it no right way to enter into a holier faith by treating with disrespect of any kind objects up till that time held in reverence? And if so, does not this indicate the Christian line of action of the future?

These questions are thrown out as a possible help towards gradually forming a healthy public opinion upon the subject.

## XVII

### *AN INTERLUDE OF REFLECTIONS*

**A** PROPOS of the last chapter and its observations, may I be pardoned for introducing a short interlude of reflections? Those who do not care for them can easily pass on. Lewis Morris, in one of the most musical of his poems, asks where are—

“ The faiths men knew,  
When before mind grew,  
All strange things seemed true”?

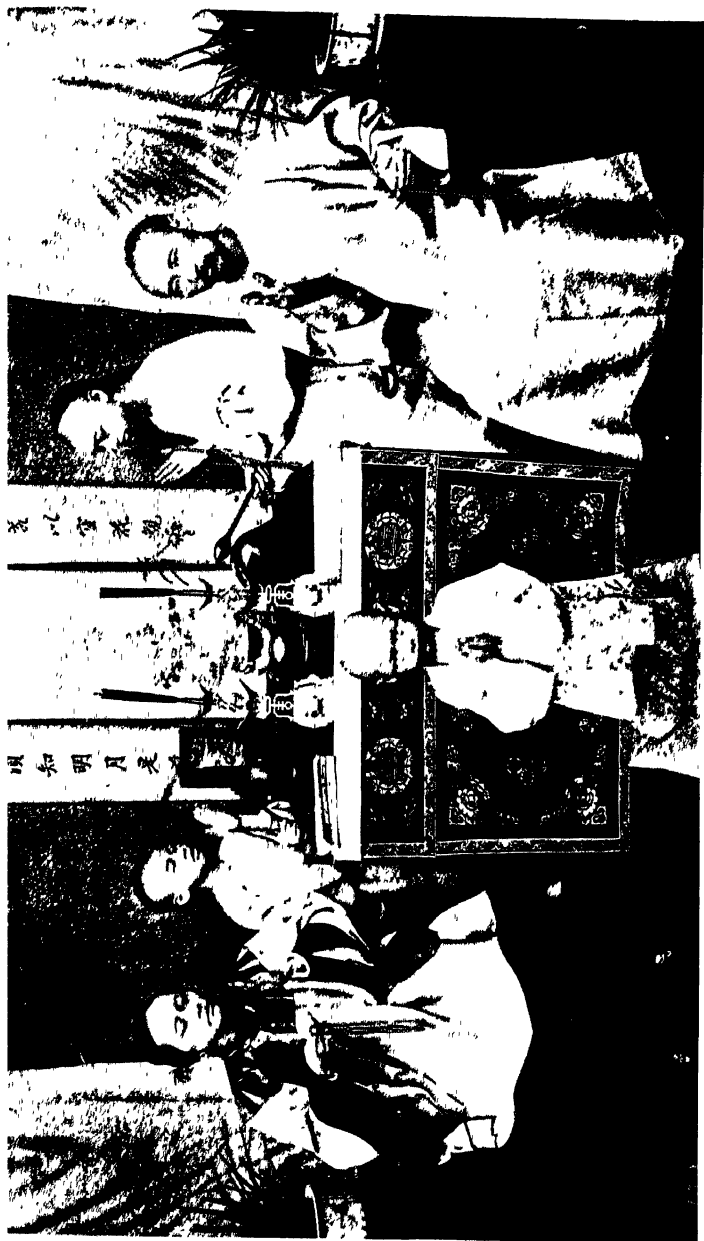
Then answers himself—

“ The old faiths grown more wider,  
Purer and glorified,  
Are still our lifelong guide.

Nothing that once has been,  
Tho’ ages roll between,  
And it no more be seen,

Can perish, for the Will,  
Which doth our being fulfil,  
Sustains and keeps it still.”

And whilst fully accepting the deep truth thus



ANCESTRAL WORSHIP IN A CHINESE FAMILY.



beautifully expressed, I think some lines written by an English visitor at the request of a Chinese Abbot, may here very appropriately find a place. The temple in question dates from the Han dynasty ; it occupies a beautiful site, and is surrounded by a forest of grand old trees.

“The wayworn traveller from distant land ; buffeted  
by the mighty ocean, sore from the lofty moun-  
tains,

Weary of cities, the roar of the market, the strife of  
the trader, the vain pomp of officials.

Tired of the road, the sorebacked horses, the sweating  
coolies :

Sick of the inns, their noise, their dirt, their animals  
many-legged,

Pining for wife and child, for home and friends,—

‘Go to,’ said a Chinese acquaintance, ‘go, rest in the  
abbey of Lungchang.’

Sad and worn I set forth on the march to the sacred  
spot, to the mystical ‘Dragon’s Lair’ :

Riding a horse of the country : the deep mire covered  
his fetlocks.

Other temples many had I visited during forty and  
more years in the ‘flowery land’ ;

Some in ruins, aged with poverty ; others flourishing,  
but noisy with crowds of touring pilgrims.

On entering I doubted ; here too shall I find peace ?

I turned aside from the muddy highway and beheld a  
forest of stately shade trees ;

Crossing the swollen river by an old-world many-arched  
bridge—

'Twas the torrid month of August, the close of the  
sun-burning dog-days :  
Hot and stained with travel approached I the high-  
walled entrance,  
Passed through the triple gateway pierced in the wall,  
painted crimson :  
Rode through the cedar avenue, by yellow and green  
tiled pavilions :  
Entered the spacious courtyards, wide as an emperor's  
palace :  
Met with a royal welcome from the kind-hearted priest  
of the temple ;  
'Skiff star-ascending' his name ; pious and true was  
his aspect :  
—Then a feast of fresh herbs, nutritious and free from  
all bloodshed :  
Tea from the gardens of Buddha, fused in the bright  
sparkling river.  
Holy the calm that o'erspread me ; deep the repose of  
my spirit.  
—Five days I spent in the precincts ; days to be trea-  
sured for ever :  
Sweet the commune with the learned, sweet too the  
dictates of Buddha !  
These were the teachings of Jesus : love, duty, a life  
of compassion.—  
Much we compared the doctrines : both we would feign  
strive to follow !  
Prayed for a better time coming, when the truths of  
Buddha's mild teaching ;  
The hope and the faith of the Christian, shall soften  
the hearts of our peoples,

Till peace universal shall reign as it reigns in the courts  
of the Lungchang.

—Again to return to the wide world : sweet sorrow  
o'erwhelms me at parting.—

Behind me I leave this expression ; too feeble, but  
heartfelt, sincere,

With a prayer that heaven may bless and grant long  
life to the abbot :

Guard the wonderful treasures, the relics of poets and  
sages !—

Long may its sacred inscriptions be spared as they  
have been of old time !

Long may the traveller remember his peaceful stay in  
the Lungchang !

Long may the monks of the Lungchang remember the  
waif from afar !”

Lest any one should misunderstand and conceive  
any depreciation of missionary effort is hereby intended,  
let me make my position secure by quoting the simple  
pathetic verses by Dr. Thomson, late Archbishop of  
York—

“ The jangling of contending creeds,  
Of Christian hate the sneers and kicks,  
Weary the spirit : love it needs  
From God towards man, at sixty-six.

It's night—the lamps are burning low—  
The wax lights dwindle into wicks ;  
Nurse says, ‘ ’Tis almost time to go,  
The clock has just struck sixty-six.’



But Love and Purpose, as of yore,  
With the world's throbbing pulses mix;  
The world, with thousands to its score,  
Is young, though I am sixty-six."

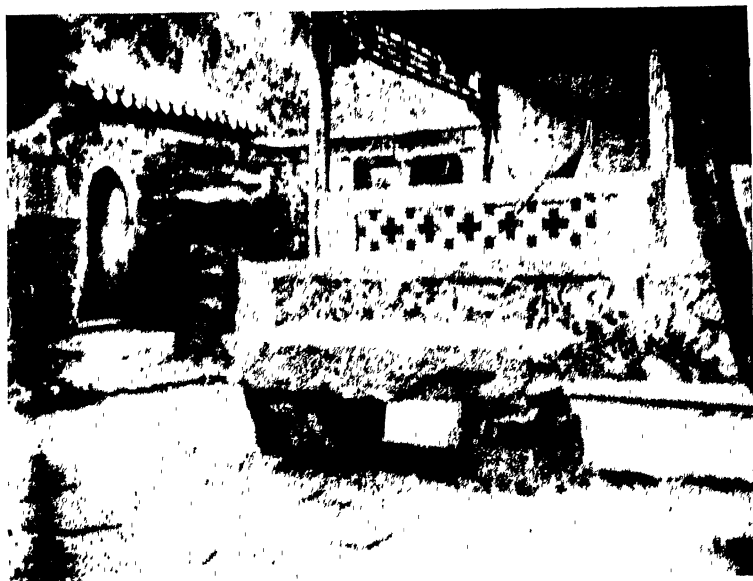
I should be specially loth to give pain to any of the energetic, hard-working missionary band, for before me rises, as I write, the form of the woman whose picture seems never yet to have been painted aright, a typical missionary, the American School Marm, as she is called in her homeland, with eyes full of love, the light of enthusiasm shining from her whole countenance, yet a love of order and regularity indicated by every line of her erect figure, and with her slender shoulders set back in the attitude of command. Generation after generation of Chinese girls and women shall arise and call her blessed. If I could paint her as I see her would not a great following of warm-hearted, highly educated English girls arise, prepared to conquer the difficulties of the Chinese language, and to impart, not the mere rudiments only, but the higher branches of our English education to the very observant but as yet untrained girlhood of China?

With comparatively dulled face, overworked and overstrained, yet with healing in her hands, stands by her side the lady doctor. And both are girt about by a larger company of men, who, though often failing, sometimes stumbling, are pressing almost breathless on to the goal they have set themselves, the training of the great Chinese nation to play its part in that place among the nations of the earth it has now suddenly been called upon to fill. There are brave



IN THE WESTERN HILLS VASE-SHAPED GATEWAY.

*(By the Author)*





men and timid men amidst them, wise men and foolish men. But among them all it is rare to light upon any one not carried forward by a warm enthusiasm for the uplifting of the race among whom he has come to dwell. And those who have lived some years in China have seen men guided by this spirit, who at first sight appeared like loutish beach-combers, or crack-brained visionaries, develop into great teachers or apostles, listened to with respect by the highest in the land, and looked up to as men set on a pedestal.

And yet people continue to ask, Are the missionaries doing any good out in China? Some, of course, are not. But can we doubt but that the others are; those who remember that "Revelation is 'the making manifest' by an emission of light; it is the revelation of *meaning*—a meaning capable of being understood, and which is required to be understood for the accomplishment of the ends for which the revelation was given, and which only are accomplished as it is understood. It is no additional mystery, but the explanation of mystery—an explanation commending itself to our conscience and reason, and operating by them. It is not sent to demand faith on authority, but to produce faith by explanation, and by giving reasons for believing. If not received in this sense we miss the character and ends of revelation. But how often is this done?"

I am quoting from the late Bishop Ewing, of Argyll and the Isles. Again he writes—

"With infinite pathos the Christian message says to us, 'Be ye reconciled to God'—be reconciled to the

laws which involve birth, labour, pain, sorrow, and death, and even an heredity of evil. Believe that He, of whom all things have their origin, through whom all events take their place in one grand providential scheme, will in the end bring in and establish for ever in security the triumph of good over evil. Be reconciled, because Christ, your Lord and elder brother, has accepted all the conditions which it has seemed meet to the Almighty and Most Merciful Father of all, to appoint for the discipline and perfecting of His children. Be afraid of nothing, except of losing trust in Him who created you, and for no less an end than that of being partaker of His own blessedness."

The men and women who go forth animated by the spirit that inspired these words can hardly fail to do good in whatsoever estate they may be placed.

Peking is not like London, and there is plenty of time for following out courses of thought like this beneath the lofty flowering trees in the garden, or sitting out in the glorious moonlight that irradiates and transfigures everything, till we forget there is dust and decay around us, and see blossoms that are but of our imagining.

## XVIII

### *EXAMINATION HALL AND OBSERVATORY, TOGETHER WITH SOME CHINESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS*

THE great collection of cells, in common parlance, but by a misnomer called the Examination Hall, was not far from our garden, but during the Boxer uprising had been devastated and everything available stolen from it. In old days the aspirants, some 10,000 in number, all men holding the degree of Chü-jen (the second literary degree in China) met here once in three years to be examined for the degree called Chin-shih. The man who came out first in the list received the title of Hway-yuen, and was, of course, esteemed by the people the ablest man of the 10,000 students or thereabouts coming from all the eighteen provinces of China. The Emperor after this would appoint certain high officials to examine the students who had just obtained the degree of Chin-shih; and from these the examiner would select, for their superior abilities, some two hundred men. From among these two hundred, after another examination, the examiners would select ten of the ablest, tried both by their

treatment of subjects and the writing of characters. This last is a special branch of study in China, where as much artistic skill is often devoted to a curve or dash in a character as to a painting. The papers of these ten men, made up into pamphlets, were then laid before the Emperor himself, who from them would select for the highest degree of official rank three men called—the first Chwang-yuen, the second Pang-yen, and the third Tan-hwa, who would then be looked upon by the people of China as possessing the right to the highest offices in the land.

Over the gateways of the houses where a man has gained a high degree the fact is inscribed in large and golden characters, and so eager are Chinese that their sons should gain degrees that it is the custom to give several dollars to the man who is first to report to a family the fact that their son has received the degree of Chü-jen. The second man receives a reward also, but considerably less than the first. In 1885 a number of men determined to avail themselves of the opportunity of making money which such a custom presented. They armed themselves with knives and pistols, which they concealed under their clothing; others of them held leaflets such as are regularly sold in the streets during an examination, and that are meant to contain the names of the successful candidates. One or two carried crackers to be fired off at the proper time. Thus prepared they proceeded to the house of a man named Ho, who lived in a street which rejoiced in the name of Five Blessings Street. The foremost man went to

the door to congratulate the family on its good fortune. The second reporter was close at his heels, and then followed the men with the leaflets. All marched inside and then revealed their true mission. They presented their arms, and threatened to kill any one who made a noise. They then robbed the house of some thousand dollars in money and clothing. On coming out their congratulations were long and loud. At the door they fired off their crackers, thus thoroughly deluding the neighbours, and amidst the noise and uproar of a pretended family gathering got away. The hardest part of the bad luck was the fact that no member of the Ho family had gained a degree that year.

With this intense national interest taken in the literary examinations, possibly surpassing even that felt in the Derby among ourselves, it may be imagined how hard the sentence was thought when, in punishment for the anti-foreign uprising in 1900, examinations were prohibited in Peking, the capital, in Chihli Province, and in Tai-yuen-fu, the capital of the adjacent province of Shansi, this prohibition to hold good for five years. In eight other provinces examinations were forbidden for the space of one year, whilst seven provinces only were allowed to hold them as usual, this making it all the harder for the provinces where they were forbidden, as the men from the latter could not go to the former to be examined, but had to possess their souls in patience, if they could, and wait even to qualify for holding office. After which there is generally long and indefinite waiting. This was part of the



penalty the Governments of Europe demanded to atone for the murder of their subjects.

It is sad now to wander through the 10,000 disused cells of Peking, but it never can have been cheerful. There no more than in the provinces could the unhappy candidate by any possibility lie down or stretch himself at full length, although shut up there for the space of two nights and a day. A board for a seat and a board for a table constituted his only luxuries, and it shows how great is the admiration for learning and how marvellous the Chinese powers of endurance that the manhood of the nation has continued to submit itself to the discomforts involved. If a competitor died during the examinations, as is often the case, a hole had to be made in the wall through which to carry him out, as no corpse might pass through the gates. In connection with the great congress of many religions held at Chicago three prizes were offered for the best essays on Confucianism and three for the best essays on Taoism, the more ancient religion of China. It was then interesting to notice that the prize for the best essay on Confucianism was awarded to one K'ung Hsien-ho, a lineal descendant of the great sage, K'ung Fu-tze (Confucius, as we call him); whilst the first prize in connection with Taoism was taken by a man called Li Pao-yuen, boasting the same surname as Li Lao-tze, the founder of Taoism.

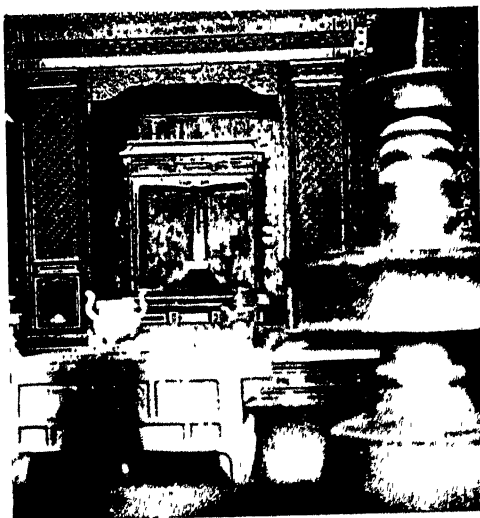
Close to the Examination Hall is the magnificent site upon the top of the eastern wall towards its southern end, whence the German troops in 1900

carried off the thirteenth-century astronomical instruments, which were of no scientific use, but of great artistic beauty, especially when they stood *in situ*, commanding a view not only of the sky, but of all the country round. Themselves seen against the clear Peking sky, they were one of the objects travellers went first to visit. Many people think the Chinese did not attach equal value to them, but when I was standing one day alone in the small ruined building at the base of the ramp leading up to the wall, gazing somewhat sadly at the vestiges of the then very beautiful instruments that used to stand there—one, I remember, an astrolabe—and that have all been wrenched off and carried away, although by Chinese realism the writhing dragons of which they were composed were all chained down—to my surprise a carrying coolie passing by stopped and entered into conversation with me, beginning, "And they were such beautiful dragons. It is a pity, is it not?" Chinese, especially those of the educated and upper classes, are not fond of showing their feelings, only occasionally the mask drops, and one is astonished to discover the white heat of feeling that has been concealed.

Once, when I was seeing some friends off by a steamer, a young man stepped forward to the railing beside me and waved to some one on the shore we were leaving. He called out: "Goodbye, Mr. —, goodbye." Then, not being heard, repeated the words. They were simple enough, but never in all my life have I heard words expressing such a

wild delirium of joy. Across the months as I recall them I still feel a thrill of sympathy. He was dressed in European clothes, but, as I afterwards learnt, was a young Chinese, who had studied hard and worked hard, and having made and saved enough money to pay for his further education, was now on his way to England to prosecute his studies. When I think of those tones of wild excitement I cannot but hope that he has met with sympathy and encouragement among the denizens of our more temperate clime. But could anything in life ever come up to the joy that young man felt in anticipation when he shouted that wild goodbye?

Many methods have been tried for educating the youth of China. They have been sent to England, to the United States, to Germany, to France. Now it seems to be thought the best, as well as the cheapest, way is to educate them at home, and many universities and colleges, besides those under missionary guidance, are being started by the Chinese Government. These last will for some years to come probably be very largely manned by Japanese, who are already directing the military academies throughout China. The Japanese have for some time had a large school in Shanghai, where Japanese young men in numbers are studying the Chinese language and qualifying themselves to be instructors. Eating rice like the Chinese, they can use the same kitchens as their pupils, and are far less expensive than the meat-eating people of Europe. Their having the same written character as the Chinese, from whom



TABLET TO CONFUCIUS IN HIS TEMPLE IN PEKING.  
*(By Colonel Prendergast, R.F.)*



ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS, FORMERLY STANDING UPON PEKING CITY WALL.  
 Presented to the Emperor Kanghi by Louis XIV., early Eighteenth Century (now in Potsdam).



they borrowed it, gives them a great initial advantage, which would make it seem impossible for other nations to compete with them in the educational market. Whether this is a matter of regret admits of doubt. There seems just now to be so much that Europe could learn with advantage from Japan. Chinese say, "We have a thousand plans, Heaven has but one." And we must not forget Defoe's prophetic words, written in 1719, that "had the Tzar of Muscovy fallen upon unwarlike China instead of warlike Sweden, he would have achieved mighty conquests," and thus further spread his despotic rule, and opposed a larger barrier to the blessings of peace, progress, and liberty.

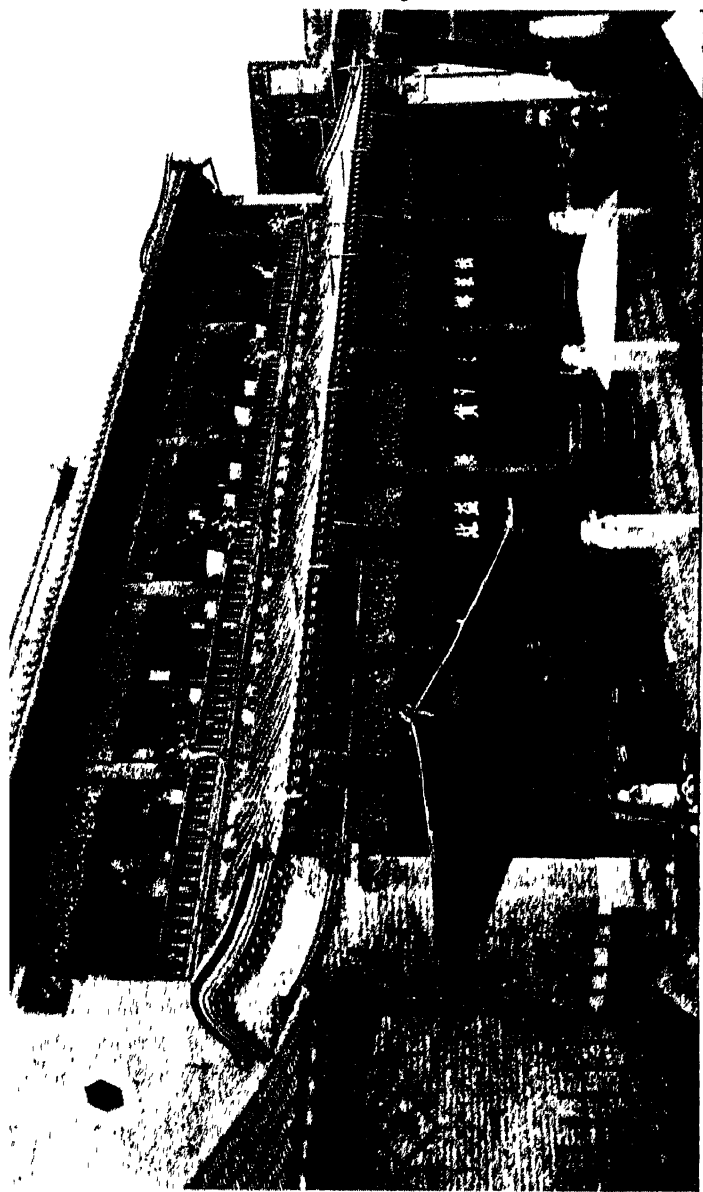
From the Observatory we must pursue our way along the top of the great Peking walls, at least for a little distance. These walls are the one great promenade for the foreigners in Peking. Chinese are, as a rule, not allowed upon them. There one not only commands far-extending, and, for the most part, beautiful views, but is free from many of the disagreeables of the streets below. Thus the members of the various legations that walk—of course there are many nationalities that never walk merely for the pleasure of doing so—may there meet one another, taking each an evening constitutional. Thus walking and looking out over the city it is impossible for the mind not ever and anon to revert to the Boxers. And even those who are not particularly interested in Boxers may yet care to read an important proclamation that was issued in the spring of 1900, because the proclamation is said to

have been written by the aid of a Chinese planchette, and to be a revelation from an ancient worthy, Hung Chun, as it is said, with the cognisance of other ancestral worthies. It is believed to have emanated from the Palace of Prince Tuan, the father of the then heir to the throne, and runs thus—

“Yearly on the 7th day of the 7th moon occurs the Feast of the Fairy Cowherd. Now when this day arrives let all in the house, young and old, male and female, wear red turbans, let the lamps be kept alight, and let all thrice kotow towards the south-east, each time offering incense. No one must seek rest in sleep throughout this night. If any ignore these instructions the Fairy Cowherd will be unable to save us from the impending disasters. On the 15th let this be repeated. From the 1st day of the 8th moon (August 25) till the 15th let no wine be drunk. Where wine is drunk young and old in the house will suffer from the foreign scourge. Then in the 9th moon, the 1st and 9th day—on which last all foreigners will be exterminated root and branch—on these days fires must not be kindled. If any disobey they will suffer from the artillery of the foreigner. On the 15th (*i.e.*, of the 9th moon) all the Immortals will return to their seclusion. It is unnecessary to add more.

“On these three days fires must not be kindled—let the words of this sheet be taken in all seriousness.”

So much interest seems felt in England just now in planchette, telling fortunes by clairvoyance and cheiromancy and the like, which have all been in use



PEKING SHOP-FRONT, RICHLY GILDED CARVING.





in China for centuries, especially amongst Taoist monks, who have again and again professed to have discovered the elixir of life, that it may be worth while to add that at least up to 1882 it was currently believed in China that wonderful hermits lived "far away in the mountain range which stretches from Peking across the provinces of Chihli and Shantung, where there is one very sacred peak, called the Mount of a Hundred Flowers. It is covered with wild flowers, and its bosky dells are said, and with truth, to be the lurking-place of wolves and panthers. There, according to the legend, live, partly embedded in the soil, certain ancient Taoist hermits. By a long course of absolute conformity with Nature they have attained to immortality, and are now in the enjoyment of unearthly bliss. To use a Taoist phrase, their faces are washed by the rains of heaven and their hair combed by the wind. Their arms are crossed upon their breasts and their nails have grown so long that they curl round their necks. Flowers and grass have taken root in their bodies and flourish luxuriantly; when a man approaches them they turn their eyes upon him, but do not speak. No wild beast ever attacks them, for they are in harmony with all Nature. Some of them are over three hundred years old, others are not much over a century, but all have attained to immortality, and some day they will find that their bodies, which have been so long in wearing out, will collapse from sheer withdrawal of vitality and their spirits be set free."

Beliefs of this kind are general among many nations. But no one has yet seen these Taoist

hermits, any more than any one has yet discovered any Mahatmas in Tibet.

To turn to more practical everyday matters, I should be grateful to any reader who would tell me if aconite can or cannot be used as Chinese thieves are supposed to use it, the process being called to suffocate or asphyxiate with incense. Chinese thieves are said to prepare a composition of some medicated ingredient, supposed to be aconite, and lighting it, blow it into the room to be robbed by means of a tube through a hole previously made—not a difficult thing in houses with paper windows and doors. The inmates are thus anæstheticised, or at least deprived of the powers of speech and locomotion, and the thieves enter and do their work. In vain does the proprietor being robbed see the burglars. He cannot move limb or tongue. It is said that water absorbs this poison, and so for this purpose it is not uncommon for wealthy people to sleep with a basin of water at their heads.

It is as one hurries back in the quickly-darkening evening that one begins to be afraid of thieves. There are so many dark corners, such devious, dark passages about a large Chinese kungkwan, and in the heavy summer weather one cannot shut doors or windows. In common with so many foreigners in China, we have already once been robbed, and were certainly then rendered somehow quite unconscious whilst all our drawers were ransacked, though things were, perhaps, not quite so bad with us as with some friends. The wife, then in high fever, suddenly said to her husband nursing her, "Oh, dearest, I see a man

coming in by the window!" and he, drowsy and worn out with watching, replied soothingly, "Oh, turn over on the other side, then, and you won't see him any more!" Next morning they found everything gone and the baby still asleep in its cradle with a pocket-handkerchief over its face. This custom of making people sleep on whilst you calmly sort out of their things what you want is universal in China. The question is how it is done. People in Europe are often unwilling to believe the many stories of girls who have been drugged unconsciously and then carried off insensible. Yet why should not this be done when the other evidently can be so easily?

## XIX

### *A TALE OF TWO STUDENTS*

ONE day walking about in Peking, we came upon a Chinese father and son, whom we knew before. They begged leave to call, and did so after a few days. Their little history, so far as it can yet be written, is so characteristic of China at its best, that it is worth recording. The father had been for years earning a scanty living by teaching, he had also for thirty years been going up for examination to obtain the degree of Chü-jen, or *Picked* man, often translated into English as M.A. But that degree, I understand, can be obtained for money in superior England; in corruptible China it can only be gained by learning. And the poor man had failed six times when my husband first made his acquaintance and began to have the honour of contributing to the expenses of the necessary journey to, and stay in, the provincial capital. The little boy, a grave but then rosy little fellow with the round, innocent face so taking in Chinese boys, used to be brought to see us and given cakes. Then came the period when he was twelve years old, and it transpired that he had been for some time contributing to the family finances by writing

inscriptions to be pasted up outside houses against the great China New Year festivity, and was already so celebrated for his calligraphy that that year he was to have a stall in the street all to himself. He still appeared such a child we could but marvel at his success, and a little regret that he had already to work for his living. We had thought he might grow up into such a bright, pleasant man.

But now at last came a triennial examination, when my husband refused to contribute to the poor teacher's expenses, saying "You are already a Hsiu-tsai (Budding talent, or B.A.). Rest satisfied with that. Why should you waste your own and your friends' money for the tenth time trying for what you will never obtain? You are advancing in years, too, and have already once or twice been made very ill by the fatigues of the examination. Rest quietly at home!" But the teacher replied, "It is not only I that am going this year, but my son too. And I must go, if it be only to take care of him." "What! that child?" exclaimed my husband. The boy was barely sixteen. "Oh, well, then I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll contribute to your expenses so far as to let both you and your son live in my house whilst at the provincial capital." This house, a very large one, and the first opened by a foreigner for business purposes, had lately been secured after some difficulty, and at a very low rental, because it was deemed an unlucky house. Two enterprises had already failed in it, with much loss of money to every one concerned. It is true one was a business entered upon by a member of that most learned body, the Hanlin College, who are

supposed to be equal to anything, but who are still often infants as regards finance.

The poor teacher thanked warmly, and refused to accept the customary offering of money, saying enough had been done for them in giving them house-room ; however, a small shoe of silver, as it is called—it is more like a very big thimble—was pressed into his son's hand at parting, and the two went forth to contend against all the talent of the Province.

There were between ten and fifteen thousand scholars up for examination that year, and only 296 degrees to be accorded. Yet, when my husband arrived at the provincial capital, he found his house placarded with the largest possible characters announcing the unparalleled success of both father and son, *residing in this house*. Such inscriptions are commonly put up in letters of gold over family residences. The luck of the house was now considered entirely changed, and, as usual, a reason was found.

“ You see what came of opening that door to the south”—a little door opened in the wall at the back that we might obtain direct access to the city wall, and so enjoy the delightful walk on the top, viewing all the country round from an elevation, without the disagreeableness of going through the city streets, “ You have let in Good Fortune by it,” the south is considered the lucky quarter. “ You will see you will get the concessions now that you have been trying for so long.” Which also followed in due course of time.

And now there they were in far-away Peking, the august capital of the huge Empire, almost as large as Europe. And when they came to call they explained



GROUP OF CHINESE LITERATI, IN A GARDEN WITH CUNNINGLY TWISTED SHRUBS.





that they had now come together to try for the next degree, that of Chin-shih, which alone stood between them and the far-famed Hanlin College, with its claims to office. Only as, owing to the Boxer uprising and consequent penalties, no examinations were allowed to be held in Peking, they had now to proceed to Kai Feng Fu, and how they fared there, and when they returned, I hope to learn when I myself am once more mixing among Chinese circles. As a joke, my tall husband, with his many years of experience, bowed before the young lad, already with bent shoulders and pallid cheeks, and said, "I hope you will protect me when you obtain high office." But the boy saw no joke in it, but only serious earnest, as with perfect gravity he replied, "I will indeed. You may rely upon my doing all I can for you," bowing courteously the while.

And then the two took leave, and went on their way, so learned, yet so ignorant of what we think most worth knowing. It is, however, interesting to note that, at the examination at which they both succeeded they had not only to pass, as usual, in the Chinese Classics, but had to write an essay on the very important subject, "How best to preserve peaceful relations with foreign nations," and the young lad's essay had won such fame, that it had been printed for distribution among friends. It was as jejune in argument and ideas as might be expected. But all his life—if, poor lad, he lives—he will remember the thesis by which he won his Chü-jen degree, and we may trust be correspondingly friendly to foreigners and foreign ideas.

My husband had presented him with a little pair of clubs, and begged him to exercise himself with them every day, and thus expand his chest, and he had thanked and promised. But it was terrible to think what an exhaustive knowledge of the classics was shut up in that slender form, behind that contracted chest, beneath those bowed shoulders. He had not, however, yet started those very large round spectacles that are the distinguishing mark of scholarship in China.

## XX

### *HOW NOT TO DO IT IN PEKING*

FOR the following amusing record of an actual experience I am necessarily indebted to a man friend, as for a lady to visit an official bureau in Peking and attempt to transact business would be considered trifling with its dignity, and naturally what befell her would be somewhat out of the usual course. My friend happily recorded his experiences at the time for a local newspaper.

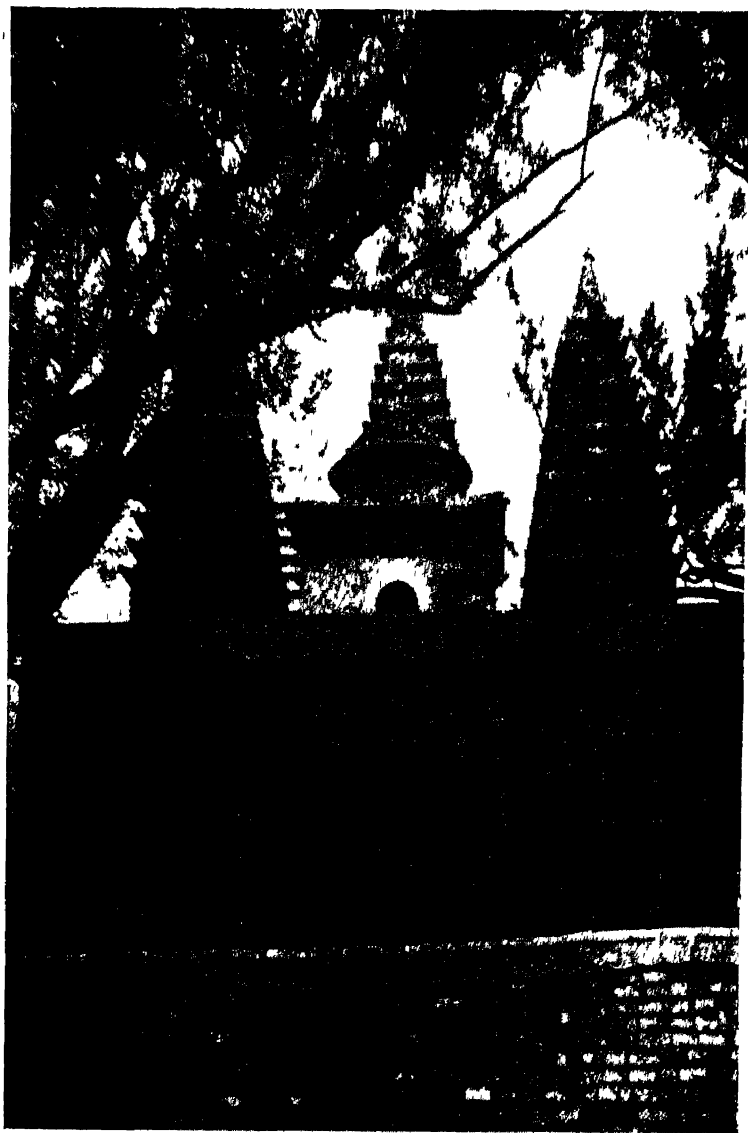
“Having been informed of the proper course to take, and that I should do well to register my valuable trade-mark at the central office opened for the purpose in this city, I forthwith set about acting upon the advice tendered, and, for the sake of others who may wish to learn the ropes, I now relate my experience.

“All foreigners who come to Peking, either on business or pleasure, reside more or less in the Legation quarter, in and around which are located, in addition to the Legations of the different Powers, the principal hotels, stores, and foreign mission establishments. The Legation area abuts on the Winter Palace and the railway stations, and the famous Waiwupu, or

'Board of Foreign Affairs,' is not far off; the now extensive offices of the Inspectorate-General, which maintains a large staff in Peking, are equally in this, the southern and business quarter of the Tartar City. But the Shangpu, or 'Board of Trade,' is not in this quarter, nor could I find anybody to tell me where it was, and so, on the first day of my attempt, I had to abandon my prospective visit to the Registration Department as a bad job. However, my intelligent native 'boy' undertook to discover the office and to provide a ricscha to convey me thither.

"So on the following day I set out upon my voyage of discovery. The ricscha-man, as Peking ricscha-men do, bowled along at a great pace, smothering me with dust, and whirling me through an intricate network of alleys and narrow lanes, and twisting round corners, over hillocks of garbage and through swamps of black mud, at the risk of my bones, if not of my life, much as do cabmen at home. They, too, prefer the by-way to the highway.

"A main street through which I passed was thronged with people gathered to witness the execution of a criminal by the lingchi process, and I had difficulty in making my way through the crowd. The event was more than commonly interesting owing to the fact of the criminal being a high official. This man, it appeared, had, during the disturbances in 1900, murdered two whole families, and so acquired their possessions; he was recently denounced by a woman, his guilt proved, and sentence passed accordingly. I would not be diverted, however, from my quest of the Shangpu, but a European who was present at the



FIVE PAGODA TEMPLE.

*(By the Author)*



execution told me that it was a most tragic spectacle ; the prescribed process was literally carried out, the pieces of flesh, as cut away, being thrown to the crowd, who scrambled for the dreadful relics. In China we are still in the Middle Ages.

“ The Shangpu, after many inquiries by my ricscha coolie on the way, was at last discovered in a back street away in the north-west quarter of the city, a three-quarter-hour run from the Legations. It turned out to be situated in a spacious Chinese ‘ Kungkuan,’ with the customary courtyards and pavilions, all new and uncommonly clean—very much more so than the sheds in which the famous Waiwupu, or Board of Foreign Affairs, transacts the business of the Empire with the outside world. I had been warned that my visit would be regarded with suspicion and cause a flutter in the official dovecotes, although I could not see why this should be the case, seeing that I was only bent on an ordinary matter of business, and to an office established *ad hoc*. Still, Chinese officials live in an atmosphere of suspicion and credit the barbarian with even more than their own ‘tergitwistiveness.’ Be that as it may, after sending in my card, I was kept waiting ten minutes, by my watch, on the doorstep in the cold wind, when at last a coolie appeared and wanted to know what my business was before admitting me. It was not an easy matter to explain to him that I had come to register a trade-mark, the Chinese language being somewhat inelastic where new-fangled foreign notions are concerned. However, he at last gathered that I was determined not to leave without an audience with somebody, and again



left me on the doorstep. Another five minutes and the welcome announcement 'Ching' was made, and the coolie preceded me, holding aloft my rather insignificant-looking scrap of white pasteboard.

"Passing through several courts and low doorways, I was at last shown into a pavilion supported on eight pillars and surrounded with glass windows, with a wide-open door, through which I had entered on the south, and a similar door leading into another courtyard on the north, and through which the north wind was blowing strongly, although a Japanese screen mitigated its force. The spacious hall contained a foreign carpet, a centre table with a gaudy table-cover, four foreign armchairs, and teapoys, each guarded by two foreign chairs round the walls. The coolie, or 'tingchai,' disappeared, and I cooled my heels for another five minutes. Then the man returned with an ash-tray and a box of Japanese matches, which he placed with great deliberation exactly in the centre of the big table. Another long pause and a second man appeared with a teapot, which he solemnly placed on one of the side-tables, and then went out. Hereupon the first man returned, and poured a cup of tea into a foreign tea-cup, which he ceremoniously placed before me and withdrew. At length the 'big man' himself appeared through the north door, and, after having furnished him with a short autobiographical sketch of my career in the Celestial Empire, we came to the point, and, after smoking several cigarettes, which coolie No. One had meanwhile placed alongside the original match-box, my interlocutor proceeded to realise the object of my visit.

“ ‘Yes, this was the trade-mark registry office and was now in full swing.’

“ ‘Had many applications to register been made?’

“ ‘Yes, several.’

“ ‘Any by Europeans?’

“ ‘None, so far.’

“ ‘Whom by, then?’

“ ‘Mostly Japanese, also some Chinese.’

“ ‘Could the big man oblige me by showing me the register and supplying me with the needful application forms?’

“ ‘These I had seen at the office of the Imperial Maritime Customs, but that office transacts no direct business.

“ ‘The register was not visible, nor had the application forms yet been printed.

“ ‘Would it, then, not be better and save trouble if I were to send to Shanghai and have my mark registered there?’

“ ‘Oh no! this was the Central Office, and I should be far more secure registered in it.’

“ ‘Meanwhile my friend summoned a clerk, and had the two necessary forms written out in manuscript in exquisite Chinese calligraphy; he further produced a Book of Regulations, and drew my attention to the more important clauses, especially Clause 16, which defines the form and size of the chop to be handed in, and which must not exceed three by four inches in superficies and seven and one-half tenths of an inch in thickness. Here the Japanese screen at our backs blew down with a bang and smothered us and our documents—a convenient signal for terminating the

interview, which concluded by my being graciously presented with a copy of the 'Regulations,' the volume consisting of fifty pages of closely-printed type, which I was advised to take home and study carefully, and proceed as therein directed—and not to forget to return again, bringing with me the prescribed fee of thirty-five taels silver, about five guineas.

"Another cup of tea, a cordial 'Chin-chin,' and I departed, having spent an instructive day in learning 'how not to do it,' and in adding another to my previous experiences of the manners and customs of this delightful country ; but my trade-mark has still to be registered."

The Chinese Trade-mark Department was in a painfully perturbed condition at the moment. After the issue of an Imperial Notification that the Board of Commerce would commence registry forthwith, the German Minister, Baron Mumm, proceeded to interview the Board of Foreign Affairs, and extorted from them a promise that Registration of Trade-marks should be postponed for two years, and notified his nationals accordingly. Thereupon the Japanese Minister hurried to the Board and demanded to know what they meant by setting aside an Imperial Edict. The harassed Board (Prince Ching and others) then denied that they had ever given such promise, and said that, of course, the Imperial Edict held good. Meanwhile the Board of Commerce is officially open to register, and pining, probably, for the merry Mexicans, with visions of 10,000 trade-marks rushing for registry, while the German Minister vainly goes on protesting.

Originally the Trade-marks Department was placed by the Waiwupu in the hands of the Imperial Maritime Customs ; then the Shangpu wanted to know what their luxurious establishment existed for, and were they not entitled to do the business and collect the fees? So the Waiwupu took the matter out of the hands of the capable and business-like Foreign Customs, and placed it in hands manifestly more deserving. Whether these hands are capable of guarding a trade-mark from purloinment, time will show. So far it looks as if the needy Chinese officials, and later on the legal profession, would be the chief gainers.

## XXI

### *FIVE NATIONS' SOLDIERS, AS SEEN IN CHINA*

NOW that the condition of the German Army is becoming a matter of increasing interest to English people, it may be worth while to consider how the armies of the different nations appeared in the close juxtaposition into which they were being brought in China of late, where officers of various nationalities have had ample opportunities of studying each other's methods and their results. Not being myself in any sense an expert, I shall, as far as possible, transmit these opinions in the very language in which they were given to me, as rarely as possible interrupting their continuity by any comment of my own.

All the English Army seemed to have arrived in China with the idea that they were to see wonders from the Germans, and at first our officers were much struck by the smart way in which they handled their arms, and their size, comparing them only with the French, Russians, and Japanese. In Shanghai the discipline of the first regiment sent out appeared to be beyond all praise, and the men's conduct exemplary.

At Tientsin they seemed to be by far the most seriously occupied, so much so that I commented upon this to a German officer. "How is it that your men seem always busy, either going swiftly, evidently carrying letters, or always returning from or going to drill?" He said, "We give our men exactly the same amount of drills and parades that they would have in Berlin. We consider it necessary to keep them always occupied, lest evil thoughts should get into them. You do not take your army seriously. The men are capital fellows, but the officers are too ignorant for anything. They never think of occupying or improving their men. As to the French—oh, they are idle, all over the place. That is the reason they are always getting into mischief and having rows with your officers."

Some American officers said to me, on the other hand, "Your English officers are capital fellows. The English and ourselves are just like brothers out here. As to the Germans, they are very ill-conditioned and don't salute us. When we came here, it was with the idea of being very polite to every one, and we saluted every one of every nationality. Then we saw no one saluted us first, but waited and saluted us back again, and we thought, why should Americans always have to salute first? So then we waited, and now only the English and ourselves salute each other." But whilst I found the American Army ready to do everything for me, from giving up their beds or providing an ambulance for a carriage to singing "The Flower of Europe's Army is As-tro-nomi-cal," in derision of the German Army's carrying off the ancient

astronomical instruments from their old site upon the walls; yet from the lady's point of view I must say that it was the French and Italian soldiers who seemed to me the best mannered of all the troops in North China, and this though, whilst I was there, a very bad affray occurred, in which a French soldier tried to stab an English officer in the dark. I will now, however, leave my own superficial view and try rather to transmit the opinions of experts.

“At the beginning it became self-evident that the Germans had a very inefficient commissariat and transport, *i.e.*, of the latter practically nothing. Their food had to be procured in each place they came to. So good is the food procurable in the northern plains of China, that they did not realise at first their want of transport, and, fortunately for them, the only time they went into the hills they were accompanied by a British Cavalry Regiment, which, when the Germans were without food, took it up to them on the regimental mules. On the same occasion, had it not been for the same mules which carried ammunition to a German company, they would have been wiped out. This was in the hills near Paoting-fu, October, 1900. They carried very few rounds themselves, and the reserve in huge waggons drawn by four horses. British soldiers carried 100 rounds always and could carry 250. Then, too, they had no method of providing themselves with water. They smiled at our Native Infantry Regiments having 108 mules, but when they found that we could move for ten days on this in a land as barren as a billiard-table and carry second reserve ammunition as well, and at a pinch help

them, they changed their tone. Everything they got from Germany came in cases so heavy that they could with difficulty be landed—British stores are made up of packages weighing 60 lbs.—and then, too, the clothing they needed in the winter was just arriving in the spring. Their field-days, too, were laughable, masses of men marching on to a position in *close* order, and only extending to about a yard at 500 yards objective. Why, they made a mass visible and hittable 2,000 yards away! That their discipline was bad became apparent when we were on strained relations with the French in Tientsin. The German soldiers then distinctly favoured the French and became excessively rude and aggressive, their officers taking no notice whatever of their behaviour although it was pointed out to them. German officers are not at all the well-read, polished men we fancied them, and are even for the most part not such good linguists as our officers in China. These last shone out wonderfully on the whole, most of us getting along in German or French, or Russian, some in two of these languages or even in all three. There is no doubt that the Germans are fearfully jealous of the Indian Army, and hated to think that they were doing for us what Germany's picked volunteers were doing for her. Also they disliked finding that when confronted with an up-country Sepoy they always took the knock. Their pioneers built the Hanku bridge, and got deadly drunk over the opening ceremony. Then our sappers and Chinese railway people had to strengthen and support it to prevent its sliding against the ice coming. Later on the railway stock on the line was crammed



with small military light railway engines, lines, portable barracks, hat-racks, rifle-racks, horse-troughs, and every conceivable thing which had been sent from Germany and was all going up to Pei-tai-ho. It seemed an awful waste, and must have been a nuisance, I should say ; any way it was to us, as all our trains were choked with it. At one time the German soldiers' behaviour at Tongshan became so insolent it was reported to Count Waldersee, but after that it was quite changed and they were most polite.

"The Sepoys loathe and despise the Germans, which is amusing. They say they are bullies who won't stand up to an armed man. Anyway, we had nothing to learn from them, though they were making the most of their time drawing, photographing, and reporting on all our methods. They at last got some khaki from India and England, and I was informed by a young German that 'khaki is, of course, a German invention, and a very excellent one.' They got, too, a cork khaki helmet like the one we use, but spoiled it with an enormous brass German eagle on the front.

"The French in many ways are superior to the Germans. They are better fed, and were also better clothed during the cold weather. They made no attempt to copy any one or learn anything. They have a kind of mule-cart transport, which seems good, but their load-mule transport is not good. Still one cannot help wondering how the Germans licked them, as, man for man, the French, save their marine regiments, are better and hardier than the Germans. The cavalry is good, but suffers, as does also the infantry,

from very bad leather gear. They are excellent horse-masters, and the barbs of the Chasseurs always look and are well kept. The men, too, ride well. It was most surprising to every one that when a regiment of Zouaves went up with the Punjaub Light Infantry to Shan-hai-kwan to get a company of the latter out of a hole they were in amongst some brigands in the hills, they funk'd terribly! As soon as the force came under fire, and one or two Sepoys and a Frenchman were hit, at once the whole Zouave regiment bolted to cover and refused to budge. When after a little coaxing and another attempt they again refused to advance, the British Colonel told them they might as well go home, and advanced the 4th Punjaub Infantry, killing and capturing a considerable number of the Chinese. The Zouaves returned to Shan-hai-kwan by a special train, and on arriving at the station proceeded to embrace some commissariat followers, to show their gratitude, crying out, 'Nos braves camarades!' The Native Infantry of the Third Brigade despise them pretty well now. For all that the men are more polite than the Germans; in fact, except for the few Tientsin regiments, composed largely of ne'er-do-weels, which were, until a French gunboat arrived there, in a state of mutiny, most of the French soldiers were very respectful. These men are, however, generally shockingly dirty." Is this flight of the French Zouaves to be explained by their being drawn by conscription from the whole nation? It seems as if it were one thing to make men soldiers and another to make them willing to fight.

"The Russians," my informant went on, "as far as

I know them, are fine fellows, full of the milk of human kindness, badly fed and scarcely paid at all : very thick-headed, and only able to act according to instructions. When once they have received an order they stick to it, and woe betide the man who tries to turn them in a contrary direction. If no Russian officer is near to rescind an order, no power on earth will move a Russian soldier from obeying it to the letter. They pillaged and murdered at first, poor devils ! because it was what they had seen done in war since childhood, but a kinder, more willing set of slaves I never saw. Get them away from their officers and treat them kindly, and the effect is wonderful." One of my informants then proceeded to relate how he had had some Russians under his command, and sent them beer and bread to supplement their scanty rations, and how since then they were never tired of working for him. "The Sepoys swear by them as friends," he continued, "but do not fear them as enemies because they cannot shoot, are badly led, and hate their officers. Then, too, they only carry one small pouch, and have only pony-and-cart transport, which is all right for China in the dry season, but is of no use anywhere else. The officers, of course, are mere bourgeois, excepting a few of the staff who come from Petersburg." He then proceeded to dilate upon the difference between British officers and officers of other nationalities, adding even the Americans noticed it, one of them saying, "The greatest advantage your army has over all the other armies of the world is that your officers are gentlemen, which cannot be said for more than half of the officers of other armies. Consequently your men

look up to their officers and expect to obey their orders. The same feeling not existing among other armies, either brute force or terrible discipline has to be insisted upon."

"The American Army seems to be run as a business concern, getting an enormous amount of work out of each officer. The whole force in China had but one paymaster and one clerk, these two being responsible for all accounts and travelling round, paying each individual soldier and follower with their own hands, thus doing away with clerks and objection statements. The man is equal to his officer and speaks to him as such. His needs are so great that the commissariat stores are a miniature Army and Navy Co-operative, and it is impossible to move them far or quickly. But they are our greatest friends and excellent fellows, happy-go-lucky, kind-hearted, and always ready to be brothers with us Britishers." I certainly had good reason to speak of the American officers as kind-hearted. Indeed, it struck me that the English officers were the stiffest and the least ready to show little civilities, whether because of stricter discipline or natural character it is difficult to say. They were, of course, most kind, but did not come forward to do politenesses like those of other nationalities. But, as usual, the highest praise was kept for the Japanese.

"The Japs are the nicest little men possible, always cheery, jolly, and brave as lions. They move wonderfully; one day a place is full of them, the next narry a one, and no one will know anything of them till suddenly they turn up again somewhere. They carry

a wonderful lot on their shoulders and the rest on pack-horses. They are learning now to advance and attack in open order. They formerly did so in line, going steadily, no matter what casualties might occur. Now, however, they find that extended order is more economical. We got on very well with them and so did our men. The general opinion in China was that they would have the best of it if it came to a fight with Russia. They are fierce little chaps and are longing to get at the Russians."

Then, again, my informants touched upon the Germans, many of whom, it appeared, were becoming very English, wearing English riding-clothes, going to English officers' tailors, coming to their club, playing tennis, riding races, and by dint of it all, becoming very popular among English officers. Several French, Russian, and Austrian officers were doing the same and getting liked accordingly. It did not seem to occur to the English that they also might, perhaps, get better liked if they accommodated themselves to the ways of other nationalities, and that it was possible in such a concourse of nations that there was something they in their turn might learn with advantage, as, for instance, from the French, how to establish a kitchen and make appetising broths for their men, as also run a canteen that should not conduce to drunkenness. If I may add yet another remark of an ignoramus as to military matters, it certainly struck me whilst going about in Tientsin and Peking that, whilst it is not to be wished that our officers should learn to put on side, as it is called, yet their very simple, unassuming way of sauntering about with their heads down is certainly

not calculated to inspire the officers or men of other nations with awe or even respect. They looked often very boyish, and as if they were just trying to do things as best they could instead of wearing that air of dignity which seems almost called for in an international force, and which would certainly carry weight. In spite of the very interesting nature of the above remarks by experts, the air of the ordinary German officer of being very busy and entirely intent upon what he is about certainly would lead the uninitiated to conclude that he was giving more serious study to his career, and the mere fact of his being desirous to copy or learn from others would at least indicate an open mind, free from prejudice either insular or otherwise. The above remarks, however, strike me as so interesting in their fulness of detail that I apologise for adding to them any comment of my own. It is, however, to me a little strange that with regard to soldiers so much importance should be attached by officers as to their being respectful or not. Navvies, I have often heard, are exceptionally deficient in this quality, which, in so far as they are men, seems greatly to be regretted, but in so far as they are navvies, of little consequence. It does not seem that the Boers excel in courtesy, yet they are tenacious fighters. I feel, however, that my opinions are those of one quite ignorant, for I wholly fail to see any merit in the marvellous march past of the German soldiery when they go past with their legs extended into the air, then thudded down upon the ground; their faces and teeth shaken by the jar thereby given to the whole nervous system. It may be very magnificent, but it emphati-

cally is not fighting, as I understand fighting. A long line of men easily dressed in almost invisible colouring and very widely extended, each man lynx-eyed, to seize every advantage offered by the ground, and so skilful a marksman as never to fire without effecting something, is to my mind what is wanted. This is, however, only a lady's idea of a fighting force, which seems to me to require no gewgaws, and to be better without the men likely to be attracted by them.

Our uniforms certainly seem more convenient than of old, but I still find the collars too high, and regret that our officers do not wear the very comfortable-looking Russian cap, and are not equipped with the delightful great-coat of the Russians. Both articles of clothing look about the most practical possible. Also there must be some way, surely, of training men not to drink. A cheerful spirit, plenty of fresh air, and a generally-diffused desire to improve themselves, and be capable of turning their hands to more varied occupations, and make themselves more valuable as men, are what suggest themselves as the right means. Japanese wounded soldiers, who had become friendly with some English people from asking leave to draw near whilst the children were being taught their lessons, that they, too, might learn, refused a parting present of cigarettes when the English family was going away, because, they said, they did not know if the cigarettes would be good for them, nor whether the doctors would allow them. Being asked then what they would like as a souvenir, they said paper, that they might go on writing exercises.

Is there any way possible of bringing Englishmen to a similar frame of mind? It would be interesting, if possible, to find out what Japanese officers most care about, but none of our expeditions about Peking led to this discovery.

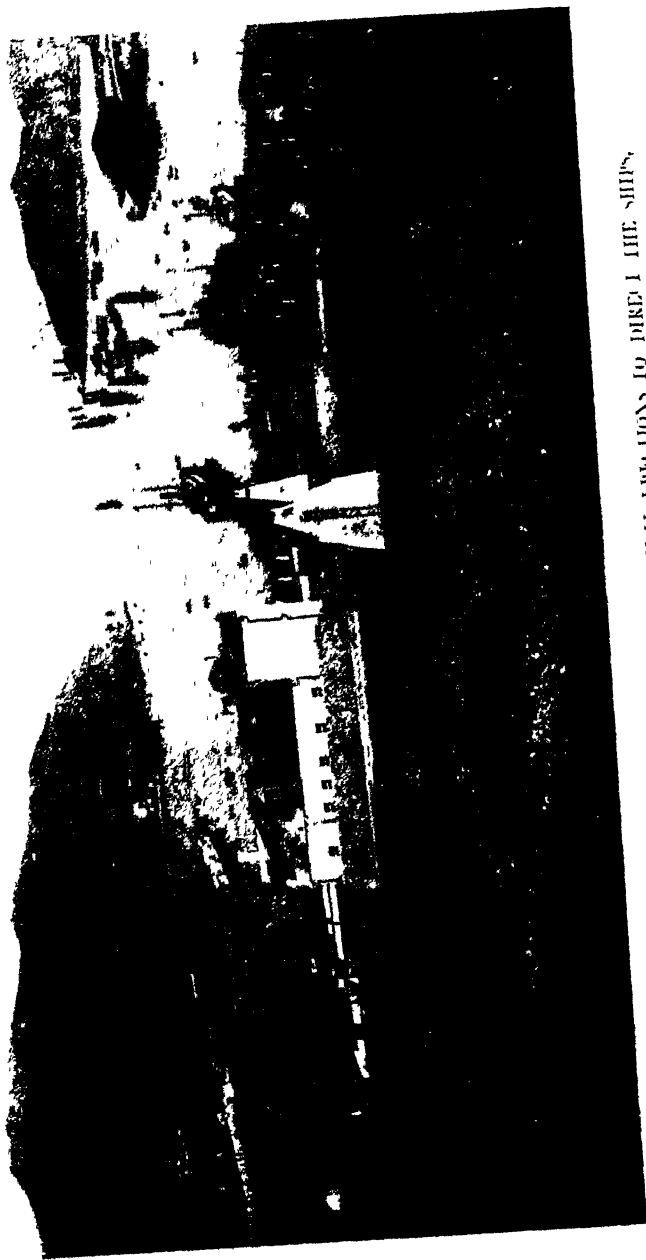


## XXII

### TO PORT ARTHUR

MY last expedition was to Port Arthur. We were coming away from our garden then, as also from Peking, when I got off the steamer at Chefoo to take a Russian steamer and cross to Port Arthur. All the summer had been darkening with rumours of war, and it seemed as if it might be the last time to see it as it was then—Russian. But there was no war yet. In a little boat, and in rather an anxious state of mind, I put off to a steamer that I expected to find wholly Russian. I had an old passport, and the Russian Legation at Peking had declined to have anything to do with it, saying Port Arthur was no part of the Russian dominions, but now I had been told that every one who crossed thither, required to have a passport *visé'd* by the Russian Consul at Chefoo, as also a special permit to land. I had neither, and office hours were over, and the Russian Consulate closed when I first learnt that permits were needed. Like the unjust steward of the parable, the only plan now seemed to be to make friends with as many people as possible. On the steamer I found four men looking like the





ENTRANCE TO PORT ARTHUR, WITH WHITE PYRAMIDAL LERATIONS TO DIRECT THE SHIPS.

steamer's officers sitting at table, when I appeared wanting an evening meal. It was, I remember, a very nondescript one, but served for an introduction. And after a little conversation it came out that none of the officers were wholly Russian ; one, who boasted the name of Shakespeare, claiming to be English, though, like the others, he could speak no word of our language. One or two other passengers came on board, and for my comfort one was a German merchant from Tientsin, whose acquaintance I had chanced to make that morning ; for he had a spare rug, and as it now appeared, the berths boasted no more bedding than the bedsteads on my Siberian tour ; Russians, like Chinese, always travelling with their own bedding. The stewards said there would be blankets when it was winter, but it was not winter yet. It was, however, late October, and I was deeply grateful for my friend's rug.

Long before daybreak I went on deck to see the entrance into the famous harbour. In my haste to do so I left my watch under my pillow. That watch was never heard of again by me. Six watches had been stolen in Chefoo the night before I left, and the culprits were there believed to have been Cossacks. There were Cossacks on my steamer, but one would hardly think they were allowed the run of the first-class cabins. However, one must pay something for seeing a first-class fortress. It looked very grim and awe-inspiring as seen through the grey dawning. Those black objects projecting from the tops of the hills on either side were, I gradually became aware, the very heavy cannon which the *Times* Peking

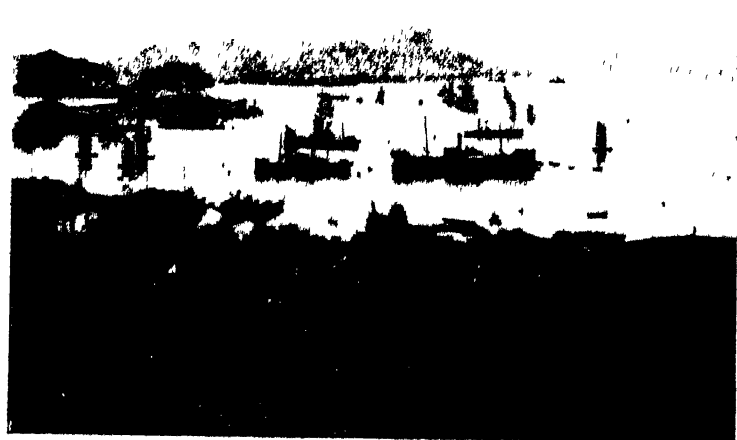
correspondent had assured me during a recent visit would make it impossible for any ship to come within firing distance. What I had at first sight taken for islands across the entrance developed into men-of-war, one of them the five-funnelled *Askold*. The entrance looked very narrow, and all the heights around it were bristling with cannon, so that involuntarily one held one's breath. Supposing a cannon were to go off by mistake! One after another seemed to be pointed straight at us as we moved slowly forward. I must own that the very high erection on the hill to the right, which I found afterwards to be only the Marconi telegraphic apparatus, frightened me at the time as much as the cannon; as did also the very formidable-looking funnels at the base, which were only condensers. The two white, pointed pyramids on the hill behind the town looked very mysterious to me then, but were merely guides to ships entering and leaving the harbour. To my ignorance all looked alike formidable and warlike. There were dredgers puffing about in the grim grey dawn, and a torpedo boat darting swiftly by us, a great sound of hammering, and a great sense of hurry all over the harbour. And behind us the exit looked most distressingly narrow.

I had never liked the idea of coming to Port Arthur alone, and was further burdened by the idea of having no passport; but on walking ashore no one asked for any passport, nor challenged my right to do so. Every one afterwards thought this inexplicable, but it simply was so. At once on first landing I was struck by finding all the quays stacked with





CAUSEWAY BETWEEN NEW AND OLD PORT ARTHUR.



PORT ARTHUR: THE OUTER HARBOUR

high piles of wooden cases, all exactly alike. All the way along it was the same.

"Why do you want to know what is in those cases?" asked my German friend. "You don't want to buy them?"

"What does one travel for but to collect information?" I replied.

The first Chinese I asked laughed, and said, "Vodka!"

"Vodka!" I exclaimed excitedly. "Why, what an extraordinary quantity of vodka!"

"Oh, he knows you are English, and he wants to please you," said my German friend.

"You ask the next man," I replied.

He did so, and received the same answer. Then he, too, from incredulity turned to marvel, as we walked on and on, always between those high stacks of vodka. Afterwards a Russian friend told me that, owing to some mistake, such a very large consignment of vodka had been sent that it had been impossible to take delivery of it all, and so all that could not anywhere be housed had been left lying upon the Bund.

In the first instance we walked over to new Port Arthur, where we had ascertained the best restaurant was. We were buoyed up with grand ideas of the breakfast we were going to eat, for the steamer's food had not been very grand, and in our walk we had paused to see many things: the tiny railway station; the driving causeway, which used to be a tiny path, slopped over by water; the gigantic masonry foundations on the top of the little hill that dominated new



Port Arthur, and many new buildings and gardens. It was only later in the day I learnt that the building on the hill which we thought was going to be a fortress was to be a church, built at Government expense, and that the very grand-looking building beyond it in the midst of a fine garden, which we thought must at least be Admiral Alexeieff's future Palace, was the new hotel the Municipality was building alongside the public garden it had just laid out. When we arrived at the restaurant it looked perfectly delightful, quite the smartest and most coquettish in the Far East. We took seats joyously and began to give our orders, to be told, alas! the kitchen did not open till some hours later. So there was nothing for it but to take a carriage and drive back across the causeway, that joins the two, to old Port Arthur, where also a restaurant had been recommended to us. It was quite pretty, looking out on to the Bund behind the stacks of vodka; but though the breakfast satisfied our hunger, the landlord was most evidently suffering from what I believe is technically called the Jumps. My German friend laughed merrily, thinking that an English lady must feel gratified to have what he supposed to be her preconceptions thus justified. But I found it depressing, and enjoyed my breakfast less than I otherwise might have.

It was, however, amusing to look out through the glass doors and see all the people passing backwards and forwards. Women wore the most extraordinary garments. I should be very sorry to pass judgment on any one because of their clothes, but a dirty skirt,

together with a very rich purple velvet jacket lace-trimmed, and worn in the early morning, does not suggest respectability. However, when I met a young lady tripping down the hill with a scarlet feather in her hat and shoes to match, I was told she was an admiral's daughter, and as a Tientsin hotel landlord said, after the occupation by eight nations, "It is very hard to tell the birds by the feathers," complaining that what afterwards proved to be the most undesirable of hotel inmates would arrive in tidiest of travelling costumes and quietest of little sailor hats.

Only after breakfast did I deliver a letter of introduction. The great army contractor, from all I heard of him, seemed to me the most interesting man in Port Arthur, and as directly I presented my letter he took me in hand and did everything for me, I had no need to trouble the others. His hospitality was the more satisfactory as he and others assured me there was then no hotel in Port Arthur, only some temporary houses in which men hired small and wretched rooms, going out for their meals, and which were, as every one said, impossible for a lady. Thus Port Arthur seems to have become Russian and ceased to be Russian without ever having a proper hotel. But it was *going to* have a magnificent one. The paths in the public garden were all laid out, the ornamental piece of water, the kiosque where the band was to play. To hear Russians talk one almost thought one heard the band, saw elegant ladies and gentlemen driving up and down the causeway beneath the shade of trees not yet planted,

enjoying the view of the magnificent church yet to be built at fabulous cost upon those gigantic foundations. All this in new Port Arthur for which Dalny was then being abandoned, just as before that old Port Arthur had been abandoned for Dalny. There were many very handsome shops being built there, in especial the handsome block of buildings in which the German firm of Kunst and Alvers, that runs the trade of Siberia, was about to open its stores, and on all sides beautiful roads branching out in different directions, and with fine houses by the sides of them. The finest houses were what my friend, the great army contractor, was building for himself and his *employés*. He pointed out the pleasant villas he was also building at the new bathing station, then only being arranged in one of the many inlets to the west of Port Arthur. With its many bights and indentations the Bay of Port Arthur quite surpasses German Tsing-tao or English Wei-hai-wei for natural beauty. For those who prefer cleaner water than can be possible in an almost land-locked harbour, however large, there was already a bathing station outside the harbour to the south and east, on one of the slopes of the Hill of Gold.

Of course, first of all I was taken into that part of old Port Arthur that no foreigner is supposed to enter—probably they all do, since I did—and saw the docks and the work going on in them, and the very simple building used as a Government House by the then Viceroy. I saw also the Naval Club, where there had been a ball the night before. That also looked very simple. Then we visited the

Chinese quarter. It was only then I began to realise that, though so much seemed doing at Port Arthur, it was, after all, all being done by Chinese, and I noticed one thing particularly. For some reason, I quite forget what, the gentleman I was then with spoke angrily to a Chinese walking along the road. The latter sprang into the roadway with quite remarkable celerity, and with the unmistakable gesture of expecting to be struck, and by a boot. I drew the natural inference, but was immediately assured by a Russian friend that nowhere are Chinese so well treated as in Port Arthur. It may be so, but Chinese do not jump out of the way with that quickness in the parts of China to which I have been accustomed. And those who live in Shantung, the province from which most of the Chinese in Port Arthur come, give sad accounts of the way in which Chinese say they, and more particularly their woman-kind, have been treated in the past.

The great parade-ground, where the grand review was held, that made such an impression upon all the correspondents as to the impregnability of Port Arthur, was too far off for me to visit, but I saw one parade-ground and a few rows of one-storeyed temporary barracks. Accommodation for soldiery is, however, not in evidence as at Tsing-tao, where handsome barracks strike the eye at every turn. And yet there were said to be only 4,000 German soldiers at Tsing-tao, and 40,000 at Port Arthur. Judging by what I saw I estimated there could not be more than 15,000 men at Port Arthur then, and even so they must have been very badly lodged. That

they were overworked and underfed their appearance at once showed. Poor Russian soldiers! poor Russian people! All obliged to serve, and sent so far from home, and with no more voice in the matter than the "dumb, driven cattle" they so resemble. Caught, they know not why, in the meshes of Russia's schemes for world-conquest, her poor sons march moodily and sullenly along, holding themselves upright because they must, moving as they are bidden, but looking bewildered, dumbfounded, downcast. Even if Russia were successful in her schemes it would be always she herself who must suffer most heavily, for how is her population to increase with such numbers of marriageable young men removed from their mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and with only such womankind as is to be met at Port Arthur and throughout Eastern Siberia?

On this subject my kind host was very outspoken. He said he had given the advice again and again not to bite off more than they could chew, adding that in Port Arthur and Dalny, Russia had already a big morsel. "Wait, and you will see," he said; "or rather, you and I will not see. But in another fifty years Chinese will be the masters as far as to the Baikal Lake, and Russian Siberia pushed back to its western shore. If they are in such a hurry that is what must happen."

His house was at that time stripped of its carpet and denuded of armchairs, in order to show hospitality to a Persian Mission arrived that day. "That is what they always do," he said; "they come to my house and take away my things, without ever asking my leave,

to dress out rooms for those who come. As for you, you see, there is no choice for you but to go to Dalny to sleep, but you must have dinner here before you start, for you will not get there till half-past ten at night. Oh, I will see that you are met and seen after there, and one of my nieces, who is travelling that way to-night, is coming here to make your acquaintance, that you may not feel lonely in the train in the dark." Nothing could have been more kind and considerate, but the train was overcrowded, the journey took three hours, and it seemed strange that Port Arthur should still be depending upon Dalny for hotel accommodation, the more so, as when I arrived there the gentleman who met me told me the Dalny Hotel was full, and that he had had to engage a room for me in a house being hurriedly furnished to oblige the Governor, in order to supplement the hotel accommodation. It was very handsomely furnished, with saddleback chairs and sofa, and a grand tapestry hanging on the wall behind the bed, as is usual in Russia. But, alas! again no bedclothes! However, a bundle of rugs was brought in, I locked my door, and realised that I was alone in furnished rooms in Dalny. My watch was gone, and I could not find my umbrella. I tried the lock of the door more than once, and tested the windows.

At Dalny, of course, I was at once told how the Dalny General had by general consensus captured Port Arthur from the rear at the recent manœuvres. I did not know if this would be as easy in real action. But I thought then that the communications could most easily be cut, and then would it not be contrary to all

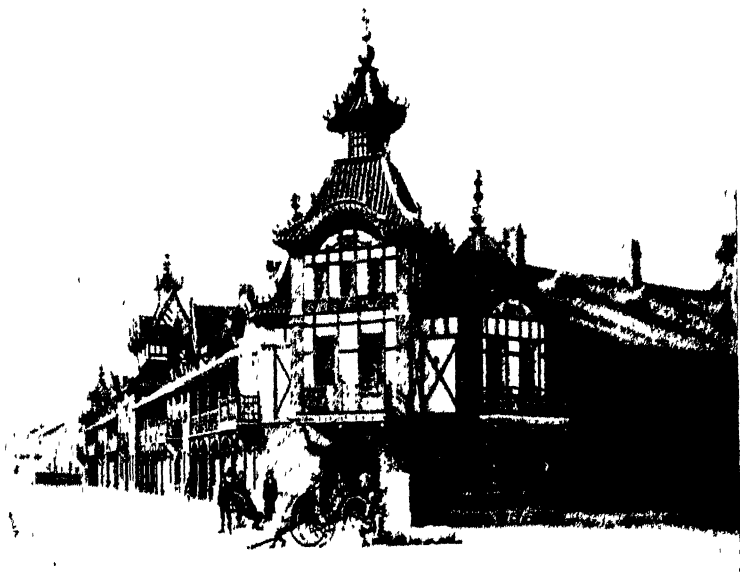
precedent if the Russians really had all the stores they were supposed to have? And even if there were enough to eat, how could a pestilence be averted; so many men confined in such close quarters, and with the habits they have about sanitation? The water also would be another difficulty. If I were the enemy I thought I should not fire a single shot, but just hold the place invested so as to leave them to stew in their own juice! At the same time, if a shot were fired it must have great effect, for all the ships must lie so close together, if there were many inside. And as to coming out, I saw less than ever now, after visiting the place, how that could be managed, for only one man-of-war could come at a time out of that narrow entrance.

But all this was only speculation before the drama that has since been played—not yet to its bitter end.

One of the most remarkable proofs of the way in which Russians, by their charm of manner and skill in conversation, make people believe that what they are planning, or even merely thinking of doing, is already done, is the way in which Dalny has been written about in the newspapers. A more dead-alive place I never saw, a place doomed before it was ever born. It was quite prettily built, and the plan charming, all the streets arranged like the spokes of a fan—a very convenient plan for artillery or for sea-breezes to penetrate. Whether it is a good plan to seek to build no two houses after the same fashion admits of question. A street with a Chinese pavilion next to a Nuremberg homestead, *vis-à-vis* to a Queen Anne building, or a Russian house of the old style, is very







DALNY. EMPLOYEES HOUSE BY STATION.



DALNY. ENGINEERS STREET.

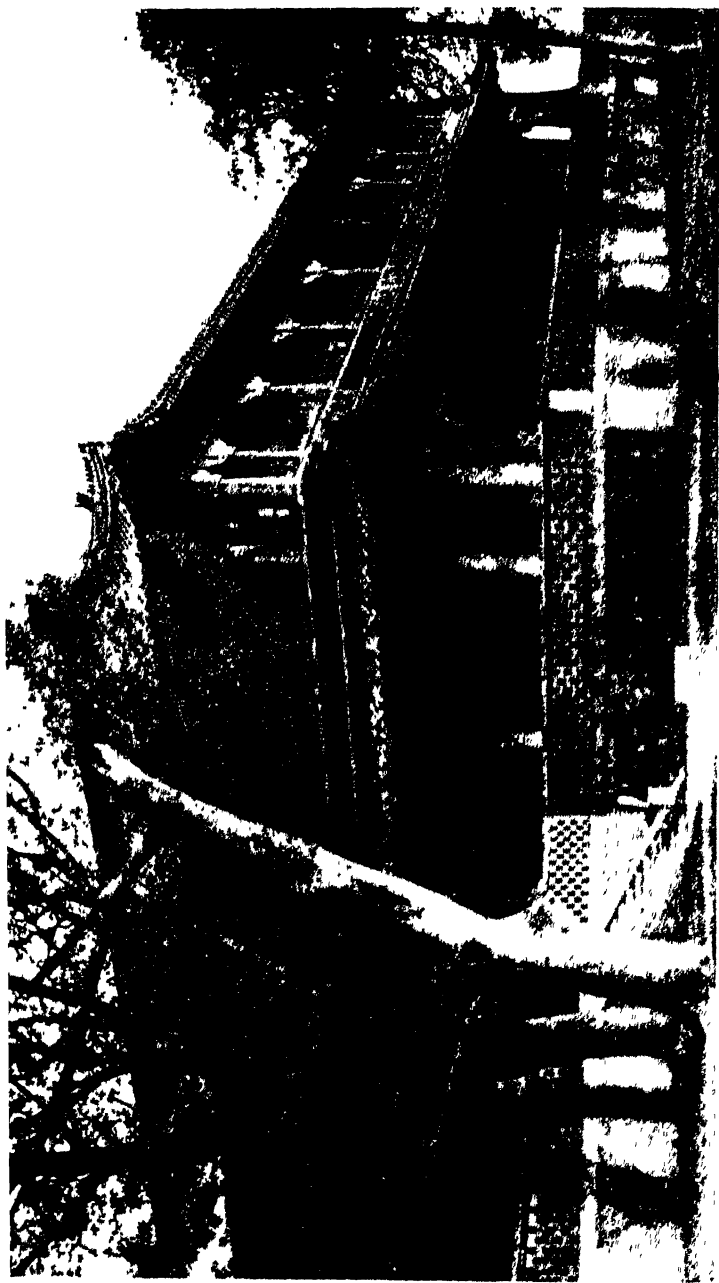
amusing as one drives along, but partakes rather of the nature of the ridiculous. It certainly does not give the idea of permanency. And all these houses had been built so fast, that I was assured there was not a door or window that would shut properly in the place ; and from the already aged appearance outside of these very new buildings one could quite fancy they were dropping to pieces already. They were all full, I was assured, but I could see no evidence of business doing anywhere, except that in one building there was timber, and the seats and fittings for the Trans-Siberian railway were being made there. There was no organised service between the steamers and the trains, and it was a surprise to find the station not yet covered over. But then the intention there was to have a new grand station in a slightly different position, and they were so full of this and its many conveniences, that again one began to talk of it as *the Station* ! Although at Port Arthur I had heard another idea that through trains were to go direct on to Port Arthur, and Dalny, the doomed, to be left out altogether. Subsequent events have negatived all these plans alike. In reality, at that time it was only a very provisional-looking station at Dalny, that was the terminus of the grand Trans-Siberian, the completion of which had filled with joy the hearts of all residents in the Far East, drawing us at once several weeks nearer to Europe, and at less than half the price, so that every one at once hoped to run home every summer.

But, like a tiny thunder-cloud foreshadowing the coming storm, there were thirteen large Russian

men-of-war lying under the lee of the islands as I came away from wind-swept Dalny, indignant that such a hollow, windbag-like sort of imposition had ever been treated as a serious menace to British commerce. Whilst there no one dared even open another hotel at Dalny without the Governor's permission, or, rather, orders. Crowded little Chefoo, without a single modern improvement, had more business on hand than Tsing-tao, Dalny, and Port Arthur all put together. And I could not help thinking it significant that the one drive into the country I had taken at Dalny, the only drive, I believe, that existed, had terminated at the burial-ground, and the only gathering of any kind that I had seen had been at a little child's funeral. And at the place that people had so boasted of as a sheltered harbour, the wind was so terrible one dared not open a window, nor barely one's eyes, because of the sand.

Returning to Port Arthur by sea, I was there at last met by the dreaded request to show my passport. Without a word I produced what I had, as if it were a matter of course, but I remember sitting down as I did so—to await the consequences. As I was already on board the steamer, and had been told it was too rough—even in Port Arthur harbour—to go ashore, I reflected that the worst that could now happen to me would be deportation, to which I had already voluntarily sentenced myself. But there might be some disagreeables first. I had plenty of time to think the matter over from all points of view, the Russian official was so long examining my passport, which dated from several years before, had no *visa*,





HAI WHERE MONGOL PRINCES USED TO BE LODGED WHEN BRINGING TRIBUTE.

and had been intended merely for the journey through Siberia. At last it was handed back to me, and the Russian official, speaking with difficulty in English, but pronouncing it very carefully and clearly, said, with a bow, "Your passport is quite in order!" He had probably been thinking out his sentence and its pronunciation, whilst I had thought he was examining the passport. But I was naturally delighted to receive his assurance.

No one went on shore from my steamer, the waves were so high, as we lay for a whole day storm-tossed in Port Arthur harbour, but early in the day a Persian Mission managed to get off, to take passage by us, Ali Asger Khan, till he started on this journey, Prime Minister; Mahdi Gouli Khan, from the Board of Education and Telegraphy (!); and several other gentlemen. After all they had had to sleep in their railway carriage at the station, and seemed a little disgusted at having had to do so. The carpet and armchairs appeared to have been part of an intention, that, like so many others, never materialised. Not having met Persians before, I was astonished to find how witty and amusing they could be. And under rather difficult circumstances too! For it blew so hard, there was neither any going on shore nor putting out to sea. When we in the end did start, it was by order of the agent, and under protest from the captain, and we were pretty badly tossed about, until, to our great relief, we found something of a refuge again under the lee of the islands outside Chefoo. The Persians were all more or less seasick, but through it all and during the unexpectedly long time we

were thus shut up on board ship together—four days, I think—they continued to be the best possible company. As all of them seemed to have held high office, and until they set out upon this voyage, it was impossible not to conjecture a little as to why they had undertaken it. And the reason that each in turn gave, that he was so tired, hardly seemed sufficient. They were also pursuing rather a curious route, first to Port Arthur, then to Chefoo, thence to Peking, “and then to Tokyo!” as each in turn concluded with a smile of delight, as if that was the haven, where they would be, the real object of their journey.

Several Indian princes had come to Peking whilst we had been loitering in our garden, and I had noticed they had all come from Tokyo or gone on thither. It seemed that the league Count Inouye had been for years planning to oppose a United Asia to the inroads of disunited Europe was no mere vision, and that his emissaries had at *least got* as far as Persia. But since then the dogs of war have been let loose, and let us hope that Japanese victories may have given additional strength to Count Inouye's dream. It cannot surely have been intended in the Divine order of things that the peoples of Asia with their far more ancient civilisation should be for a prey to the comparatively barbarous and therefore more warlike nations of Europe. And the changes we may yet see may be further reaching than most of us yet dream of. If the Manchu rule be for the good of the peoples of China, if the British rule be for the good of the peoples of India, if the French rule be for the good of the peoples of Tonquin, Annam, and Cochin







GROUP OF CHINESE GIGGLING IN A GARDEN IN WINTER, ONE LEAVING AN INSTRUMENT LIKE A CHILL,  
*face p. 277.*

China, it is well—for the people's sake—that those rules should continue. But if they, or any of them, are merely for the selfish increase of wealth to the rulers, then is it not well that there should be as strong and influential a union amongst the Asiatic peoples as possible, so that whatever change it may be necessary to bring about may be accomplished by show of force, not over holocausts of slaughtered human beings?

We may in any case look for a great change in China in the course of the next few years. The Chinese are seeking instruction in modern science, and all through the length and breadth of China Japanese instructors are to be found. Thus even Peking may be different before we again revisit it, and these pages tell to future travellers rather what used to be seen there than what they are likely to discover. This volume is but a little tribute to a time of dalliance in one of China's many pleasant places. Since then I have dwelt in a Yunnan garden, and the Yunnan garden, by the freshness of its air and its beautiful cloud effects, has somewhat dimmed the recollection of Peking with its dust clouds and its old-world grandeur. But Peking, Constantinople, Athens, Rome must for ever remain special places in the history of the world. Shall we some day add to them our own capital of London? Already there are so many ominous signs of the handwriting upon the wall. And as Chinese say—

“If Fortune smiles—who doesn't? If Fortune doesn't, who does?” When a city once begins to change from being a mighty factor in the present to a

grand *relic* of the past, the degeneration always goes forward with geometrical rather than arithmetical rapidity. Peking would not have believed under its first Manchu rulers that it could ever be possible for it to stand passive by whilst Russians and Japanese fought for the first place in its direction, across and around the very birthplace of the dynasty.

Then it became, as Li Hung Chang once said of it, a museum. "Having visited all Europe," he said, "I have seen the museums in all your capitals. Peking had its museum also, for the whole Imperial city was a museum, begun centuries ago, which one might compare with the most beautiful of yours—and now it is in ruins!" But it may yet be built up again and begin a new order of things. Who can forecast the Future? It is far easier to string together broken recollections of the Past.

Yet it is but by a study of the Past, together with a careful consideration of human character, that we can form any idea of what the Future may have in store, or, which is the matter of real practical importance, of what is the line of action it is discreet for us ourselves, either as a nation or as individuals, to pursue. For the party leader the signs of the times may suffice, but the far-seeing statesman moulds the Future by his handling of the Present based upon consideration of the Past.

Peking's whole history may be viewed as a demonstration of the futility of Opportunism in dealing with the destinies of one of the greatest nations the world has yet seen. Yet for some centuries of extraordinary brilliance who could have believed it would prove

a failure? The whole Chinese nation knows it now, harassed by the sense that, instead of proving a frontier fortress, a bulwark against invasion, a capital on the borders of an unwieldy empire may at any time be used as a menace by an adroit enemy, and thus impart a sense of insecurity to the whole body politic.

That the Peking Government has also for many years now been out of touch with the rest of the nation no one can doubt who knows China. Yet it was a great conception and beautiful even in its decay.



# Glossary

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*Chiao*: bridge  
*Chien*: front  
*Chien men*: gate leading to front entrance to palace  
*Chin-shih*: utmost ability, or Doctor of Literature  
*Chü-jen*: picked man, or M.A. degree man  
*Chang-ping-chow*: long plain district city  
*Ching-wang-tao*: clear bay headland  
*Chwang-yuen*: first man of his year.  
  
*Fu*: ducal palace  
*Fu*: prefectural city  
  
*Hai*: sea  
*Ho*: river  
*Hsien*: district city  
*Hsing-pu*: Punishment Board  
*Hsiu-tsai*: budding talent, or B.A. degree man  
*Hu-pu*: Treasury Board  
*Hwang-tai-tse*: yellow girdles, i.e., princes of the blood  
  
*Kang*: divan with stove underneath  
*K'ung*: palace

*Kwan*: barrier  
*K'wan*: official, whether civil or military  
  
*Lao*: old, venerable, a term of respect  
*Lih-pu*: Home Office  
*Li-pu*: Board of Rites  
*Ling*: hill, mound, grave mound  
*Lohan*: disciple of the Buddha  
  
*Men*: gate  
*Mexicans*: Mexican dollars, used for money generally in English, as *chien*, cash, is used in Chinese  
*Miao*: temple  
*Ming*: bright, designation of last Chinese dynasty  
  
*Nankow*: southern mouth, opening, or pass  
*Nanking*: southern capital  
*Nei-wu-fu*: Inside Affairs Court, or Board managing affairs in the Palace  
*Nei-ko*: Grand Secretariat  
  
*Pai-fang*: memorial arch or building  
*Pai-low*: memorial arch or pavilion  
*Pang-yen*: next man, assistant

*Pa-ta-chu* : eight great places

*Pei-ho* : northern river

*Peh* : north

*Pei-ching* : northern capital, Peking

*Ping-pu* : Military Board

*Rickshas*, short for jinrickshas,  
the Japanese pronunciation of  
*jen-li-chê* : man-power carriage

*Shan* : mountain

*Shang-pu* : Board of Trade

*Shan-hai-kwan* : mountain sea  
barrier.

*Ssu* : monastery

*Tai* : exalted, eminent

*Tang* : hall

*Tang shan* : Hot Water or Hot  
Springs Mountain

*Tong-shan* : eastern hills

*Tsung-li* : general affairs, manage-  
ment of

*Tsung-li-yamen* : old Board of  
Foreign Affairs, superseded by  
Wai-wu-pu

*Tung-ho* : eastern river

*Wai-wu-pu* : Foreign Office

*Wan-shou-shan* : myriad years  
longevity mountain

*Wei-hai-wei* : surrounded by sea  
fortress

*Wen* : literary, civil

*Wu* : military

*Wu-tah-ssu* : Five Pagoda Monas-  
tery

*Yamen* : Public Office

*Yu-chuan-shan* : Jade Spring or  
Precious Spring Mountain

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